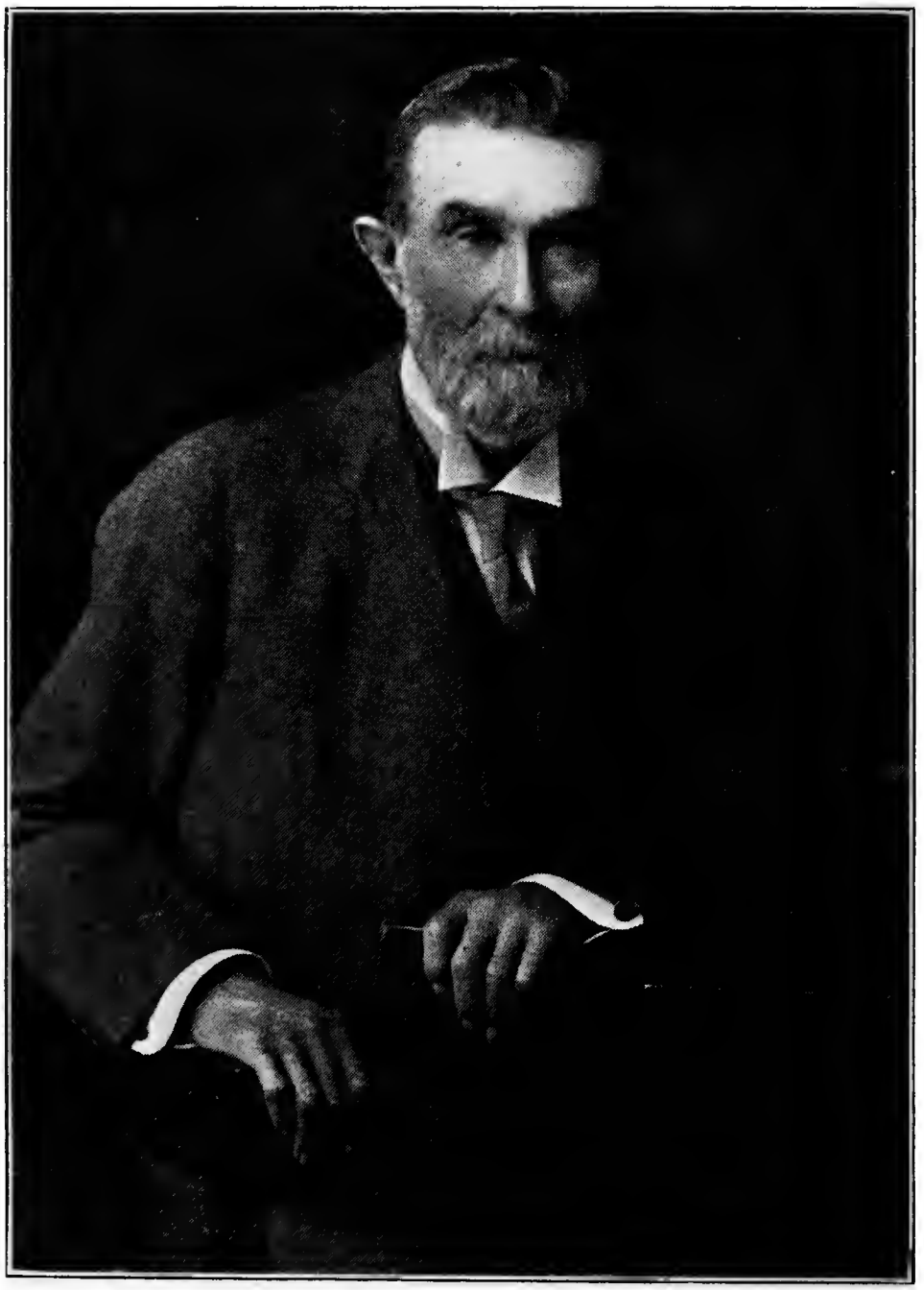

Truly & fraternally,
Jno. A. McLean.

REMINISCENCES

of

REV. JNO. H. McLEAN, A.M., D.D.

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DEDICATION.

To those nearest and dearest: Mrs. Olivia McDugald McLean, a model home-keeper, devoted wife, mother and Christian, who has contributed so much to my happiness and comfort; made possible any humble service I may have rendered to others; and to our dear children, Marvin, Eunice, Margaret, Ann, Olivia, John, William, McDugald, and Mary (though dead, yet living in our hearts and hopes); who have ever been obedient and respectful; in childhood were the joy of the home, and in mature life are sympathetic, kind and helpful. To these all with the prayer and hope that we may finally live together in our Father's house above, this volume is affectionately dedicated.

BY THE AUTHOR.

S. M. U., Dallas, Texas.
Sept. 24, 1918.

INTRODUCTORY.

Rev. J. H. McLean, D. D.,
Dallas, Texas.

My dear Doctor:

I have read your "Reminiscences" with great pleasure. You have written all sorts of a book—a book that will interest all sorts of people. It looks as if you have known almost everybody of any consequence in Church and State during the entire period of my life time. You have told things about Bishop Marvin that I never knew before. You have written things about John H. Reagan that will be new to most people. There are things in this book that have made my children laugh. There are things here that will instruct a scholar. If every living man whose name is mentioned in your book should buy one copy, that would almost pay for the printing of the first edition, I should think. I predict for your "Reminiscences" a very large sale. You have done well to write it. It will be a genuine thesarus to the future historian.

Your friend and brother,

EDWIN D. MOUZON,
Bishop M. E. Church, South,
Dallas, Texas.

NEARLY EIGHTY YEARS IN TEXAS.

"An honored old age is the beginning of immortality." Dr. John H. McLean, after nearly eighty years in Texas, fifty-five of which have been spent as an itinerant Methodist preacher, is entitled to, and has received, the honors mentioned by the wise men of ancient times.

I have read with satisfaction and delight the pages of this remarkable book. As a man, as a citizen, as a minister of the Gospel, as an educator, and as a wise executive and administrator of the affairs of the Church, Dr. McLean has rendered a service qualitatively and quantitavely which is seldom permitted any man to render.

Five thousand men and women distributed throughout the towns, cities and states of the South and the West have sat under him as a teacher in former years, while thousands of others have sat under his ministry as a preacher of the Gospel. During the fifty-five years of his itinerant career, Dr. McLean is known to have missed only two appointments, and these were unavoidable because of personal illness in one instance, and family affliction in the other.

The book is a distinct contribution to the history of Methodism in Texas, and will be read by the hundreds of laymen and preachers who have known and loved him through all these years. Religion, patriotism, reminiscences, biography, addresses, humor, pathos, poetry, epigram and history are found within the chapters of this readable book.

In addition to the narrative, there are three contributions written by three prominent sons of Dr. McLean. Marvin McLean, Esqr., of Washington, D. C., contributes an article on "War Times in Washington"; Jno. H. McLean, Jr., on "Panama Canal," in the building of which he was associated with Colonel Goethals. These articles are full of interest and significance. Dr. McDugald McLean submits two articles which are also of great value. The first one deals with his life at Oxford University, where he spent a term of years as a Rhodes scholar, and the second one deals with "American, English and German Universities."

Dr. McLean has given to the reading public a valuable book of reminiscences covering more than half a century; but although he is now beyond the age of eighty years, the author is still alert and deeply interested in all that pertains to the advancement of the Kingdom of God throughout the earth. In his eye there is a distinctly forward look, and in his heart there is a genuinely sympathetic attitude toward all the mighty movements for progress in this new day. He will be remembered as one of the builders of the great empire of the Southwest who has kept step with three generations of men. He is the one living man whose life embraces the history of higher education in Texas from the days of "Old Master" at McKenzie College to the present hour in the growth and expansion of Southern Methodist University under the shadow of which he now lives, and across the noble campus of which he daily walks. More than once I have watched him at sunset moving home-

ward and my thought has been of the next fifty years of our history. If Methodism continues to serve the future as it has served the past, it would be difficult to overestimate the growth and power of its institutions of higher learning at the end of another half century.

In a memorable address at the chapel exercises of Southern Methodist University, General M. M. Crane said: "When the shadows begin to lengthen toward the east, and life is no longer young, that which we shall remember with greatest satisfaction will be what we have done for others without hope of reward."

The book deserves a wide reading and should have a place in every Christian home in the State of Texas.

HOYT M. DOBBS,
Dean, Theological Department,
Southern Methodist University,
Dallas, Texas.

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I.

FOREWORD.

At a belated day, nearing my four score, I have enterprised a book of reminiscences, solicitous friends, in part, being responsible for the venture. A claim for such service, at my hands, finds its apology in the circumstance of my being one of the very few remaining links that bind the present generation with the past—1918 with 1838—the State with the Republic. This backward look, hyphenating the present and the past, brings a sense of loneliness in the consciousness of missing friends, expressed somewhat by wrestling Jacob in one of Charles Wesley's hymns:

> "My company before me is gone,
> And I am left alone."

Or, as Tom Moore puts it:

> "I feel like one who treads alone
> Some banquet hall deserted;
> Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
> And all but me departed."

My life in Texas since 1839, dating back to the days of the Republic, and fifty-five of these years having been spent in the active duties of the Itinerant Methodist ministry, has brought me in contact with many of the factors of church and state that contributed to the development of this great commonwealth along economic, social, civic and religious lines, and it may be of interest to

note differences then and now—1839 contrasted with 1918—with a recital of incidents by the way and review of some of the prominent actors.

At a glance we are confronted with the astounding fact that in the course of a single lifetime—a wilderness wild, the roam and range of beasts and barbarians, has been transformed into a great State, fourth in rank of forty-eight free and independent States, constituting the greatest government the sun has yet shown upon. In noting some of the prime causes contributing to this remarkable development, we are impressed with the broad domain, civil and religious liberty, and sterling citizenship.

The scenes of activity lie within the temperate zone—the theater of the greatest men and achievements that adorn the pages of history. Within this zone man and nature are at their best, and a choice spot of this heaven-favored reservation is Texas—comprising 264,211 square miles of territory, nearly 11 degrees in latitude and more than 13 in longitude—one-third larger than Germany—and compared with sister States, imagine a hinge on the eastern border, say at Texarkana, and revolving the State from west to east, it would cover seven intervening States and submerge El Paso and the western border in the Atlantic Ocean. Great not only in territorial extent, but in variety of soil, climate, productions and pursuits, it affords employment for all classes of citizens, from the manual laborer to the learned professions.

However much natural resources may have con-

tributed to the rapid growth of Texas, a still greater incentive to permanent progress is found in the civil and religious liberty enjoyed by its citizens. Superiority in these respects may be seen by contrasting the progress and prosperity of Texas with the non-progressive, apathetic condition of Mexico—remembering that eighty-two years ago we were a part of that domain and government. But in 1836, Texas caught a new vision when by the illustrious Houston and his worthy compatriots it was wrested from the tyrannical grasp of Mexico, dominated by Romish hierarchy, and organized into a democracy—a government of the people, for the people and by the people—with equal rights to all, and special privileges to none. Thus supplanting a government by the few and for the few, with one contemplating the greatest good for the greatest number.

On this divine platform of equal rights; for God is no respecter of persons (He made of one blood all nations) we find the greatest incentive to action and surest foundation for the development of the highest types of political and religious manhood. One of the chief factors in the making of a man is found in the recognition and development of his God-given individuality, and not in treating him as pith made to fit any mold, but as having distinct powers and possibilities.

One other fact that figured no little in the brilliant history of Texas is to be found in the type of its early citizenship. The hazard and hardships attendant upon early times in Texas deterred the faint-hearted from coming, and called out men

of dash and daring, no place for reeds shaken by the wind, or men in soft raiment. In those eventful days when the foundation of our social and civil fabric was being laid, if Ahab chanced to appear upon the scene of action, he was confronted by Elijah—Herod by John the Baptist—Greek met Greek in every sphere of life. If I may coin an expression to suit the case—the first comers were an *"omnium gatherum"* thrown together from different quarters and for different purposes; some for fortune, some for fame, some for homes and broad domain; some, alas, left their country for their country's good, to find a safe retreat from the terrors of the law, where they might not be molested or made afraid in the exercise of the widest range of personal liberty. These early actors of church and state were men of native and acquired ability, not a few were college-bred. In the ministry were such men of learning as Martin Ruter, D. D., educator and preacher, and the first to receive the doctorate on this side of the Atlantic; Thomas O. Summers, D. D., of varied learning and a writer of no mean dictinction; Abel Stephens, D. D., distinguished church historian; J. W. P. McKenzie, D. D., and Rufus Burleson, D. D., distinguished educators; Jesse Boring, D. D., great preacher; Orcenith Fisher, D. D., preacher and controversialist; Daniel Baker, D. D., preacher and teacher; Chauncey Richardson, preacher, teacher and editor; and a great number of strong, well-informed men, like Fowler, Alexander, Thrall, Burks, Fields, DeVilbiss, Whipple, Kinney, Irvine, Tul-

lis, S. A. Williams, W. K. Wilson, Kennon, and others too numerous to mention. Among the statesmen were also men of scholastic attainment: Rusk, Henderson, Anson Jones, Lamar, Williamson, known as Three-Leg-Willie, Hill, Hemphill, Dr. Ashbell Smith (who entertained Commodore Vanderbilt in early days at his home in South Texas), Wheeler, Roberts—and others of great native and acquired ability, as Houston, Burleson, Reagan, Ochiltree, Burnet and Deaf Smith. In truth those who shaped the early fortunes of Texas were in the main intellectual and physical stalwarts, and I regret to say disparage some of their successors of the present time.

It must be said, however, that the most potent forces of our cherished civilization are to be found, first of all, in the careful home training, in the competent, painstaking school teacher, and faithful, efficient minister of the gospel. These are the educative forces that mould character and develop sentiment and conviction. Lawmakers are the conspicuous factors that mould into statutory enactment the sentiments and convictions furnished to their hands from these original, formative sources; and as all must know, most of our radical legislation of a reformatory character springs primarily from the teachings of the home, the school, and the pulpit; and to these sources of social and civic righteousness, rather than to the lawmaker, are we indebted for wholesome legislation. The legislator is the echo of public sentiment—not the maker. In a democracy, law in the last analysis is but the will of the peo-

ple—written or unwritten. Like the secret force of gravitation governing the natural world, is the silent influence of the home, the school, and the pulpit in social, civil, and religious life, and in noting the sources of our success we cannot overlook these most potent influences, whilst giving due credit to the alert statesman that coins wholesome sentiment into wise legislation. With our splendid patrimony of broad acres, salubrious clime, variety of products and pursuits, sheltered by the broad dome of democracy—descendants and successors of noble sires—we are to be congratulated on our heritage of citizenship in Texas and of the United States.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
  From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go mark him well!
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim—
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung."

II.

FORBEARS.

My paternal grandfather, John McLean, came from the Isle of Jura, Scotland, about 1797, being about eighteen years of age, and located first in what was then Cumberland County, North Carolina, where he later met and married Miss Mary Ferguson, about 1799; a few years later he moved to Robeson County and settled permanently near what is now Maxton—contraction for Mackstown, or town of the Macks—a preponderance of the citizens being of Scotch descent. He was a school teacher by profession and carried a strap in his pocket—then thought to be an indispensable appendage to the profession—and signed himself "John McLean, S. M." as it appears engraven on the tombstone of his wife, "Here lyeth Mary McLean, consort of John McLean, S. M." I was puzzled to know what "S. M." meant as I read the inscription on my first visit to the ancestral home in 1906, but upon inquiry learned that it stood for "School Master," and this symbol of pedagogy has attached to members of the family down to this, the fourth generation. On this visit it was gratifying to make the acquaintance of the Congressman representing that district, whose father had been a pupil of my grandfather, and

just how much the strap contributed to the outcome of that family, time may never disclose, but the teacher's strap rivals mother's slipper in the following lines:

"Lots of men would have left their foot-prints,
Time's eternal sands to grace,
Had they gotten mother's slipper
At the proper time and place."

He was the father of eleven children—Margaret, Catherine, Charles, John, Marion, Allen, Lauchlin, Christian, Daniel, James, and Nancy by a second wife—a Miss McLaughlin. Two of these died before reaching maturity—Marion and Christian. All were reared on the old homestead near Maxton, and in 1906 the house, made of heart pine lumber and after nearly one hundred years of use, was well preserved and tenanted. The sons all bore the maiden name of their mother—Ferguson—as a middle name. My grandfather is buried near Maxton in the old family graveyard with his two wives and some of their descendants.

Four of the sons emigrated to Mississippi, my father, Allen Ferguson McLean, and two brothers, Charles and Daniel, about the year 1833; James the youngest brother came later. My father first located in Gallatin, Copiah County, his brothers in Jefferson County, in a community known as Union Church, where Charles engaged in merchandise and Daniel was a practicing physician. Here I met a number of worthy descendants on my visit in 1906.

My Mother,
MRS. ANN ROSE McLEAN,
As a Bride of Fifteen.
1835.

My father was educated at Princeton University for a Presbyterian preacher, but became a teacher instead. One daughter, Catherine, married a McLean and emigrated to Thomasville, Georgia. The others remained in the old community in and about Maxton. I found them to be staunch Presbyterians, true to their ancestral faith and highly respected. My father engaged in teaching in Gallatin and on January 18, 1835, was wedded to my mother, Miss Ann Rose, daughter of Capt. William Pinkney and Mary Vardaman Rose, and later moved to Hinds County. Of this union two sons were born, William Pinkney McLean, August 9, 1836, and John Howell McLean, September 24, 1838. Both were born in Hinds County. My father died December 2, 1838, soon after my birth, and is buried in Hinds County, not far from Crystal Springs.

My maternal great-grandfather, Major John Rose, was a Revolutionary sire, and fought under General Washington. He married Miss Mary Washington, a relative of the General. They had six sons born to them—Washington, John, Granville, William, Pleasants and Howell—and for a time lived in North Carolina, but later moved to Georgia. Major Rose is buried at Eatonton, Ga., as we learn from the war records at Washington. My grandfather, Capt. William Pinkney Rose, was born in Oxford, North Carolina, April 24, 1787, but was reared to young manhood in Georgia. He served in the War of 1812 under General Jackson, and was commander of a com-

pany in the Battle of New Orleans, January 8, 1815. He witnessed during the battle a close consultation between Generals Jackson, Claiborne and the pirate Lafitte, who espoused the cause of the United States.

The year following, 1816, he married my grandmother, Mrs. Mary Vardaman Smith, of Washington Parish, Louisiana. She was a young widow with one child, a son, Vardaman Smith, who died in early manhood. Of this union nine children were born, John Washington, Mary, Ann, Preston, Missouri, Elizabeth, Ripley, Draton and Peninah. Three: Missouri, Draton and Peninah, did not reach their majority. Grandfather moved from Louisiana to Mississippi in 1823, and was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1832 that framed the second Constitution of Mississippi, and served later as a legislator.

My grandmother Rose was a woman of splendid Christian character, a Methodist, and all her children became members of that communion. One son was saved from skepticism by reason of his great admiration for her uniform Christian character, saying on his deathbed that his mother's life was one argument for the reality of religion that he could never gainsay. Three of her grandnephews became United States Senators—F. M. Cockrell of Missouri, H. M. Money and J. K. Vardaman of Mississippi—another was a Congressman, Jeremiah Vardaman Cockrell of Texas, named for her brother, Jeremiah Varda-

My Grandmother,
MRS. MARY VARDAMAN ROSE.
1797-1863.

man. A grandson, W. P. McLean, was also a Congressman. She herself had never gone to school—such was the neglect of woman's education in those days. Methodism has the credit of founding the first college for girls, Wesleyan Female College, Macon, Georgia, in 1836.

CAME TO TEXAS.

In the winter of 1839, my grandfather emigrated to the Republic of Texas. My mother came with him, and they located first in Harrison County, about eight miles east of Marshall, a few months after it had been selected as the county site, Rev. Job M. Baker having assisted in the location, as we are informed in Thrall's History of Methodism. Col. R. W. Millsaps, founder of Millsaps College, Jackson, Mississippi, told me only a few years since, of having met my grandfather and his caravan of wagons as he was starting for Texas. He was a little fellow riding behind his father, who met and engaged Capt. Rose in conversation concerning his emigration to Texas; but what impressed the boy most was that he found in the road a pocket knife that had been lost by the Rose party.

At this early date of the Republic, social conditions were unsettled and chaotic. Law existed scarcely in name—still less in fact—while organized bands of thieves depredated upon the property rights of the early settlers, stealing horses, negroes and other species of property. Should a thief be arrested and committed to the log jail,

the clan would liberate him by night and he would resume his depredations. Under this state of things, Capt. Rose was chosen by the citizens to head an organization to rid the country of these lawless clans and characters. The inadequate protection of the law made it necessary for the citizens to organize in their own defense. This was not a mob, visiting summary punishment upon whom it might please, but a well organized company of reputable and responsible citizens, who, in case of an arrest for theft or other offense, gave the accused an impartial hearing, or trial before a competent committee. If found guilty, he would receive the canonical number of stripes —"forty save one"—humanely administered with a hickory switch and the criminal would then be admonished to leave the country within ten days. If caught again and found guilty of like offense then might summary punishment be inflicted, but none were ever hanged—the flogging sufficed and the criminal sought a more congenial clime.

This organization has been improperly known as the "Regulators"—whereas the Regulators properly belonged to an organization in Shelby County. The best of citizens were members of the Rose organization. The writer recalls Rev. James Gill, a local Methodist preacher, as a member, who was a most exemplary man and citizen and died not many years since at Tyler. Two of Capt. Rose's most trustworthy men were killed in the service—Geo. W. Rembert and Isaac Hughes. They lie buried side by side, on a high

rocky point six miles northeast from Marshall, on the old Dee Baldwin place. Frank Rembert of Longview, a prominent and prosperous citizen of that place, is a nephew of Mr. Rembert. Mr. Hughes has many relatives in the eastern part of the State. His daughter married Capt. Jesse Cook, uncle of Rev. Dr. Bradfield, editor of the Texas Christian Advocate.

Mr. Rembert was drawn into a death trap by two thieves that had been taken prisoners. They told of several of their clan that were in an outhouse, unarmed, and could be easily captured. Rembert and two others were dispatched by Captain Rose to make the arrest, and, riding up in front of the house, commanded the thieves to surrender; they were answered with a volley from the house that mortally wounded Rembert, who returned the fire, dismounted from his horse and died sitting at the root of a pine tree. The marauders made good their escape, but the betrayers fared badly.

Hughes was murdered by a posse of men under the command of an officer, who found him in his shirt sleeves in his field gathering corn, and under some pretext commanded him to surrender. Hughes was near-sighted and inquired as to their number and they responded, "about thirty." To this he replied, either jocularly or defiantly, that he "could whip that number himself," whereupon the officer in charge ordered his men to fire, and Hughes fell mortally wounded—dying instantly. His death was avenged by his brother, Reece

Hughes, who killed the commanding officer at sight, upon meeting him in Port Caddo.

Capt. Rose was much grieved over the killing of these faithful lieutenants, and requested at his death to be buried by their side—which was complied with—but last year under the direction of a granddaughter, Mrs. Pete Youree of Shreveport, his body was disinterred and buried in the old family graveyard at Scottsville, where lie buried his faithful wife, a daughter, Mrs. W. T. Scott; a son, Ripley Rose, and many descendants. An imposing monument, appropriately inscribed, marks his resting place.

III.

RUDENESS OF THE TIMES.

COL. BOB POTTER.

Col. Potter sought refuge in Texas in 1836 from his flagrant acts committed in North Carolina. He was guilty of emasculating a Methodist preacher and an exhorter in a most dastardly and inhuman manner—by taking them unawares and accomplishing his nefarious purpose; for this he was confined for a time in prison in North Carolina, and upon his release fled to Texas, abandoning his wife and children. His wife repudiated his name and resumed her maiden name, Pellum, for herself and children. His crime, hitherto unknown to the statutes of North Carolina, became the occasion of a special enactment known as "Potterizing"—and punishable with life imprisonment. He took a wife upon coming to Texas and has some descendants in the eastern part of the State. Capt. Rose and Col. Potter became neighbors in Texas, in what is known as Caddo Bend, six or eight miles east of Jefferson. An alienation first arose from an unwillingness on the part of the Rose family to receive attentions from Potter in the capacity of a suitor, and was intensified when Capt. Rose espoused the candidacy of John

B. Denton for Congress in opposition to Potter. Capt. Denton was killed by the Indians from ambush, while pursuing them at the head of a company. Denton left an honored name and family, and has honorable mention as a preacher in Thrall's History of Methodism. Two of his sons served in the Methodist ministry of Texas, J. F. and J. B. Denton, and another son—a physician—as a State official. His widow later married Mr. Abner McKenzie, brother of Dr. McKenzie, and to them was born a daughter, who was educated in McKenzie College and married Prof. Milton Ragsdale. They are elsewhere mentioned among the students of McKenzie College.

TAKING OFF OF COL. POTTER.

Inflamed with prejudice against Capt. Rose, Col. Potter took advantage of his position in Congress to defame and denounce Capt. Rose as an outlaw, because of his organized effort to rid the country of marauders. On one occasion Capt. Rose pursued a thief from Marshall to the Trinity River, and captured him with a stolen negro and horses. The life of the thief was spared, but not his back. While in Congress Potter went so far in his persecution of Rose as to secure a requisition for his arrest—dead or alive—all without the knowledge of Capt. Rose, and whom he could have found any day upon his plantation. Upon the adjournment of Congress at Houston, Potter lost no time in trying to compass the death of Capt. Rose under the guise of a legal arrest, and

upon his return home about the first of July, 1842, he threw a cordon of men, about twenty in number, around the home of Capt. Rose at early dawn. The Captain, being an early riser, had left the house before the appearance of Potter and his men, and was at a nearby woodland clearing. Upon the demand for his surrender his son, Preston Rose, about eighteen years of age, started to resist the arrest of his father, when his mother interposed telling him that his father was not in the house. Meantime Capt. Rose seeing the company of armed men and divining their purpose, responded to the suggestion of a faithful servant by lying prone upon the ground, while Uncle Jerry vigorously piled brush upon his master and effectually concealed him from view. While the men were ransacking the house in search of Capt. Rose, a certain party, Hezekiah George, pried into the bureau drawers, whereupon Mrs. Rose remonstrated by saying, "You cannot hope to find Capt. Rose in a bureau drawer." To this George gave an insulting reply, and secretly filched from the drawer a gold watch belonging to Mrs. Rose. Not finding him in the house, Col. Potter resorted to an ineffectual expedient of discharging a volley of shots in the air, as if murdering Preston Rose or some members of the family, hoping to draw Capt. Rose from his hiding.

Foiled in his purpose and realizing the dangerous predicament in which he had placed himself, Col. Potter changed his tactics and attempted to make fair weather by saying to Preston and the

family that he wished to be friendly in the future and promised to be "good," as we now express it. In leaving they rode through the clearing where the negroes were at work, and inquired of them the whereabouts of their master. Uncle Jerry acting as spokesman replied, "Moster done clean gone"—when his master was in earshot of the conversation. At this juncture he came very near being exposed by a rooster that spied him under the brush and began peeping and chuckling—when Uncle Jerry took in the situation and unobserved drove away the treacherous bird. After a few moments of counsel they rode off in the direction of Col. Potter's home. Emerging from his hiding, Capt. Rose dispatched the rooster, and had his son to follow the men at a safe distance and note at the fork of the road how many of them went with Potter—the others went to Smithland. Nine were reported to have gone with Potter. As Potter had acted under the pretext of law, so Capt. Rose obtained a writ for the arrest of Potter for trespass upon his premises, and that night with nine men surrounded Potter's house. Preston Rose was stationed in the corn crib and at a late hour of the night a thief entered the crib to steal corn; and being arrested, he began to plead mightily with Mr. Potter, "for the Lord's sake not to kill him." Assured that it was not Potter that confronted him, he was quieted lest alarm should be given. At daybreak the body-guard of Col. Potter began to reconnoiter the premises, when Hezekiah George came suddenly

upon Capt. Rose and, being commanded to surrender, he turned for flight and gave the alarm. Capt. Rose, remembering George's insult to his wife and the theft of her watch, fired both barrels of his shotgun into the rear of his retreating foe, who later recovered and was ever after known as "Old Rose's lead mine." Potter, taking alarm, sprang from his bed and ran *sansculotte* about one hundred yards to Caddo Lake—plunged headlong into the water and disappeared from sight for a few moments; but when his head emerged from the water—under the deadly aim of his hot pursuers he sank out of view. John W. Scott, a son-in-law of Rose, was said to have fired the fatal shot. The writer later hunted squirrels with the gun that did the execution. It was later reported that the churning of the water by a passing steamboat a few days afterward caused the body to rise; and, springing up suddenly beside a canoe in which an old fisherman sat lazily fishing, it so frightened the old fellow that he plunged into the water, floundered to the shore, and gave the alarm in the vicinity that "the devil had riz."

This led to the recovery of the body and the arrest of Capt. Rose and his party. They were taken under arrest by Sheriff Ned West and carried to Clarksville, to await trial before Judge John T. Mills, but obtained a hearing before Judge Ochiltree of Nacogdoches, and while on their way there, stopped at a house for the night. Scott, unobserved, wrote a letter to Gen. Rusk on the blank page of a blue-back spelling book, request-

ing him to meet them upon arrival at Nacogdoches, to represent their cause, and prevent, if possible, their commitment to jail. This letter was entrusted for prompt delivery to the man of the house, of whom they had made a confidant. Gen. Rusk met them upon arrival, represented their cause before Judge Ochiltree, and secured their release for lack of evidence on the part of the State.

In an attempt to arrest another son-in-law of Capt. Rose by the name of W. T. Scott for this offense, Scott, upon suggestion of his wife, appeared in his wife's dress, babe in arms, and met those seeking his arrest by saying, "Mr. Scott is not in the house." Not satisfied with this statement, they searched the house, but in the meanwhile he discarded his feminine equipment and made good his escape. The place on Caddo Lake where Potter met his fate is known to this day as Potter's Point. In a history of North Carolina, written a few years after the death of Col. Potter, appeared a recital of his iniquitous conduct in that State, a mention of the statute bearing his name, the story of his taking off in Texas, the account closing with these significant lines:

"So the struck eagle lay wounded on the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather in the fatal dart,
That sped the shaft now quivering in his heart;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
He nursed the pinion that impelled the steel,

While the self-same plumage that had warmed his
nest,
Now drinks the life blood of his bleeding breast."

About this time Charles Dickens passed through this country, and, seeing an account of the killing in the Caddo Gazette, made mention of the affair in his American Notes.

PIKE HALL.

Pike Hall came to the home of Capt. Rose one night after dark in a drunken condition. It appears that he had camped for the night with his wagon and team near the house and went for a "chunk of fire," but was confronted by the dogs at the yard gate, and, being drunk, engaged in a general melee with them, cursing and denouncing them and their owner in a violent, vociferous manner. Rose appeared, gun in hand, wanting to know "Who is there?" but got no reply save the boisterous conflict between the drunken man and the dogs. When the Captain again called out to know "Who is it and what is wanted?" and received no answer other than the din of confusion and profanity, he replied in language more vigorous than polite: "—— you, I'll make you talk," and discharged one barrel of his shotgun, one shot taking effect in Hall's leg. This seemed to bring him to a sense of danger, and he fled to a neighbor's house, where he was overtaken by Rose and the dogs. Capt. Rose, learning the facts in the case, regretted what he had done and kept Hall in his

own house until fully recovered, and sent him on his way a saner and soberer man. It is perhaps worth relating that nearly forty years later a nephew of Pike Hall married a grand-daughter of Capt. Rose.

Capt. Rose was described by one writer as long and lean, six feet two inches high, with the eye of a hawk and the muscle of a horse. He could be aroused to a high pitch of anger, but ordinarily was a warm-hearted, companionable man, and of great strength of character. Whilst not a professed Christian, he respected the religion of his wife, and would stop a plow if necessary, that Mrs. Rose might attend week-day preaching—sending a trusty servant to see her safely to and from church.

FURTHER INSTANCES.

The first I will give is that of a district judge, who in a drunken spree administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in a saloon to several lawyers—using whisky and crackers for the elements. At the first opportunity his sacrilegious conduct was roundly denounced from the pulpit by Dr. McKenzie; and, when the irate judge attempted to castigate the minister, the doughty preacher, brandishing his walking-stick, defied his assailant, saying: "We are both public characters. You have outraged all propriety by your shameful conduct, and I have only discharged my duty to the public as a preacher in denouncing such a sacrilegious act, and will not be humiliated

by you." Friends interposed and prevented serious trouble. And just here it may be well to say that, thirty years later, such was the progress of the times, this same sacrilegious judge of former days received at the hands of this writer in a most solemn and devout manner the holy communion he had once mocked and derided.

A second case is that of a United States Senator in a state of intoxication while enjoying the hospitality of a private home. The writer, then a little boy, well remembers his amusement at the effort of the distinguished guest to speak from a rawhide-bottom chair as a rostrum and losing his equilibrium, fall to the floor. The Senator was so mortified next morning that he attempted suicide, but was prevented by Uncle Wash, a faithful colored servant that had him in charge. This rashness, however, was but a prophecy of what occurred a few years later, brought about by the self-same demon, intemperance. Thus were we deprived of one of our most useful and distinguished statesmen of early days.

Another incident is that of a drunken desperado who appeared at a camp-meeting conducted by Rev. Littleton Fowler, not far from Marshall and the former home of this writer. The drunken man invaded a private tent while the occupants were attending service at the arbor nearby, and began shooting up the tent and dishes on the table, one shot passing through the clothing of a servant girl with a babe in her arms, the intruder swearing all the while that he would kill the own-

er of the tent. The proprietor of the tent and others hearing the disturbance hastened to the scene, pistols in hand, and opened fire on the intruder, who ran to the arbor and fell wounded at the feet of Rev. Fowler, who was calling penitents to the altar. The unfortunate man died next day, but confessed his wrong and begged his brothers, seven in number, not to avenge his death. The families lived peaceably in the same community for many years.

IV.

EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS.

My mother had married Mr. J. W. Scott and moved from our first location in Harrison County to a place on Red River, near Myrtle Springs, Bowie County. In the spring of 1842 they moved to a new home seven miles north of where Jefferson is now located. Our first night out from home dates my first distinct recollection. The sudden transition from the shelter of a house to the open, the big log camp fire, high grass, sound of ox bells as the oxen grazed about the camp, the starry heavens above and strange scenery on every hand, all conspired to make a distinct and indelible impression upon my mind. The next night we reached our new home. The house of scalped logs, dirt floor, door shutter made of clap-boards turning on wooden hinges, the near-by spring,—this new scene constitutes my second distinct memory, and since that time memory has kept trace of current events. These earliest recollections must have been when I was about three and a half years of age.

Another exciting memory of those times was in awaking one morning to see a dead wolf in the yard. It had been attracted from the surrounding wild woods by the scent of fresh meat and

was caught and killed by our faithful watchdogs. Our nearest and almost only neighbor was six miles away, and only by-paths marked by blazes led from one settlement to another. The first public road through that section was opened from Jefferson to Linden about the year 1846, when those towns were located.

COSA.

We employed a Mexican hunter, Jose Marie—Cosa by contraction—upon whose trusty flint and steel rifle our meat depended. About sunset each day Cosa might be seen wending his way home on his pony laden with wild game, venison, and occasionally he shared in the killing of a bear. He carried on his person the smell of a hunter, the scent of venison.

WHIP-SAW AND HAND-MILL.

The first lumber I ever saw was manufactured on a scaffold of strong timbers about seven feet high and pine logs mounted on the frame, one man standing on the log above and one underneath on the ground, the two plying a whip-saw up and down. The stock was slowly converted into lumber. What a contrast with the immense sawmills we now have, putting out thousands of feet of lumber per day! The first meal I recall was ground in a steel hand-mill, reminding one of Bible times when two ground at the mill. Think of this slow process of obtaining bread, as compared with the wonderful output of hundreds

of barrels of meal or flour per day by immense merchant mills of our time!

FIRST GIRL.

The most lively recollection of those primitive days was the sight of the first girl I ever beheld. Her parents, Billy K. Allen and wife, were our nearest neighbors, six miles away, and my first sight of Ann Allen was when she appeared at our home, riding behind her mother on a visit to my mother. Ladies then rode sidewise—now otherwise. Their saddles then had two horns and one stirrup—now one horn and two stirrups. Then the girls wore pantalettes coming down to the shoe-tops, or where the shoe-tops should have been—now pantalettes are a thing of the past, while shoe-tops have a monopoly of the pedal extremities. The present costume diverts attention, once bestowed upon the form and features, to the feet and else—a diversion not in the interest of modesty, to say the least. Apropos—

"Mary had a little frock,
The latest style, no doubt,
And when she got inside it, she
Was over half-way out."

MY FIRST PANTS.

I was on my first visit that I remember to have made to my grandparents, who were living eight or ten miles away. I rode behind my Uncle Ripley Rose along a dim pathway through a wilderness

of wild woods, and, as I became drowsy, my uncle would divert me by pointing out the beautiful wild flowers and occasionally wild game—deer and turkeys. In crossing Kitchen's Creek, then a bridgeless stream, we came near swimming, the water wetting my feet and legs. On this visit I found a cousin also visiting our common grandparents, and we got into a dispute as to whose grandparents they were, he insisting that they were his and I stoutly denying and claiming that they were mine. We came near pulling hair over the issue, when our good grandmother explained to us that they were the grandparents of both. I have sometimes used this incident in preaching, when some exclusive church would claim a monopoly of the great loving heart of the God and Father of us all. But about my pants. My primal garment was a long blue-checked shirt, and in those days the old-fashioned weaver's loom was in use, and to please me and add to my limited wardrobe my grandmother wove the cloth and made the first pair of pants I ever owned. They were made after the old style with a broad flap in front, such as my grandfather wore, who regarded the then new style of the "possum-bellied" variety as vulgar and never conformed to that style to the day of his death; my old college president, Dr. McKenzie, also sharing in this prejudice and practice. While on my wearing apparel I may add that my first coat was made of a green blanket with a black border about the cuffs and skirt. I wore a black slick cap and sometimes what was

called a "dogskin" cap. This was well named—from its smell when wet. I do not remember my first shoes, but do remember my stumped toes and my mother's kindly care of them.

FIRST APPLES.

My first apples come to remembrance. A steamer of light draft had ventured up Caddo Lake and landed at Port Caddo some miles away —when several of us boys mounted our ponies, and, chaperoned by faithful old Uncle Wash, went to see the greatest wonder of our lives—a steamboat! It was anchored out a little way from the bank and we were rowed to the vessel in a yawl that rocked badly, much to my discomfort, so that I can now better appreciate the significance of the figure of speech as applied by President Wilson to the ship of state, when he appealed to certain politicians not to "rock the boat." On that occasion I found my first apples, and not to this good hour have I ever had apples that have tasted quite so good as those.

FIRST TOWN.

Jefferson was the first town I ever saw. There were a few boat landings on the lake, as Port Caddo, Swanson's Landing and Smithland, with a solitary store, but no town until Jefferson sprang up in 1846 at the head of navigation on Big Cypress near where it empties into Caddo Lake. There were three or four stores and shops of different kinds, with a population of probably fifty

or sixty people. I had on my first hat, somewhat on the plug order; and, as I went gazing about at the new and strange things, a shower of rain came suddenly upon me. My first thought was for my hat, and, placing it under my coat, I made at full speed for the nearest shelter, much to the amusement of bystanders. As I recall, these were among the first merchants: Speak & Willard, Perry Graham, and Jeff Crawford, father of Col. Crawford of Dallas.

FIRST PREACHERS.

The form of old Uncle Ward Taylor, long, lean and lank appears before me with his flint and steel rifle, on my first appearance at church. All I remember of the service is that he sang "Home, Sweet Home," and it was reported that he killed a deer on his return home from preaching, which was possibly pardonable on Sunday in those days of scarcity. His son, Ward Taylor, Jr., established a paper styled "The Jefferson Jimplecute," and on a recent visit to Jefferson I was glad to find that Ward Taylor the third was doing business at the old stand with an advance in avoirdupois over his ancestors. Another son, Dr. Marion Taylor, was prominent in politics. Under his manipulation, Marion County was created from Cass, Upshur and Harrison and named in his honor—instead of Marion, the Swamp-fox, as some others hold. Another preacher of earliest memory was Preston W. Hobbs, club-footed. All traveled on horseback in those days and used

spurs. What most interested me as a boy in Brother Hobbs was to see, upon his leaving our home whether he would adjust his spur to the toe or to the heel of his shoe. He moved to West Texas, served faithfully, and, sad to say, was murdered after the close of the war between the States.

Daniel Payne was the first presiding elder I ever saw, a man of commanding appearance, who started for California, but was murdered on the way by Indians. I was eleven years old before it could be said that I heard a sermon or attended a Sunday school worthy of the name.

FIRST TEACHERS.

My first teacher was a red-whiskered Irishman, who, when not drunk and down, alternately taught school and worked the garden. The school room and school furniture of those primitive days were in striking contrast with the commanding school buildings and elegant furniture of the present. The room was built of logs, one log being removed from the side to admit light—serving the place of windows. A plank, adjusted to the side of the house, furnished a common writing desk; the quill was the only pen then in use; and ink was sometimes pressed from the inkball. The seats were slabs with peg-legs and no backs. The same teacher was also our apology for a Sunday school teacher. Our equipment for Sunday school was a sheep-skin Bible, without reference, note or comment, and our meeting depended upon the sobriety

of the teacher. Prohibition in those days was an unknown quantity, and on Saturdays when the citizens were wont to collect in town, and more especially in the "doggeries," as we dubbed them, you might see from a half dozen to a dozen "free fights," sometimes resulting seriously from the use of the dagger and derringer. The writer in his early youth witnessed not a few such scenes.

The next teacher was a lady, Miss Emily Brown, who married Col. Wilson, a widower recently from Arkansas, where he had served in the legislature and had the misfortune of killing the speaker of the house, who was making an attack upon him and whom he stabbed under a chair while holding it between them. He was a strong character, known as "Mule-eared Wilson" from the habit of working his ears while engaged in animated conversation—a proud feat I achieved as a boy in imitation of the old man—which baffled the efforts of my companions.

Jesse Benton, a nephew of Thomas H. Benton, comes next, and of him I have a painful memory. It was on this wise: in my reading lesson I came upon a piece I had committed to memory as a declamation:

"Oh, were you ne'er a sailor-boy
And would you know my story?
I've been across the ocean blue
And seen it in its glory."

I was in great expectancy of being petted and patted upon the performance, and started on a

high key, at break-neck speed. When the end was reached, and, as I thought, congratulations in order, I was patted, but, greatly to my surprise, not on the head. It seems that I had transcended the speed limit of that day and ditched my car.

Another by the name of Hunter played mumble-peg with the boys and spun yarns at recess. Another by the name of Smith posted conspicuously on the side of the log school house his rules of prohibition—no whispering, no laughing, no spitting on the floor, and such like. On a certain occasion a tall, gawky-looking girl came stalking across the puncheon floor of the school room when she tripped and fell flat on the floor. I was seated by a cousin—the same that controverted with me over our common grandparents. When he ejaculated, "Like an old blind hoss," I whispered, "Mare, you mean," and at that he exploded with laughter and was promptly called out and castigated. As he returned to his seat, I was convulsed with laughter and was corrected in like manner. Thus we trod the *via dolorosa* alternately until he had made four trips and I three before our risibles were under control.

There was, however, a happy exception to these farcical teachers in one Daniel Webster Foster, a Yankee, nineteen years of age, late of New York. He wore a tall silk hat, the first I ever saw, was a well educated man, a disciplinarian, and withal a splendid teacher. For his thorough drill in mental arithmetic I have ever been thankful, as it has enabled me through life, without resorting

to pencil and paper, to solve in my mind ordinary business transactions. Here I had my first sweetheart—Kiametia, a pretty little Indian girl—who thrilled me by presenting me with a striped slate pencil. Three well-to-do Indian families had settled in our neighborhood. The women were sisters, and daughters of McIntosh, Chief of the Creek Indians, who was murdered in Alabama by his tribe for having sanctioned their removal from Alabama to the Indian Territory. They were amiable people under just and generous treatment, but would harbor and resent a wrong. One of these women had married a white man, who, when intoxicated, was very abusive. She bided her time until he was prostrate from slow fever, when she provided herself with a few peach-tree switches and settled all scores, peppering him from head to foot. She made it too hot for him, and upon recovery he obtained a divorce—the first I ever heard of. On this farm, now known as the Hagerty Place, Bermuda grass was introduced in East Texas—a party bringing in his saddle-bags from Mississippi a small bunch of grass which was set out in the points of a Texas star in our front yard. When I visited the place some twenty-five or thirty years later I found the grass had extended for miles down the creek.

RETURN TO HARRISON COUNTY.

Upon the death of my step-father, Mr. John W. Scott, my mother moved back to Harrison County in 1849 with her possessions and established a

home with her parents five miles east of Marshall. On the premises stood a peck sawmill, as it was called—a flat blade about three feet in length, with a peck or tooth at each end, which manufactured about four or five hundred feet of lumber per day. This was an improvement over the old whip-saw, but still in striking contrast with the sawmills of today. On the place was erected a gin and cotton press, with a capacity of one and a half to two bales a day; the week's work, amounting to ten or twelve bales, would be pressed on Saturday on an old wooden press—in contrast with improved gins and presses that turn out from seventy-five to one hundred bales a day. Then we used the bull-tongue plow, requiring six or eight furrows to the row, now we have the cultivator, gang-plow, and tractor, doing five to ten times as much work. Here for the first time in my life I was brought in contact with an organized Christian community. We had regular circuit preaching by Rev. N. W. Burks as pastor. For the two years he was on this, the Harrison circuit, he had over one thousand conversions and additions to the church, and of the number were my mother and other relatives. He was a master of men, of commanding size and forceful speech, and well educated for his day. Later he was made president of Fowler Institute, at Henderson, where he is buried. His son, Napoleon Burks, was an alumnus of Emory College and one of the first professors of the Southwestern University.

The first Sunday school worthy of the name

that I attended was in my twelfth year at old Rock Spring church, now known as Scottsville. We used Union question books. Dr. W. R. Alexander, brother of Rev. Robert Alexander, one of the pioneer missionaries, was our superintendent. Though a physician of extensive country practice, he was so interested in his Sunday school that he arose at four o'clock on Sunday mornings that he might visit his patients in time to appear at the opening of his Sunday school at nine o'clock. The dear old man is now before me as he lines out the old familiar hymn:

"Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun."

Then came old Brother Wilson's time to pitch and carry the tune, which he did—except when the tune pitched him, and honors were about equally divided. This school had some sanctity about it and did good, at least in keeping the boys from desecrating the Sabbath by hunting, fishing and swimming in the creeks.

MARSHALL.

Marshall was one of the most prominent towns of the State at that time. Gathered there were such men as Judge W. P Hill, Chesley Adams, Louis T. Wigfall, Judge W. B. Ochiltree and his son, Tom, Governor Murrah, Col. Boulware, General Greer, Honorable L. D. Evans and Isaac Van Zandt, who was a candidate for governor at the time of his death. My first "store clothes" were

Brother and I, in our first suit of store clothes, 12 and 10 respectively, taken at Marshall, 1849.

bought in Marshall. Boys then wore straps to their pants buttoned under their boots—now they wear knee breeches. With my pants buttoned under my boots, I could scarcely tell, when in the saddle, whether my feet were in or out of the stirrups. Marshall displayed great interest in schools and had the best of any town in the State at that time. It had one of the leading newspapers. "The Texas Republican," edited by Col. Robert W. Lowery, one of the oldest and deservedly most honored editors of Texas. Mr. Lowery was later Minister to Mexico.

ENTERING SCHOOL AT MARSHALL.

In the fall of 1849 my brother and I entered the Republican Academy of Marshall, taught by Vergil M. DuBose and Andrew W. Tarleton, courtly, cultured men. This involved a ride of ten miles a day at the disadvantage of two boys to one small pony; and I, being the younger, had to ride behind. On reaching the school we would turn our pony loose to graze, and with but one or two exceptions, he would report for duty about the time school was dismissed in the afternoon. Once we were nearing home about nightfall, singing merrily, when our pony suddenly jumped from under us. I, being unhurt, began kicking up my heels in the grass by the roadside, when my brother, drawn up on his all-fours, said in subdued tone, "Buddy, I'm hurt." I went to him and could see and hear the blood flowing from his throat upon the leaves. He had fallen upon a snag that pene-

trated through the jaw into the mouth. I tied up his face as best I could and we remounted the pony, which had not deserted us, I for once being in front. We were soon at home under a sympathizing mother's care. There was no serious result, only an ugly scar to be concealed in after years by chin whiskers. We went one year to the Republican Academy, which gave place to the Marshall University, a large two-story brick building with an excellent faculty for that day—E. Pettit, president; Kerr, professor of ancient languages, and Williamson, professor of mathematics. This school was well attended, attracting boarding pupils from the surrounding country. As a counterpart to this school for boys was the Masonic Female Institute for girls, under the presidency of Rev. T. B. Wilson, D. D., with an excellent faculty. The buildings were of brick, substantial and commodious. Of those foremost in educational matters of that day, Col. W. R. D. Ward, a merchant, comes most prominently to my mind.

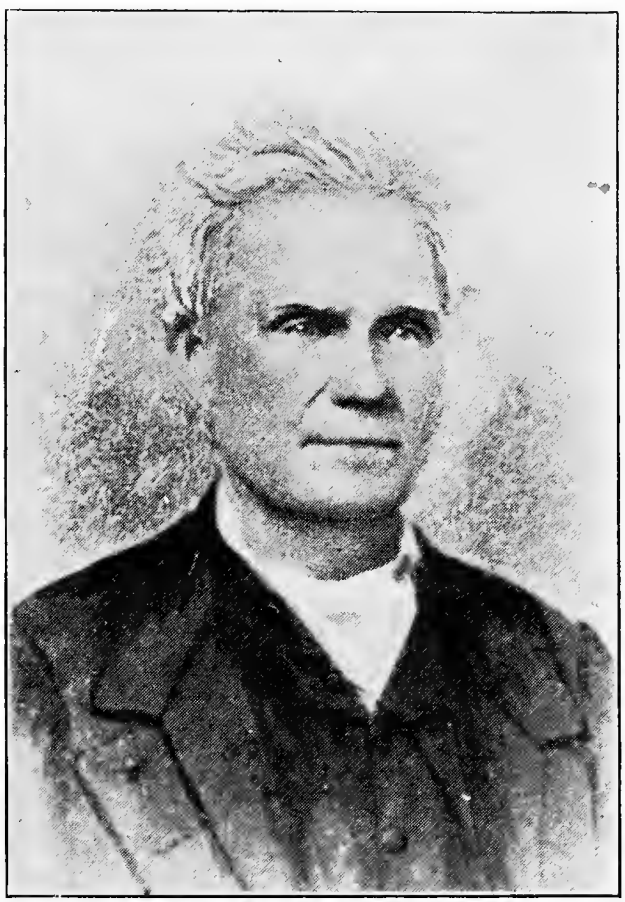
The California gold fever was rife at that time and a popular young man of the school, George Fisher, joined a company to go to the gold fields. His outfit consisted of a yoke of oxen, a light wagon and fifty dollars in money, to make that long and perilous trip—which he did successfully. Not a few, however, fell by the way. It was in the main a wild-goose chase—a race for the end of a rainbow—the adventurer risking much and gaining little. We attended school in Marshall

until 1854, when I went to McKenzie College, near Clarksville, and my brother to the University of North Carolina. With affectionate remembrance I recall some of the old schoolmmates—General K. M. Van Zandt and his brother, Dr. Isaac L. Van Zandt, of Fort Worth; Judge Pink Hill of El Paso and his brother George; Judge Dick Hightower and his brother Tom; Tom Cooley, Chesley Adams, Arch and Brass Adams; Theodore, Dan and Lee Hawley; Silas Lassiter, Dr. John Cock and his brother, Fayette; Dr. Ford Witherspoon, Stockton Stewart, John and George Adkins, Rufus and Mont Hall, Jim Hill, Joel Crane, Bill Crane, Joe Redding, the Davis brothers, Bob Lowry, Chas. L. Martin of the Dallas News, Tom Rosser (related to Rev. F. A. Rosser and Dr. C. M. Rosser of Dallas, Texas,) who became a Major General in the Confederate service; Phil and Theodore Holcomb, whose sister Lucy, a belle of the town, was said to have danced with the Prince of Wales, afterward King Edward, when on a visit to the United States in the early fifties. She married Governor Pickens of South Carolina. Miss Lou Van Zandt was another belle and married Col. Chough, who was killed battling for the Southern cause.

A GOOD PROVIDENCE.

I have ever regarded my attendance upon McKenzie College at the turning point of life as a gracious providence. I had been left much to my own discretion, and was of a wayward bent, plan-

ning western excursions, and had arranged with some of the neighbor boys to go on such a jaunt, but, when the day arrived for our departure and my companions called at my home for me to join them, I was providentially prostrate with a severe and protracted case of measles, which kept me confined to the house nearly six weeks. When I was sufficiently recovered to walk about the premises, some of the neighbor boys had just returned from McKenzie College to spend Christmas holidays, and, learning of my sickness, called to see me. They began telling me of the school, its advantages and attractions, and in a short time I had resolved to return with them, and on January 1, 1854, I knocked at its portals for admittance. It was Sunday and the preaching service had ended when the president met me in a most fatherly manner at the old stiles in front of his residence and gave me a hearty welcome. After the first dash of homesickness I soon became reconciled and remained nearly six years under the benign influences of the institution.



REV. J. W. P. McKENZIE, D. D.
1854.

V.

McKENZIE AND McKENZIE COLLEGE.

No one of the early pioneers of Texas did more for church and state, and is more deserving of honorable mention and grateful remembrance than Rev. John Witherspoon Pettigrew McKenzie, D. D. He was a God-send for that day and time. Of heroic, resolute spirit, he knew neither fear nor failure.

He was of Scotch extraction, a native of Burke County, North Carolina, born April 26, 1806. His mother was a Witherspoon, a woman of remarkable piety and strength of character. She did much in shaping his character and many of her sterling qualities of head and heart were transmitted to her distinguished son. She was converted under the ministry of Francis Asbury, and her loyalty to the Methodists cost for a time her place in the family circle. Her parents were Scotch seceders and were prejudiced against the Methodists, and her father demanded a recantation of the Methodist faith or withdrawal from the home. The latter she preferred, and such was her firmness and fidelity, though but a girl of fourteen, that her parents finally relented, attended Methodist meetings and were converted to that faith, when they received again their daughter

into the home. Dr. McKenzie's father was thrown from a wagon and killed, when he was but a youth, hence had but little to do with his rearing.

Dr. McKenzie was of short, compact build, with a large, well-shaped head, keen blue eyes, deep chest, large, round limbs—his weight about one hundred and eighty. He was educated at the University of Georgia—then known as Franklin College—Dr. Waddell, president. A few years later Bishop Pierce and Senator Toombs were graduated from the same institution. After graduation he taught a short while in his Alma Mater, and it was there he received the lifelong sobriquet of "Old Master," for having quelled a difficulty among the students that had baffled the faculty. By way of compliment, the president remarked, "Old Master himself could not have done better."

In 1829 he returned to his native State, and on the 29th of September was happily united in marriage with Miss Matilda Hye Parkes, a helpmeet in deed and in truth. She was his counterpart in form, feature and temperament; tall, shapely, with dark brown eyes, sedate, handsome, and devoted to the interests of her home and husband. This kind of woman he needed, and to her he accorded a full share of credit for the success that attended his life.

In 1831 he moved to Maury County, Tennessee, near Columbia, and taught successfully for five years, when he decided to join the itinerant ministry, having served somewhat irregularly for seven years as a local preacher. In 1836 he was

sent as a missionary to the Choctaw Indians in the Indian Territory. Here he met with great success under many hardships. He was associated with such men as John Harrell, Wilson McAlister, William Mulkey (father of Abe), Moses Perry, John Carr. Andrew Hunter was his junior preacher.

Houses were scarce in that destitute mission field, and McKenzie and Mulkey occupied a double-room log house with their families. When at family prayer one morning, Mulkey leading in the devotions, McKenzie being absent, a spat occurred between the little son of Brother Mulkey and the little daughter of Dr. McKenzie. Thereupon Bro. Mulkey suspended his prayer for the moment, bidding the others remain on their knees, while he retired to the adjoining room and reckoned with the disturber of family worship. Order being restored, he resumed his devotions and finished his suspended prayer. For the truthfulness of this statement, see Fletcher Mulkey and Mrs. Smith Ragsdale, both of Dallas, now sedate, peaceful octogenarians.

This frontier field of missionary labor was frequently visited by reckless characters such as gamblers and boot-leggers. To such fellows McKenzie had occasion to pay his respects in no uncertain terms, warning the Indians against them and their demoralizing influence. The gamblers, taking great umbrage, put one of their number forward to reckon with the offending preacher. After the preacher had started alone on horseback

to his next appointment, and was well on the way, the bully selected to chastise him rushed up on horseback by his side, and roughly accosting him, reminded him of what he had said about men of his sort and added that he had vowed to whip him on first opportunity. Whereupon McKenzie turning in his saddle, with determined look, said to his assailant, "Sir, you have made a contract with the devil you are unable to fulfill," and the gambler being suddenly seized with the same opinion, abandoned his purpose. At the end of three successful years among the Indians, he was transferred to missionary work in the Republic of Texas, and was placed in charge of the Clarksville circuit, a six weeks' charge of forty-two appointments, and a yearly salary of $56.75. The work extended from Rondo, Arkansas, on the east to as far west as Preston Bend, near Denison, embracing the territory between Red River and Sulphur Fork, about one hundred and fifty miles long and forty wide.

The preaching was done principally in private houses. The first year he received 407 members into the church, the second year 192. Because of failing health, he felt constrained to give up pastoral work, and in 1841 located four miles west of Clarksville and began teaching in a log cabin with sixteen pupils. This was the genesis of McKenzie College, which became the most prosperous school west of the Mississippi River prior to the war between the States. He soon opened a boarding school and boarded practically all of his pupils.

BUILDINGS OF McKENZIE COLLEGE.

Building to the right, residence of Dr. McKenzie and dormitory for girls. Central building, chapel, recitation rooms, and halls for the debating societies. Two buildings to the left not fully shown, dormitories for the boys. 1854.

The little log house gave place to a two-story double-log house, with shed rooms to the sides, and to this was added a long row of single cottages. In the early fifties these unpretentious buildings were gradually supplanted with four large three-story frame buildings, one as a dormitory for young ladies, two for boys and one for chapel and recitation purposes. The building to the right represents the president's home and dormitory for girls. The central building was used for chapel and recitation purposes (see bell on elevated post) and the third story for the two debating societies—the Philologian and Dialetctic. The two buildings to the left, and not fully shown in the picture, represent the dormitories for the boys—the Duke and Graft houses—named in honor of the builders. John Duke was a brother of Rev. William Duke, one of the pioneer preachers.

The accompanying picture represents Dr. McKenzie as he appeared in those days. Later his hands and face were seriously burned in trying to rescue a school girl on fire from an exploded lamp and never could shave himself after that time, and in the latter part of his life he wore a long, full beard and looked quite patriarchal in his old age.

In college we had two competing papers—the Bee, run by the young ladies, and the Owl, by the young men. Sometimes they would have lively discussions and things would look a little lurid. On one occasion the Bee had about exhausted its sting on the Owl without satisfactory results.

when the girls resorted to a practical joke. Back in those days we had no public conveyances of any consequence and travel mainly was in light wagons or on horseback. Jap Deguere, the editor of the Owl, rode a brown mule to school and had him in the pasture. The girls conceived the idea of treating Jap's brown mule to a heavy coat of white paint. This done, to cap the climax, they made the mule do service as an advertising medium of their paper, by painting "Bee" in large, black, boxcar letters, on each side. The joke was enjoyed for a time by all, even by the owner, until he recognized the disguised animal as being his, and then in deference to their sex, made the best of it, like a true Southern gentleman.

Later we had a more pretentious college paper, the School Monthly, edited and published by T. P. (Tin Pan) Patton, as he was humorously called. He was a newspaper man, *con amore,* editor, typesetter, pressman, all, the whole thing. The paper furnished "pep" for the school, as did the rival debating societies. They were sources of great inspiration and improvement to the student body, and such should be magnified and encouraged in colleges. Nothing can take the place of high-class, well-conducted literary societies and school magazines. Throughout my public life I have felt myself to be a great debtor to my college debating society. One learns to think on his feet, acquires self-possession and becomes an ex tempore speaker. As an extemporaneous speaker, Clay had a

great advantage over Calhoun as shown in public debate. Clay excelled as a speaker, Calhoun as a writer. Debate provokes thought, research, the preparation and arrangement of an argument. The art of debate and public speaking should be studied and practiced while at school. I know no better mind trainer than literary societies. Greek letter societies cannot substitute debating societies and should not supplant them.

The patronage exceeded three hundred boarding pupils per annum—coming from all parts of Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Indian Territory and a few from Missouri. Dr. McKenzie received no financial aid from any source, but earned every dollar that went into the improvements and equipment of the college, and strange to say, at charges marvelously moderate—$110 preparatory and $130 collegiate grade, for nine calendar months, embracing board, lodging, tuition and laundering. It is also true that no boy or girl, however poor, was ever turned away from his school. The writer well remembers when the late Rev. E. A. Bailey, who became one of the most honored and useful members of the Northwest Texas Conference, came afoot with a bundle of clothes on his back from Greenwood, Louisiana, to McKenzie College, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, and was warmly greeted, notwithstanding his impecunious condition, and for several years shared freely the benefits of the institution. Another such student was John Burke, who "footed it" from Jefferson to McKenzie College, a distance of

100 miles, and later became a brilliant lawyer, partner and brother-in-law of Gov. Murrah of Marshall. At his death, McKenzie's books showed $30,000 in charities for educational purposes, out of which, as bread cast upon the waters, he was largely maintained by the beneficiaries of this fund, in coming to his relief after the reverses of the war.

In 1854 when the writer entered (see picture, especially vest) there were nine professors and tutors, over three hundred pupils and, with very few exceptions, all boarded in the institution. I can never forget my first night at the college, when, at a most inopportune hour—4 a. m.—the college bell pealed out on the stillness of the night, calling us to the chapel for morning prayer. This exercise consisted of a scripture lesson, lecture, song and prayer. It was then in the dead of winter, crisp and cold, and yet "Old Master" was seen, candle in hand (kerosene, gas and electric lights were then unknown quantities in Texas), wending his way to the chapel in his shirt sleeves and slippers, while the girls and boys were wrapped in shawls and blankets. His plea for this practice was that it was a health measure, a morning air bath; but it also served as a reproof to the boys and girls who sat shivering in their wraps before the room was thoroughly warmed. Chapel service over, four successive tables were then served for breakfast by candle light. Similar chapel services were held at 8 a. m. and in the evening. On Sunday we had Sunday school led by the president,

Myself at 15, Entering McKenzie College.
1854.

preaching at 11 a. m., class meeting at 3 p. m. and preaching or prayer meeting at night; there was also prayer meeting on Thursday nights. In addition to these stated religious exercises, the environment was kept free from all contaminating influences, so much so, that the writer during a stay of nearly six years never heard an oath nor saw a bottle of whisky or a deck of cards. As a result of all this spiritual painstaking and the annual revivals of religion, it was not unusual that during the session more than ninety per cent of the student body became professed Christians, and the records show that out of an aggregate of over 3,300 pupils, 2,250 were converted while attending school.

Dr. McKenzie was mild but firm in his school administration. He taught in the days when the birch was in vogue, and right vigorously did he use it when occasion required. We called it "riding old sawney." He kept his school under perfect control and was greatly loved and honored by his students. He engaged heartily in their sports, was foremost on the playground, a leader in battery, townball, stick-it-to-him, shinney and snowballing. Boy as he was upon the playground, when the old college bell rang for school duties, his supremacy none dared to dispute. The boys studied in their rooms and were called by the bell to recitations.

He had his own methods of discipline. To miss morning prayer was to forfeit breakfast, and when two boys became involved in a fight, he re-

quired them to kiss. I must relate this on my friend, Captain Joe DuPree of Fannin County. Joe was a handsome lad of ruddy cheeks and brown eyes and hair. He had a bout with Louis H——n. Louis was anything but handsome, unkempt, and not enticing for kissing purposes, the corners of his mouth leaked. Joe had accused Louis of stealing his fish-hooks, which was the signal for war, then came the reconciliation. Joe being the aggressor had to imprint the kiss of peace, and in those days, with no thought of germs, it was strictly an osculatory performance —lip touched lip. Joe in his first pass missed Louis' mouth and landed on his cheek. It was no go, all to do over. Old Master saw to it that their lips touched, no dodging the issue. As Joe faltered and hesitated at a second pass, I can almost hear Old Master saying, "Smouch him sir, buss him," and Joe bussed, and retired from the stage, spitting and wiping his mouth; and to this day spits when he tells about it. Joe claims to have had another reckoning with Louis, but this time selected vacation for the bout, one kissing of this sort was enough for Joe.

McKenzie was a great preacher in his day. Sometimes at his best he would hold his audience spellbound for two hours and more. He was both a son of thunder and a son of consolation, a Boanerges and a Barnabas. As the case might require, he could thunder forth the anathemas of the law or be as tender as a nursing mother. In his later life he fell largely into the habit of lecturing.

He was throughout his life a great lover of books, good books, a thoughtful and incessant reader, a profound thinker, a great reviewer of men and books, but not with his pen; he never wrote, he lectured and preached. He accepted heartily the Bible as intepreted by Methodism. He was a Methodist and a Christian as well. After the losses and ravages of the war, his school was never what it had been before. The last year of his life as a teacher was spent in Waxahachie as president of Marvin College, but on account of changed conditions and the encroachment of old age, he returned to his former home after one year at Waxahachie and spent the sunset of life with his books and visiting his neighbors, doing what good he could. He died in the seventy-sixth year of his age. His last words were, "gone to a fairer world than this." His good wife, who survived him about ten years, penned just before her death these consoling words: "The pleasant memories of the past and the delightful anticipations of the future fill my soul to overflowing, and I feel constrained to say with the Psalmist, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name.' "

Through the instrumentality of Dr. McKenzie and his good wife, more than ten thousand have been led to Christ, and among that number this writer gratefully records himself. Through the wonderful tide of usefulness he set in motion, there is no computing the amount of good accomplished, eternity alone can tell. He and his good

wife, sleep side by side in the old family graveyard near the college site. He is survived by two out of six children, Mr. John T. McKenzie, an honored citizen of Red River County, residing on the old homestead, and that elect lady and lifelong teacher and Christian, Mrs. Smith Ragsdale, now living in Dallas.

VI.

BRIEF MENTION OF McKENZIE STUDENTS.

Dr. McKenzie may be recognized as the pioneer of Christian education in Texas. He was admittedly the leading educator of Texas in his day. He touched more than thirty-three hundred young lives at a most impressionable period, many of whom, too many to mention, have filled useful stations in life and passed to their reward. A remnant worn by long service lingers in the eventide of life awaiting the Master's call.

SOME DECEASED SOLDIERS.

My first mention will be two brilliant young lawyers, Col. John C. Burks of Clarksville and Capt. Joe Dickson of McKinney. Two more promising young men never issued from the halls of McKenzie College. Each had entered upon a flattering career in his chosen profession, when the tocsin of war called them to arms in defense of their native Southland. Burks was every inch a man, of splendid form, open, frank countenance, large, well-shaped head, chivalric spirit, gifted speaker, with prospect of attaining any position within the gift of his State. But in response to his country's call, he laid aside his professional duties and entered the Eleventh Cavalry of 1,247

picked men, Confederate service. In due time by reason of his commanding ability, soldierly bearing and great popularity, he was promoted to the Colonelcy of the regiment. After participating in many engagements on this side of the Mississippi, his regiment was dismounted and transferred east of the river. He was tendered the commission of a Brigadier General, but preferred to remain with his regiment, such was their mutual attachment. On the last day of December, 1862, while leading his men in a daring charge at Murfreesboro, he received a fatal wound and after five days of suffering passed to his reward. His memory is much revered by his home people. Their camp of Confederate veterans bears his honored name.

Capt. Joe Dickson, of McKinney, was a man of like brilliancy and a rising star in the legal profession when he entered the Confederate service in General Maxey's regiment at the head of a company he had raised in Collin County. He, too, rendered gallant service in many engagements and fell at the head of his company in the battle of Shiloh. He had a worthy son in the legal profession in Dallas, who died a few years since, and a daughter, Mrs. Henry Exall, a lady of high social position, who lives in Dallas.

At the same battle fell Rev. L. V. Brown, a young minister of prospective usefulness. He was highly esteemed by his comrades as a minister and a soldier of intrepid spirit.

The one most distinguished in war was Brigadier General W. H. Young of San Antonio. He

was a splendid student in college and later attended the University of Virginia. At the breaking out of the war he entered the Virginia Military Institute, which gave him good equipment for military service. He was a daring, dashing general, and was wounded six times in battle. He died a few years since in San Antonio and leaves a son, Dr. H. H. Young, a distinguished surgeon and professor of Johns Hopkins University. He has performed critical surgical operations on Bishop Hoss, R. Q. Mills, Major Jarvis and others of our State. He is now at the front in France and is rated among the most conspicuous of the profession.

Col. R. W. Hooks, of Bowie County, attained the Colonelcy of his regiment after efficient and daring service. He survived the hazard of the war and in the midst of rising fortune was unfortunately killed by the explosion of a sawmill boiler.

Capt. Ben Griffin was a noble fellow, and after many a hard fought battle returned to his home at the close of the war battle-scarred, and spent a useful life in the ministry of the Baptist church.

Lieut. W. J. Taylor, a young lawyer of Marshall, was my neighbor boy, roommate at college and it was he that attended me to the altar of prayer where both were converted, and later spent many happy days together. He fell in an engagement near Raymond, Miss. Peace to his memory!

Capt. W. R. Smith was another of my choice college mates. He survived the war, and spent a use-

ful life as a local preacher and teacher and is elsewhere referred to.

Andrew Ragsdale, a fine looking, dashing young fellow, full of life and hope, fell early in the conflict and cut short a promising career.

These all contended for a cause they thought to be just, but by reason of overwhelming odds, went down in honorable, heroic defeat. And now that the clouds of war have blown over and we are again a united and prosperous nation, it is doubtless best that we should not have been two independent, hostile nations of one blood with only an imaginary line of separation, and each striving with the other as did Jacob and Esau—nations in embryo—struggling in the womb of Rebekah. Let us bow gracefully to the inevitable, and with our faces to the future forge to the front in shaping the social, civic and religious fortunes of our common country.

TEACHERS.

Of the pupils of McKenzie College that subsequently served the institution as teachers, all have died with three exceptions. Capt. J. N. B. Henslee of Wolfe City; Mrs. M. E. Ragsdale, of Dallas, and the writer.

What shall I say of the honored dead who, under the leadership and inspiration of Dr. McKenzie, contributed so much to the success of the institution in fitting young men and women for useful stations in life?

The mild-mannered, scholarly J. P. Gipson

comes first to mind, who after vauable years of service in the infancy of the school, led a quiet life of usefulness as a teacher and lawyer in Lampasas until called by death a few years since.

John Ballew, erratic, but of big heart and noble impulse, after a hard battle with himself for the triumph of his nobler principles, entered into rest. After leaving the college the field of his operations was in and about Corsicana.

Then comes Smith Ragsdale, likewise erratic, of brilliant mind and generous impulses. He did much in assisting and encouraging others in the acquisition of an education. At the time of his death he was possibly the oldest educator of the State, and had touched as many young lives through the school room as any other. He died in Dallas recently and at his own request, two of his old students, Col. W. L. Crawford, of Dallas, and the writer, attended his funeral and paid loving tribute to his memory. He was buried from the Trinity Methodist Church, of Dallas; Dr. W. D. Bradfield, pastor. His devoted wife, the eldest and only surviving daughter of Dr. McKenzie, after a companionship of nearly sixty years, is left to miss and mourn his loss.

Judge B. F. Fuller, a staunch Baptist, and every inch a Christian gentleman, made a happy impression on the student body. After teaching a while in Bonham, he finally settled at Paris in the practice of law, and wrote an interesting history of the Baptist Church in Texas. After a long and useful life he departed to be with God.

Rev. John T. Kennedy, an amiable, sweet-spirited man with genius for mathematics, taught and preached for a number of years and ended happily a well-spent life.

James McKenzie, a distant relative of Dr. McKenzie, was a brilliant young teacher, full of life and hope and died in early manhood, but not before his smiling face had been clouded with trouble and sorrow. He killed a man—true, for cause—but was never the same cheery man as before. Let no man ever be swift to shed human blood—avoid, if possible, this dire calamity.

J. C. McCoy was a son-in-law of Dr. McKenzie. His wife was a woman of extraordinary talent and a teacher of the girls. Mr. McCoy was a man of tender sympathy and kindly feeling. His bent was not on books. He loved outdoor life, the field, the forest, the chase. He retired from school life, settled on a farm nearby, and led a retired life.

Ben Allen had a quick, bright mind and was an all-round scholar and born teacher. He prosecuted successfully his chosen profession and ended a useful life a few years since at Kaufman.

Elisha T Clark was timid, of massive head and intellect, a thorough scholar, retiring Christian gentleman, and after a life helpful to others, I doubt not, rests with God.

Green D. Dalby was a very lovable man. He served for several years at the head of the Preparatory Department of the college. His life of usefulness was cut short by premature death. His

brothers, Fountain and Ben, were exemplary students and excellent citizens. Dalby Springs, of Bowie County, took its name from their father, Warren Dalby, an honored pioneer.

Messrs. Summers and Danforth were successful teachers of music, and later Mr. Plaggee, a German professor of great note, headed the music department, and subsequently taught, and died in San Antonio.

Among the deceased lady teachers complimentary mention should be made of Miss Eulalia McKenzie, youngest daughter of Dr. McKenzie, a model Christian woman and teacher. She died in young, promising womanhood.

Of the living teachers, Capt. J. N. B. Henslee, of Wolfe City, served for a term of years, and taught successfully in other parts of the state later. Joe is a good fellow, bright, companionable, but sometimes imbibed too freely. He is now in the sere and yellow leaf, and I trust will meet his Captain face to face when he shall cross the bar.

Reference has already been made to Mrs. Ragsdale, a lifelong teacher and godly woman. Postmaster General Burleson was her pupil when a boy, and recalls the fact with pride and pleasure. Thousands have received her happy impress and the habit of a lifetime keeps her active in the service of God and humanity.

Col. J. R. Cole, though not an alumnus, was for a time a teacher in the college. He gained wide reputation in educational circles and died recently

in Dallas. He was a colonel in the Confederate service.

J. R. Parkes, a nephew of Mrs. McKenzie, was an efficient teacher in the Preparatory Department. He continued in the profession and did valuable service until claimed by death.

PREACHERS.

We have a most interesting character in the person of Rev. Andrew Davis and the more so as he was a Texan to the manner born. He was the son of Daniel and Nancy Davis, born at Jonesboro, later called Pecan Point, Red River County, Texas, March 10, 1827. This territory was then supposed to be Miller County, Arkansas. This is where the first Methodist Church was organized on Texas soil, in 1817, by Rev. William Stevenson, and Mr. Tidwell was the first class-leader. Martha Tidwell of this family was the first wife of Daniel Davis, but not the mother of Andrew, who was born of a second marriage. His mother, a Miss Lynn, died when he was about five years old and left him to be reared in the wilds of Texas. At eight years of age, when out hunting, he was met by a bear. His first impulse was to run, but that did not comport with Texas pluck, and, recovering his nerve, he took steady aim and brought down bruin. Elated over this feat he ran home to inform his father, and get help to bring in his trophy. Only a few months later his father was killed by the Indians. They had concealed themselves about the barn, and hooted like

owls to decoy some one from the house, to be killed at sight. Another method of deception was to yelp like a turkey and draw the unwary into the death-trap. In this way they came very near trapping I. B. Webb, before referred to. He had started in the direction of the decoy, when his faithful dog came running back, frightened by the scent and sight of Indians, which gave Mr. Webb timely warning to escape impending danger.

Mr. Davis had been warned by the negro cook that it was Indians impersonating owls, but he thought otherwise, and upon venturing from the house with another party, he was instantly killed, and his friend grazed by two shots.

Andrew was now without father or mother, of an adventurous spirit and enjoying the freedom of the western wilds. At about thirteen years of age he joined Capt. John B. Denton and his company in an Indian raid, in which Denton was killed. Andrew saw Denton when he fell from his horse mortally wounded, and helped to bury him. He told me of an amusing incident, which possibly occurred on this chase. He was riding an old mule that was slow of movement, and was constantly falling behind the company, which imperilled his life. In order to speed up his mule, he tied his tin cup to the mule's tail, which so frightened the animal that it became unmanageable, and, with the cup dangling at its heels, dashed at full speed into the company in front and stampeded them for a time.

He was now a typical Texas boy, dressed in buckskin from head to feet, without school or church privileges. About this time Dr. McKenzie had started his school in an humble log cabin, and being informed about this young orphan boy, sent his brother, Abner McKenzie, for him, that he might rear and educate him. McKenzie was at a camp meeting and in the pulpit preaching, when his brother arrived on the ground with Andrew, clad in his well-worn buck-skin suit. Andrew could not understand what was going on, had never attended preaching, and would not approach the arbor, but sat out under a tree till the service was ended. Dr. McKenzie met him in such a fatherly manner, and Mrs. McKenzie was so kind and motherly that his embarrassment soon wore off and he was made to feel at ease. The first thing Mrs. McKenzie did was to make him a new suit of clothes to take the place of his buck-skin suit. As a further insight into those primitive times in Texas, Brother Davis tells in his diary of nicely dressed buck-skin serving as window lights and as sifters when stretched and perforated with holes through which to sift corn that had been pounded in a mortar. He remained in school until well educated, and came out a licensed preacher. In the course of time he became one of the leading preachers of Texas. He was sent several times to the General Conference, served on official boards, and filled leading appointments.

He tells in his diary of General Houston having spent two weeks at his father's house when they

lived at Jonesboro. The General became much attached to Andrew for kindness received at the hands of his father and mother, and never failed to speak in their praise when occasion served. Houston was then leaving the Indian Territory and moving into Texas. Brother Davis left a son —Lynn Davis—a prominent lawyer and citizen of Corsicana.

E. A. Bailey, before mentioned as having walked one hundred and fifty miles to enter school, as might have been expected, made good use of his opportunities, and became one of the most prominent members of the Northwest Texas Conference. He was a great preacher and mighty in prayer. His long and useful life ended recently at Dublin.

J. Fred Cox, a lovable character and useful minister, enjoyed the respect and confidence of his brethren. He served as chaplain during the war, and shared the prominent positions of his Conference. Fred has been dead a number of years. His admirable wife, herself a McKenzie student, survives him; and his mantle has fallen upon a worthy son, E. V. Cox, who is making full proof of his ministry.

Milton H. Porter for a while was at the head of the Starrville Female College, of Smith County, but finally gave his life to the itinerancy and became an honored member of the Texas Conference. His excellent wife was a relative and student of Dr. McKenzie. They leave a well-equipped and promising son, Knox Porter, to carry forward

the work they loved and served so well; and a daughter in the front rank of women church workers.

We know none more deserving of honorable mention than John Adams, D.D.—nestor of the old East Texas Conference, now merged into the Texas Conference. He was a native of New Jersey, of Irish parentage, a Texan of seventy years, and an itinerant preacher for fifty-three years. The doctorate was conferred upon him by the Southwestern University, in 1888. For a number of years he served as Curator of that institution, and on the Joint Board of Publication of the Texas Christian Advocate. Five times he was elected as a delegate to the General Conference, and twenty-nine years served as presiding elder. He received every courtesy at the hands of his conference. For eight years he served as President of Stovall Academy of Anderson County, in connection with a pastoral charge. These years he considered his most useful. Dr. Adams was a great preacher, exegetical, instructive, and forceful. His faultless life, long service and usefulness endeared him greatly to the church and people. He spent the evening of life at his home in Tyler, and said in a letter to the writer just before his departure: "My love for the church increases with advancing years." Dear old man, ripe in years, in grace and usefulness, his sun went down in a clear sky. Having lost their only child, his faithful wife abides alone, looking hopefully to their reunion.

M. H. Neely, D.D., was one of the best preachers sent out by McKenzie College. He was an incessant reader—an eloquent and able preacher. He was a native of Indiana, but from his youth had lived in Texas and was closely identified with its interests. Of his seventy-three years, fifty-three were spent in the traveling connection. He enjoyed the confidence and esteem of his brethren as few did—and they bestowed upon him great consideration and respect. He served as Curator of the Southwestern University, on the General Board of Church Extension, and several times as delegate to the General Conference. The doctorate was conferred upon him by the Southwestern University. He had to succumb to the encroachments of age, and retired to his home in Gainesville, and spent his closing days in quietude with his family and friends. The large attendance upon his funeral attested the high esteem in which he was held. An able and fitting funeral discourse was delivered by Dr. J. L. Pierce, his pastor.

R. C. Armstrong was long a prominent minister of the Northwest Texas Conference. At its division he adhered to the Central Conference. He is a man of strict piety, studious habits, and brings no unbeaten oil into the sanctuary. His ministry is ever instructive and helpful. He has served in the General Conference, and in prominent charges. In his closing days, he is stressing the sanctity of the Sabbath, and laboring to secure for it a more strict observance.

L. M. Fowler was the only son of his distin-

guished father, Littleton Fowler, who was one of the first missionaries sent to the Republic of Texas. Brother Fowler was a native Texan, of bright intellect and quick perception, fluent in speech and forceful in delivery. In college he showed great aptitude in the languages—the sciences were more difficult. He was long a conspicuous member of the East Texas, now Texas Conference. He enjoyed the distinction of being Curator, Secretary of his Conference, and filled prominent pastorates. He was a lover of books, and spent his superannuation at his home in Henderson with his books and friends until called by death. He was partly under my instruction in College, and was a very bright student.

J. T. L. Annis was the son of a preacher. Warmer, truer heart rarely beat in human breast. He was a gallant soldier and officer, and bore in his body marks of the bloody strife. Jerome in his best days was in the front rank of the Northwest Texas Conference, and shared in the esteem of his brethren. The man that enjoyed the confidence and friendship of Jerome Annis had at least one true friend. He is now free from the conflicts of life and rests in peace. A son worthily bears his mantle.

W. J. Joyce, an octogenarian, dear and faithful man, has been in the ministry for these many, many years. He has borne the heat and burden of itinerant life on the front row, in the army, and has shared all sorts of experiences. He started out a timid young fellow holding prayer meetings,

would not risk himself in a formal discourse, but got bravely over that, and took rank with the leading men of the West Texas Conference, station preacher, presiding elder, and lastly chaplain of the Texas Legislature. Withal he was no mean writer. He spent over sixty years in the ministry, and only a few weeks since passed to his reward. His home was at San Marcos. He left a large and creditable family.

H. F. Young was a Cumberland Presbyterian preacher, but could not go with the union and held on to the old church with a faithful few. Henry was always a good fellow, a good teacher and useful preacher. He died recently in Hunt County at an advanced age.

John F. Neal, formerly of the Northwest Texas Conference, now of the Central, was a prominent factor until declining health relegated him to a more quiet life, that he might conserve his physical strength. Neal is a born gentleman, graceful of manner, and eloquent of speech. He practices medicine and preaches as opportunity offers. May his end be peace.

Neal naturally suggests H. B. Phillips, they were as Jonathan and David in College, and later as young preachers. Phillips too was a polished gentleman, an eloquent speaker, of refined literary taste, and an entertaining conversationalist. He served as chaplain in the army, was in the pastorate a few years, but most of his life taught and preached as a local preacher, until he lost his sight and went upon the lecture platform. He was a

charming lecturer, chaste, entertaining and helpful. One would be constantly reminded of Bob Taylor, of Tennessee. At the last he was cared for in the Soldiers' Home, at Austin, until God took him.

T. B. Norwood and James McDugald were of the rank and file, and nobly bore the brunt of the battle. Their record is on high, and many are the seals to their ministry. Norwood has entered into rest, and McDugald is on his little farm near New Boston, a superannuate, and still preaching as opportunity offers. They were yoke-fellows on earth, and why may they not be in heaven? Norwood was also my pupil in College. The friendship there formed was intensified through life. An admirable family follows in the footsteps of their excellent parents.

PHYSICIANS.

Dr. Jasper C. Beckham, of Shreveport, later of New Orleans, comes prominently to mind. He was a close student, a refined Christian gentleman and among the leading physicians and surgeons of the South. He enjoyed the distinction of attending President Davis in his last illness.

J. Frank Hooks, of Paris, was a nice gentleman and eminent in his profession as a physician and surgeon. He died in the prime of life. His amiable wife still lives.

One of the brightest and most promising of this profession was John B. Wise, of Shreveport, who in the morning of his brilliant career, fell a martyr

to his profession in battling with that fatal disease, yellow fever, when raging in its most virulent form in the early seventies. His death was greatly lamented. He had an honored brother of that city, Judge W. H. Wise, also a McKenzie student, who attained prominence in the legal profession.

J. M. Fort, of Paris, was a successful practitioner, staunch Baptist, and racy writer.

A. M. Elmore, an esteemed member of the profession, died recently in Dallas.

A. B. Flint, Steve Brinley, Tom Murray, J. W. Knight, were all worthy and useful members of the profession.

T. J. Edwards was a unique character, brilliant, worked his way through college practicing medicine among the students. What he may have lacked in professional skill was amply met in a profuse use of medical terms. Two of many instances I recall. He and I roomed together, a student applied to him for medical attention, and after feeling his pulse and looking at his tongue, the Doctor sagely prescribed, "hydrargyrum cum creta," and for another ailment he prescribed "calcine alumen." Those high-sounding terms had the charm of Christian Science, in playing on the credulity and exciting high expectation. But imagine my surprise when I came to learn that the first prescription in common parlance was "calomel with chalk"—chalk mixture—and the second. "burnt alum." After all, Edwards was a worthy

as well as wordy fellow, and attained prominence in his profession during the war.

DECEASED LAWYERS AND STATESMEN.

Under this caption, Hon. W. S. Herndon, of Tyler, occupies a front place. He was a man of fine personal appearance, a great lawyer, peerless orator, congressman, and capitalist. When in college he took great interest in debate, and every evening would retire to the forest and practice speaking. I do not think our state ever produced a greater orator. He died recently and is buried at Tyler.

Judge Geo. N. Aldredge, of Dallas, was a great lawyer and jurist, forceful speaker and writer, and prominent in state affairs.

Hon. W. J. Swain, lawyer, politician and legislator, became Comptroller of the State, and died recently in Houston.

Judge W. R. Collard, of the Court of Civil Appeals, at Austin, was a nice gentleman and able jurist. He served with distinction and died several years since, in Austin. He was the son of a Methodist preacher and brother of Rev. J. H. Collard, of San Antonio.

Colonel Marsh Glenn, of Palestine, a leading lawyer, brilliant speaker, and prominent citizen, died some years since.

Hon. H. H. Ford, my room-mate and close friend, one of the purest and best of men, attained reputation as a legislator. His brother, Judge W. H. Ford, of Beaumont, was prominent in law and

politics, and as a judge. Another brother, John David, died early in the war. He was a most lovable character, with a promising future. These were older brothers of Judge T. W. Ford, of Houston, and all sons of a splendid sire, Rev. David Ford, a local Methodist preacher, of Burkville, Newton County.

Judges John Oliver and J. N. Dixon, were prominent lawyers and members of the Republican party. Dr. Mood died at the home of Mrs. Oliver, in Waco, widow of Judge Oliver. She was the sister of Rev. T. W. Rogers of the Texas Conference.

To these may be added Hon. Joe Burks, Capt. W. P. Cornelius, Hon. Jno. W Stiles—all prominent and useful citizens of Red River County, and conspicuous for public service as legislators. Capt. J. B. Donoho was also a conspicuous citizen of that county. His mother kept one of the best hostelries of early days and entertained Houston and his compeers.

LIVING.

Of the living, Col. W. L. Crawford, of Dallas, stands out in bold relief, as an eloquent and convincing speaker, profound lawyer, and peerless defender in criminal suits. He was a Lieutenant Colonel in the Confederate Service.

Judge W. P. Ratcliffe, of Little Rock, Arkansas, has prominence in his state as a lawyer and jurist, and is a Christian citizen of the Methodist type. In all this does honor to the memory of his Methodist preacher-father, Rev. W. P. Ratcliffe.

Hon. H. D. McDonald, of Corpus Christi, formerly of Paris, is distinguished as a lawyer and numbered among the prominent men of the state. His brother, Col. W. J. McDonald, of Paris, is in the front rank with the successful bankers of the state. Their brother Jim was also a successful business man.

The Cochrans, of Dallas, have made honorable and useful citizens, Bill and Jim as farmers, not having aspired to official honors; John and Arch as public officials—John as a Democrat and Arch as a Republican. John served a term of years in the legislature, and was made Speaker of the House. Arch was a conspicuous figure among the Republicans though finally voted a Democratic ticket. Each served as postmaster of Dallas. John and Jim still live, but are white unto harvest.

Our list is not exhausted, nor indeed can be. Out of more than thirty-three hundred pupils we have left unmentioned hundreds of excellent men and women that have blessed and benefited humanity. The task is too great to name all worthy of honorable mention, and I can only add a few groups to those already mentioned.

OTHERS NOT MENTIONED.

Of those from Louisiana not yet noted, the names of Capt. R. P. Cates and his polished brother, Herbert, appeal to me. We had none more deserving than they, gentlemanly and studious. The first mentioned fell in his country's cause, after

having entered the legal profession at Shreveport. The other died in early life of lung trouble.

Jim Diggs, of New Orleans, son of a steamboat captain, of bright, sunny face, was lost sight of in the war.

My old friend Capt. Sam Pickens, of Caddo Parish, later of Palestine, Texas, when at college was a model of piety, of uniform conduct and studious habits. He seemed then to be headed for the ministry, but instead went into secular life. Sam was a man of more than ordinary ability. His wife, a Miss Gary, a lady of social position, was also a McKenzie student.

From Arkansas, we might add that big souled, big brained John McKean, who figured in the war, in business and political life, but later in the ministry, which fitted him best. His brother Felix and his sister Lucy were model students and gave promise of useful lives.

Johnston Wesson was exemplary at school and later became a useful preacher.

Jim Stewart—the "Arkansas Infant"—as we called him, who weighed two hundred and twenty pounds at eighteen years of age, was a bright, promising man.

The Coulters, Dave and George; the Caldwells, and Crabtrees, all made good substantial citizens.

From Red River County where the school was located, sprang a splendid citizenship under the training of Old Master, as Dr. McKenzie was familiarly called.

The Jamisons, John and Jim Polk, are first class citizens, of honorable parentage.

Dr. Jap Barry and his brother John came of a leading family, Jap died early, and John was long a prosperous citizen of the county, and later he moved to Paris. Their sister Mattie was a pupil, a splendid Christian woman, and became the wife of John T. McKenzie, and daughter-in-law of Dr. McKenzie. They reside on the old McKenzie homestead, highly esteemed and wear worthily their honored name.

J. A. Hosack was left an orphan at Clarksville, and McKenzie reared and educated him. He was of a bright, quick mind and attained to official position at Jefferson—later was an auctioneer of state reputation, and died recently at Cleburne.

John Sivley and W. H. Dickson were honorable citizens and worthy representatives of the institution.

Paris was near the site of the College and gave it liberal patronage. Louis Ross and Jim Long each lost a leg in the war and were educated by Dr. McKenzie. Both filled official positions and became conspicuous citizens of their county.

Capt. Bill Bell, in age and feebleness extreme, still abides. He is a very pronounced character on all vital issues. He is a Methodist in religion, except as to baptism, and on that point is a Quaker. He resembles Dr. McKenzie in personal appearance, and not a little in temperament. He does not feel discredited by the likeness, as he is an ardent admirer of his old teacher. His brother

John, a promising young man, died at college. His cousins, Ed and John Gibbons of Paris, were conspicuous citizens of their locality.

The Latimers, Alex and Dan, were bright men and of a prominent family. Alex was a lawyer, but being unstable, never reached the prominence his friends had anticipated for him.

The Guests were a gifted family. Frank was a splendid fellow, well balanced, but died early.

Van, Jim and Tol, brilliant, but unstable, disappointed expectations. In the war Van's gun pointed the wrong way.

The Comptons, John and his brother, the Doctor, are fine men, good and true. Their brilliant sister made a nice record in college.

The Mallorys and Clicks were standard citizens.

Judge John P. Graham, son of Rev. James Graham, was a gifted young man, but has not had the success in life his talents would have justified. He did not strictly observe his good Methodist training. He is blessed with an ideal family.

The Crooks, Jerry and Louis, sons of Judge J. H. Crook, a prominent citizen of that day, were worthy sons. Jerry was active in the service of church and state, and an all-round model citizen. His sister, Mrs. Hancock, an estimable Christian lady, was a McKenzie student.

Jim Gober, uncle of our Jim Gober, of the North Texas Conference, was a good and true man.

Professor J. P. Hamilton was one of my pupils in college, and made a useful teacher and local

preacher. He was the uncle of Dona Hamilton, who died in the service of the China Mission.

The Milams, Ben and Collin, worthy names these, acted well their parts and are honored in their posterity.

The Shannons, of Sherman, bore honored names.

Ed Moore, of Sherman, is a useful citizen and was a gallant soldier.

From Jefferson and Marshall were the Waskoms, Fishers, Scotts, Parchmans, Spell, Newtons, an dothers. Sank Wascom and his sister, Bettie Wascom Warren, were of princely parentage. Col. John M. Waskom, after whom the town of Waskom was named, was their father. He was eminent as a citizen and preacher. Sank was prominent as a legislator. Mrs. Warren was the mother of Hon. Robert L. Warren, of Terrell, who has state reputation as a legislator, and gubernatorial aspirations. The Fishers, Matt and his excellent sisters, Mrs. W. J. Clark, of Dallas, and Mrs. E. W. Taylor, of Ft. Worth, were of good parentage. Matt died early, and his sisters but recently—after acting well their parts in life.

The Scotts, Buckner and Preston, were sons of Col. W T. Scott, of Scottsville, a man of note in his day as a legislator, and as a prosperous, and influential citizen. They were grand-sons of Capt. Rose, of early fame in Texas. Buckner was of bright mind and quite capable, but became discouraged, and desisted from the ministry after having made a fair start, and led a retired

and honorable life. Preston figured in politics, as a legislator, and member of the constitutional convention of 1876. He was a man of high sense of honor, and valuable citizen.

John Newton took prominent stand in college, taught later and served as Captain in the war.

Wesley Parchman was of an excellent family, and has served in official position.

Dick Spell was a splendid fellow, uncle of Judge W. E. Spell, of Waco, and his mother was a member of the Vardaman family of Mississippi. Dick died early, before attaining prominence.

Judge Dick Ragsdale, of Greenville, figured in public life as an editor and otherwise.

The Wests, of Dallas, John, Robert and their talented sister, Mrs. Helena Gilespie, should have nitches in the Westminster Abbey of McKenzie College.

Virginius Howell, a promising young man, fell in his country's cause, honored and lamented.

Rev. Spence, of Dallas, a useful local preacher, lingers in the sunset of life, in quiet expectation of better things to come.

Capt. Frank McMullen was a remarkable young man, and before coming to college joined a filli-bustering company under General Walker, in 1855, that made an unsuccessful expedition against Nicaragua, and their leader was executed by military order. Frank was a man of cool courage, undaunted resolution, and but for an untimely grave would have made his mark.

Gus Wasson, of Louisiana, was a conspicuous

fellow in college, into all sorts of mischief but nothing vicious, and but for lack of sticking qualities could have made a record worth while.

Professor Milton Ragsdale, brother of Professor Smith Ragsdale, was a boy of stable habits, an A. M. graduate—and he and Henry Orr, a splendid young man—were the first to be formally awarded parchments at graduation. Professor Ragsdale was a literary teacher for several years. He, however, received thorough training in music while in college, under a distinguished German professor, and was later elected musical director of the Southwestern University and served well for a number of years. His wife, a daughter of Mr. Abner McKenzie, and niece of Dr. McKenzie, after the death of her mother, was brought up in the College. Her mother was the widow of Capt. John B. Denton, a distinguished pioneer, and whose dust is marked by a monument on the public square of Denton. Professor and Mrs. Ragsdale have been useful citizens, teachers and devoted church workers. They are spending quietly and pleasantly the evening of life in Dallas, with their honored daughter, Miss Belle, of the Texas Christian Advocate. They are honored in their children.

Captain Rich Merrill, of Bowie County, still lingers, an honored Confederate veteran, life-long teacher and model citizen.

Captain John Buford, of Sulphur Springs, son of Captain William Buford, is a prominent citizen of his county. His sister, Bettie, was likewise

a student, and both are now numbered with the pioneers of that community.

Bill Wright, of Paris, was the son of George Wright, the founder of Paris, first known as Pinhook, but as it advanced received at the suggestion of Joel Hagle the more dignified name of Paris. Bill was a character, big-hearted, romantic, adventurous, went to California in an early day, and engaged in mining on a large scale with alternate success and failure. His brother Jim was also a student, as was his sister Emily, who was one of the most attractive young ladies of the school, and married Captain J. M. Daniel, a relative of Senator Daniel, of Virginia. They have a son, George, actively engaged in church work.

Sam Rowe, his brother Bob, and John Martin were all of Polk County, prominent and promising, but were cut short by the war.

Miss Texana Morrow, now Mrs. Taylor, of Kaufman, still abides an honored Christian woman.

But I can go no further—regretting to have omitted the names of so many that served well and wisely their day and generation, and sleep with the fathers. Eternity alone can disclose the great and good work accomplished through Dr. McKenzie and his great body of students.

VII.

TRIP THROUGH TEXAS ON A PACING PONY IN 1858.

I completed the college course in my twentieth year, 1858, but had incurred an indebtedness of about six hundred dollars—Dr. McKenzie being my principal creditor. That I might meet my financial obligations, I secured a position as Assistant Professor in my Alma Mater. This also enabled me to acquaint myself more thoroughly with the subjects taught, and to profit by the seasoning, disciplinary effect incurred in the responsibility of teaching. All of which served me well in later years, when called by the Church to engage in educational work and official administration.

I had in my own name property sufficient to have paid my way through college, but it was in the hands of a man not congenial, and who seemed reluctant to meet my college expenses. My proud spirit revolted at this, and I said to the party in charge of my effects that, if he would account to me for the use of my property when I became of age, I would henceforth "paddle my own canoe." This he readily assented to, but did not meet my expectation on final settlement, to which I submitted rather than contend. I have ever felt that I was gainer for having thus been thrown

upon my own resources and having learned self-reliance and self-denial early in life. The only assistance received the last three years of my student life, was an inheritance of one hundred and fifty dollars from the estate of my grandfather McLean, of North Carolina, and the sale of a pony given me by my grandfather Rose.

Arrangements having been perfected for my return to the College in the fall as a teacher, I took for my summer recreation a tour of the state with Marshall as a starting point. My equipment for the venture was boots, spurs, a pacing pony, caparisoned with bridle, saddle, stake sope, saddlebags, blanket and a light purse.

My itinerary led me through Jefferson, Mt. Pleasant, Clarksville, Paris, Bonham, McKinney, making my first stop in the vicinity of Cochran Chapel, near Dallas, where the church was to be dedicated, and a couple of schoolmates to be married—Dr. McKenzie to officiate on both occasions.

Rev. W. R. Smith, one of my most intimate college friends, was to be united in marriage with Miss Sophronia Winn, also a student of McKenzie College and a most estimable young lady. I was to be one of the attendants, being privileged to wait with Miss Viola Winn, cousin of the bride, a beautiful young lady who later became Mrs. Hunt and favorably known in church circles and service. She recently died and is buried near the Southern Methodist University, of which she was a benefactress and also of Southwestern University.

The wedding was of the old ante-bellum sort, iced cakes, barbecued meats, good cheer and all the neighbors invited. Bob and Fronie later were teachers, and Bob was also a local preacher. They rendered useful service to their community, and were blessed with six children, all of whom, including their father, have died. The wife and mother lingers in the sunset of life, awaiting a reunion in the land of unclouded day.

There was fitness in having Dr. McKenzie officiate at the dedication, aside from his prominence as a preacher and educator. He had been the teacher of W. M. Cochran in Tennessee in whose honor the church was named, and in that state Isaac Webb of this community was an honored instrument in the early religious and ministerial life of Dr. McKenzie.

Taking leave of this delightful occasion and community, I resumed the even tenor of my way, headed for the border settlements, and after a short ride of eight miles, came upon the little village of Dallas sequestered on the east bank of the Trinity. Little then did I anticipate that the unpretentious village of a hundred or two people would in sixty years become the most attractive city of the State, with a population of 125,000, and that the then quiet country site of Cochran Chapel would now be a suburb of this great growing city, and that the Southern Methodist University, the leading church school west of the Mississippi River, would be domiciled in the vicinity of

which I have been writing—but such is Dallas—such is Texas.

The close of the first day out from Dallas and vicinity found me at Waxahachie, a day's ride then, now the distance is made by auto, or railroad in an hour or less and by aeroplane in a few minutes—such has been the progress of the times.

On Chambers Creek, a few miles south of Waxahachie, lived Colonel Ben Watson, whose first wife, Lizzie Scott, of Scottsville, Harrison County, was my first cousin. She having died, he was now living with a second wife, who was a Miss Overstreet. They gave me a hearty welcome and hospitable entertainment. Their descendants are numbered with the reputable citizenship of Waxahachie.

On I went through Hillsboro, Waco, Belton, to Lampasas through sparse settlements, outstretching black waxy prairie abounding in free grass, prairie chickens and mule-eared rabbits. The average price of such lands then was about one dollar per acre—now, one continuous lane of farms—and land worth about one hundred dollars per acre, and more.

The principal attraction of Waco for a horseback traveler was a large spring gushing from the west bank of the Brazos, about which the small village nestled. When within a few miles of Lampasas, I met three families in wagons moving further into the settlements through fear of Indians, and who the day before had sighted Indians, and warned me of the risk I was taking in going

further in that direction. Although somewhat apprehensive Lampasas was in my itinerary and to Lampasas I must go. The only dangers encountered were the fabrications of a furtive imagination, in seeing Indians in those valleys where there were no Indians, although I did not turn aside to verify the fact in the case, but did speed up a little and made Lampasas ahead of schedule time. One strange thing about Lampasas was, I scented the village before I sighted it. The scent of the sulphur and arsenic springs met my olfactories before the village met my gaze. I was attracted by the bold spring boiling up through the rock bed of the creek, which threw up pebbles and was so strong one could not sink in it. Herds of horses were driven there to free them of vermin by swimming them in the medicated water. I was told of the danger that lurked in the arsenic springs and took no chances.

From here I went to Austin through Burnet, Williamson and Travis counties, the roughest and rockiest part of my whole journey. Even when descending some of the rocky steeps approaching the Capital, the footing of my pony rendered insecure by the shifting stones, made horse-back travel uncomfortable not to say a little risky. Austin then was a string town fronted by the old capitol, and extending down the avenue two or three blocks. The Land Office had just been completed and was the most imposing and attractive building I had ever seen, and I presume overshadowed any building in the State at that time. There

was no architectural display about the old capitol, a plain, massive stone structure. My visit here was made more pleasant by meeting Miss Martha Hotchkiss, a college-mate of McKenzie College, a bright, gifted young lady, and later a writer and author of no mean reputation. Her father, Colonel W. S. Hotchkiss, was a state official, and three of his sons have become prominent Methodist preachers of our state.

On my return trip, I took a more southern route and had part of the way, in the person of Mr. Sylvanus Howell, of Bonham, a most congenial traveling companion, mounted on a calico pony. Our first day out from Austin we passed through Round Rock taking its name from a huge round rock rising from the rock bed of Brushy Creek, resembling an hour glass in shape. Little did I then think that Round Rock, twenty-two years later, would become the gateway by rail to Georgetown, where I should spend seventeen of the best years of my life in educational work, rear and educate my children, and form many of the most delightful associations and friendships of life among the citizens, teachers and students—but such is life, such the unforseen fate of an itinerant Methodist preacher.

We were traveling an old military trace, and leaving Round Rock, we passed over a stretch of country of thirty miles without a settlement, and when night overtook us we staked our ponies and camped by the roadside with our saddles for pillows, the prairie for a cot, and, supperless, gave

ourselves to sleep, soon to be serenaded by a chorus of howling coyotes. It was a new experience to us and got a little on our nerves. I had no weapon and have never owned one to this good day. My friend had what was called a pepper-box revolver, a revolving cylinder of ten barrels, four or five inches long and rather harmless. We were spared the necessity of using our gun, but made an early start for a settlement where we might get breakfast.

The pepper-box pistol reminds me of a duel in the early days of Marshall, between General Smith and Hell-roaring Hill, as he was called, using this variety of weapon. When the duel opened, Hill sought refuge behind a horse-rack, and Smith after planting a few shots in the rack, disgusted with his weapon, threw it down and called for a rope with which to lariat Hill and pull him out into the open. It was then Hill's opportunity to plant a shot in Smith's thigh, which ended the duel, the wound not proving serious.

Our next point was Marlin. Here I met another school-mate (so much for having been educated in one's own State) in the person of W. R. Reagan, a brother of Hon. John H. Reagan, whom he resembled very much in personal appearance, and no less intellectually. Bill had just had a duel with another lawyer of the town, using the pepper-box revolver, and as usual with no serious results. He had started out from McKenzie College a Methodist preacher, but turned to the law and between the two did not reach that distinction in

life his talents would have justified, and which might have been attained had he been settled in his habits and fixed in his purposes. Here my friend Howell left me and I passed on through Madisonville, Palestine, Henderson, and unimportant wayside places as the names would indicate, Possom-trot, Steal-easy, Buck-snort, Lick-skillet, *et cetera,* finally reaching my home near Marshall, and in October turned up at McKenzie College to assume the role of a teacher. My faithful pacer became the property of Mrs. Smith Ragsdale, a daughter of Dr. McKenzie and a lady teacher in the College.

I was now verging upon young manhood, and naturally my life work began to press upon my mind. My conversion, April 5, 1854, while kneeling at the mourners' bench in the College chapel during a revival, and while engaged in earnest, agonizing prayer, was bright and unmistakable. The transition from darkness into light, from condemnation into conscious peace and acceptance with God was sudden and attended with ecstatic joy. At once I became missionary in spirit and began pleading with the unsaved to share with me this blessed experience of conscious salvation. I joined the church on six months' probation, which was then the law of the church. I thought however that it was optional with the subject to join on probation or in full connection, and in my youthful ardor I announced to the pastor in extending my hand that, "I joined in full connection," but found later that I had to bide my time,

and at the end of six months was formally received into full connection.

A divine call to preach was impressed upon me. I had never known a minister in our family on either side. It would inaugurate a new vocation, the bent of the family was in a worldly direction. As a rule my people were well-to-do in earthly goods, and not without worldly aspirations and ambitions. The ministry had no attractions for me. It meant the forsaking of home, lands, kindred, to enter a calling not after the liking of those nearest to me. They, with the possible exception of a godly grandmother, would have chosen for me some secular pursuit. It meant a parting of the ways—how can two walk together except they be agreed. The paramount aim of our lives would not be the same, and a lack of congeniality might ensue. These were some of the troublesome, discouraging thoughts that passed through my mind in the initial stages of a conscious call to the ministry, and marred for a time my spiritual joy. But the die was finally cast, the victory won, the call heeded. The battle was fought but one time and then to a finish. In that long struggle, I gained my full and final consent to devote my life to the work of the ministry, and while I may have been tempted at many points in life, as to my duties as a preacher I have never once been tempted to be a slacker, or to waver in the work of the ministry. Having put my hands to the plow, I have never been tempted to look back.

In those days it was customary, first, to take

license to exhort, and after serving a time in this inferior and tentative offfice, to take license to preach. Accordingly, near the close of 1858, I was granted license to exhort by John N. Hamill, preacher in charge. It was at that time the privilege of the pastor, upon recommendation of the class, or leaders' meeting, to issue license to exhort. A year later, 1859, I was granted license to preach by the quarterly conference of the Clarksville circuit, which was issued by Hugh B. Hamilton, presiding elder. He was the father of Miss Dona Hamilton, whom I received into the church, and who later became a missionary to China and died in that service honored and beloved. I exercised my gifts as an exhorter and local preacher in the College as opportunity offered, and occasionally in the surrounding community.

After two years of teaching in the College, which I found to be congenial, and I trust profitable to myself and to the student body, the time came at the close of the session, July, 1860, when I must take leave of the sacred scenes and associations of my beloved Alma Mater, and enter upon my life work as an itinerant Methodist preacher. God only knows how much I owe to the sacred influences and instructions of that Christian college and its great and good president. I was recast and revolutionized during those eventful years. I came out from those transforming influences very unlike myself when I entered six years before. I inaugurated a new vocation in our family.

Much worn in health and strength from my long stay at College, after settling all indebtedness and buying a saddle mule, with six hundred dollars in my pocket saved from my two years' service as a teacher, I turned my back upon this hallowed spot and faced the wide world, trusting in God for guidance and blessing in the work to which he had called me. And now at the end of fifty-nine years as a licensed minister, with gratitude, can say: God has never failed or forsaken me; but has ever been a present help in times of need, and has led me often by a way I knew not, but safely and happily to the present. And I would not now, if I could, change any appointment received at the hands of the Church through her constituted authorities. I shall ever bless the day that my feet were turned to McKenzie College, and will count happy the boy or girl that falls into like hands and under like influences upon leaving home for college. God bless Christian schools!

VIII.

ENTERING THE ITINERANT MINISTRY.

After settling my indebtedness, incurred while a student, I bought a mule and started for my home near Marshall with $600 in my pocket saved from teaching. I felt the wear and tear of my long stay at college, but recuperated rapidly during the intervening three months, and found myself ready for Conference, which met at Jefferson, October 24, 1860, Bishop Andrew, presiding.

My recommendation for admission was taken to Conference by that grand old Roman, Rev. Richard Lane, presiding elder. Brother Lane was tall and commanding in appearance, an ideal man and minister. He loved the forest for meditation and prayer, and brought beaten oil into the sanctuary. He was one of nature's noblemen.

Bishop Andrew was an historical character, the occasion of the division of the Church in 1844. He had married a lady that owned slaves and because of such relationship to slavery, without being formally charged and tried, he was deposed from the duties of the episcopacy while so related to slavery, by a majority vote of the General Conference. The Northern members were largely in the ascendancy. In the first place, Bishop Andrew could not have liberated the slaves since they were not his; and in the second place, the statutes

of Georgia, where he resided, would not permit slaves to be set free within the state. To this high-handed action the Southern members—men like Bascom, Lovick and George F. Pierce, Robert Paine, William Capers, Littleton Fowler, Winans and Bishop Soule (the senior Bishop) would not submit, and it resulted in the division of the Church and the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1846. Bishop Andrew was greatly honored and revered by the Southern Church.

My conference home was out two and a half miles from town, and with five or six young preachers, I walked to and from the sessions of conference and much of the time through rain and mud. We thought nothing of this inconvenience, taking it rather pleasantly. The leading members of the Conference at that time were McKenzie, Tullis, Fields, Lane, Burks, Williams, Irvine, Finley, Carnes and Hill.

I was read out to the Rusk station, as my first charge, R. S. Finley, presiding elder. To reach my charge I traveled by stage, Major Bradfield's (who was father of J. A. Bradfield of Dallas) all day and night from Marshall to Rusk, and just at daybreak the stage driver sounded his bugle as a signal of his coming. As we drove on the public square, the first object that met my sight was, "Lincoln hung in effigy," who later proved to be a lively corpse.

Being a single man, my salary for the year was fixed by the discipline at $150. I boarded a few

months with an excellent Presbyterian family, Dr. Armstrong's, and later with the Sunday school superintendent, John L. Whitescarver, who late in life became a local preacher. He had an excellent wife and a nice family of children. Our relations were most delightful and friendship lasting.

Nearly all the professional and business men of the town were professed Christians, and most of the young men and ladies. To this good day, I think they were the prettiest set of girls and young women I ever saw and not easy to fade—judging from the specimen I got. Here is where I made my debut as a gallant, and escorted publicly my first young lady. I was twenty-two years of age and was so smitten from the start that I never "let up" until five years later I said to her, as the frost to the flower, "Wilt thou?"—and she "wilted."

It was a moral, high-classed little town. Of the lawyers were M. H. Bonner, later a supreme judge, and his two brothers, Bill and Tom; Frank and Thel Williams; Judge Guinn, also prominent as a legislator; Jim Anderson and General Hogg, father of Governor Hogg. They would have graced any bar. Doctors Francis, McDugald, Wightman, Armstrong and Raines all stood well in their profession. Merchants: Hicks, Wiggins, Heth, Phileo and Miller—the last named, although a Catholic, willed a few years since $14,000 to the Methodist Orphanage, at Waco, and the same amount to the Presbyterian Orphanage, near Itasca.

Being inexperienced in the ministry, I was fortunate in meeting with my friend and collegemate, Rev. Ed. Rodgers, who had had a few years' experience in the pastorate, and took great interest in initiating me into the pastoral office. We visited indiscriminately from house to house, always having prayer with the family. This first lesson in pastoral visiting I never forgot, and tried to profit by it. Brother Rodgers was a successful preacher, but died rather early.

My initial service was a little embarrassing, and after preaching I was invited to dinner by a lady member and readily accepted, making no inquiry as to distance or conveyance. We trudged along afoot up and down those sandy hills until at the end of two and a half miles we turned in for dinner, and at three o'clock I was due at the church to hold the customary class-meeting.

We were fortunate in having as a visitor in our town a Baptist preacher remarkably gifted in holding services with the children, particularly song services. Ours was a union sundayschool and quite harmonious and profitable.

I had been in charge but a few months when the angry clouds of war began to rise, and preparations being made for the fearful conflict that was soon to ensue. In the late spring a company was formed. It was composed of the flower of the community. Frank Taylor was made Captain. It was a memorable and impressive sight when they took formal leave of loved ones and started for the field of battle, many never to re-

turn. The company united with the Third Texas Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Greer. General Hogg was soon called to command a brigade, and after a year or two of service died in camp. He was a man of remarkable courage, and a high toned citizen. Jim Barker of Rusk was Major of the Third Texas Regiment, and Dr. Wallace McDugald, Surgeon, who later became surgeon of General Hogg's Brigade.

Some very sacred and lasting friendships were formed at Rusk. My first presiding elder, Dr. Finley, showed me much kindness and rendered me helpful service. He was an ardent friend, an able preacher and stood in the fore-front of his conference. His name has ever been a household word in our home. When a young girl, Mrs. McLean professed religion under his ministry and was received into the church by him.

The pastor on the Rusk circuit, Robert Brigman, died in the middle of the year and I was then put on double duty, and served both charges until conference. This added eight or ten appointments to the station to be met monthly. Church services were held regularly, prayer meetings, class-meetings and preaching, and good was done, but so intense was the war spirit that little progress was made.

SECOND CONFERENCE.

The next conference met at Marshall. At that time Marshall and Jefferson were the principal towns of the conference. Bishop Early presided.

He was tall, commanding, not to say a little stern in appearance. He was among the very first to arrive at the opening of the conference. Punctuality was one of his prime virtues, and is a commendable quality in a preacher, or any public servant. He was a fine presiding officer and a man of sterling qualities, but did not excel as a preacher.

All felt more and more the weight of sadness entailed by the war as it grew in death-rate and desolation. In his sermon the Bishop showed how heavily the seriousness of the war bore upon him. At the close of his sermon, he sang alone with a pathos and power I never heard excelled, these closing lines:

"O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to Thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more."

From this conference I was sent to Sherman station, about 180 miles distant. Brother Binkley preceded me in that station. He was the first pastor and I the second. He had served two years, then the time limit. He grew to be one of the most prominent ministers of the conference. He was large, impressive in appearance, a fluent, forceful speaker, and of warm, generous heart. He died just recently at a good old age, highly esteemed by the church and preachers. A daughter, Mrs. S. C. Riddle, has been most help-

ful to her husband in the duties of the ministry, and other members of his family are filling reputable positions.

At Marshall, Binkley bought a buggy, the first he ever owned, and kindly offered me a seat to Sherman, which I thankfully accepted, it being my first experience in buggy riding. After a hard drive of four and a half days we reached Sherman and found quarters with Judge C. C. Binkley, brother of the preacher, and this became my home for the following two years of my pastorate there. Judge Binkley was large, erect, almost haughty in appearance, and stately in his bearing. He was, however, of a warm, sympathetic nature, the soul of honor, courageous, and became one of the most prominent, influential and prosperous citizens of that section of the state. His wife was one of the most amiable Christian women I ever knew. Later I preached her funeral and never had a more worthy subject for a funeral discourse.

I must mention two others of this connection: Judge Anthony Bryant, a brother-in-law of the Binkleys; and his son, Judge Dave Bryant, a Federal judge. They were intense Republicans, but high-toned, honorable men. On one occasion, in pronouncing sentence upon a brutal convict who, in a state of intoxication, knocked his wife down and stamped her to death while in a delicate condition, Dave departed from the usual method of expressing sympathy for the culprit, and said, "It affords me great pleasure to pro-

nounce upon you the sentence of death for your brutal and inhuman act."

I came to this charge with one year's experience in the pastorate, which was much to my advantage in helping me to adjust myself to my new and involved situation.

Socially and politically the communities of Marshall and Rusk, and the community of Sherman, were not altogether harmonious on the war question. The population of the first two communities were from the Gulf States principally, the last from such border States as Tennessee, Kentucky, Illinois, Missouri and Kansas, and a preponderance of sentiment favored the Union. This placed me in a new atmosphere, politically, and made me realize the necessity of being considerate of the rights and sentiments of all, that my ministry might not be lost to any on political grounds. My paramount business was to look after and promote the spiritual interests of the people, the whole people. I was the servant of all.

Of those prominent and helpful in church life at that time I should mention among the first, Dr. W. E. Kelly and his excellent wife, who were warmly devoted to all the interests of the Church.

In Sister Hopson I found one of the most devoted and consecrated women of my acquaintance. She was modest, quite so, but would respond when called upon to pray in public, and such prayers, so melting and devout! Her family felt the impress of her godly life.

Brother Walsh, brother of Rev. Jesse Walsh, of Arkansaw, but later of Texas, was of ardent, devout temperament, a zealous Methodist and active church worker. His family did honor to their training.

Sister Rotramel was always at the post of duty. She had two nice Christian daughters, Mrs. Sumner and Mrs. Blackburn. Sister Rotramel died a few months since, having passed the century mark.

Joel Hagee was always dependable.

Colonel Shannon and wife, and their excellent daughters: Mrs. Richards, now Mrs. King, and Miss Vic, now Mrs. Ed. Moore; their son, Robert, these all took lively interest in the Church.

Colonel Cother and family are to be remembered for their fidelity.

Mrs. Lawson, a niece of quaint old Jimmie Axley, was a member, and a most interesting and unique character she was. A company of ladies elegantly mounted were wont to take evening rides, and she not thinking it becoming in war times, diked out a donkey in ridiculous style, and as the ladies, on their richly caparisoned mounts reached the public square, she fell in behind under whip and at full speed on her donkey, creating great merriment. The burlesque had the desired effect.

Mrs. Butts, who was said to have nursed General Houston when wounded at the battle of San Jacinto, was also a member. She was one of the first settlers of Preston Bend.

The Douglass family were staunch Methodists. Some are now living at Wills Point and Kaufman. Mrs. Judge Hurt of Dallas belongs to that connection.

Doctors Saunders, Frazier, Bullock, Freeman, Brooks and families were valued members and prominent in the community—so of the Dorchesters.

MURDER OF COLONEL BILL YOUNG.

I have referred to the fact that many of the best citizens of the community did not favor secession, but when the State acted they could not array themselves against their own people, and accepted the situation as gracefully as possible. It appears, however, that in an adjacent county, Cooke, there was a secret organization that plotted against their own people, those that sympathized with the Confederacy, and went so far as to waylay two Confederate Colonels, Bill Young and Jim Bourland, killing Colonel Young, but missed Colonel Bourland. These were two of the most prominent citizens of North Texas and resided in Cooke County. The country was much aroused over the dastardly act. Colonel Bourland and Captain Jim Young, son of Colonel Young, at the head of their respective forces began to ferret out the plot, and finally arrested, tried, convicted and executed forty-eight members of the band. Good men were selected to act on a committee in the capacity of jurors, of the number, two were Methodist preachers, J. N. Hamill,

who licensed me to exhort, and J. R. Bellamy; both prominent members of the East Texas Conference. The execution took place at Gainesville, and the forty-eight were hanged the same day and on the same limb. Our late Dr. Bourland, of the North Texas Conference, was the nephew of Colonel Jim Bourland; and Rev. J. D. Young, of the Central Conference, now president of the Texas Woman's College, is the grandson of Colonel Bill Young. These were exciting times and extended to Sherman. I was called upon to guard one who was under sentence of death, and ministered to him also religiously. He delivered to me a pocket-knife, which he had sharpened and concealed in a corner of his blanket with the intent of cutting the throat of the officer on the day of execution and then cutting his own throat. He seemed to have relented, made this confession, and resigned himself to his fate. Some of our citizens invoked the assistance of Colonel Throckmorton, and had the party carried to Tyler for final disposition of the case, and he managed to escape execution. After his release, I am not sure his religion stood the test, as is generally the case with reformations in the face of death.

REGULAR SERVICES.

Prayer and class-meetings were held regularly and found to be very helpful, as well as the ministry of the Word. We also preached regularly to the negroes in the afternoon of Sunday and found them appreciative and responsive to the services.

The negroes were loyal to their masters and gave no trouble to the community.

THIRD CONFERENCE.

The third conference was held at Crockett, nearly 300 miles distant, and involved seven or eight days travel on horseback. This trip led through Rusk and afforded me great pleasure in meeting former friends, especially the one that gave me my first pleasure and experience as a gallant.

In the absence of a Bishop, on account of the blockade of the Mississippi River, and there being no resident Bishop on this side, Dr. R. S. Finley was elected president, and presided with great satisfaction to the conference. There was a shortage of preachers in attendance upon conference. Many had gone into the army, principally as chaplains. Ministers were exempt from bearing arms. Their absence and the devastating effect of the war depressed the spirit of the conference. The Church was kept busy in the maintenance of regular public worship, and in furnishing clothing and comforts to the soldiers.

I was returned to the Sherman station a second year, and met a cordial welcome upon my return. Notwithstanding the church was divided on the war issue, I managed to retain the goodwill of both sides, and none on that account left the church. Colonel Young had lived at Sherman just prior to the war, and was a magnanimous, whole-souled man, much beloved by his fel-

low-citizens; and the wicked, cowardly manner of his taking off, and the speedy execution of those adjudged guilty, rendered the political situation quite acute, and doubtless wrong was done on both sides in the heat of passion and prejudice.

Despite these local agitations we held together as a church and did good service. We had a good revival conducted by Major Joel T. Daves, assisted by Rev. Hudson, of the C. P. Church, and Flemming, an exhorter, all of the Confederate Army. After the war Daves was put in charge of the Mexican mission by Bishop Keener, and was otherwise conspicuous as a preacher, as was his son Joel for a time.

At the close of this conference year, the very day I left for conference, Quantrell and his men arrived in town and stopped on Travis Street immediately in front of a little brick office I had been occupying. They were very quiet and civil in appearance. Quantrell was pointed out to me, and had a refined, civil look and was dubbed "parson" by some of his men. He was said to have been a school teacher at one time, but because of certain outrages committed by Kansas Jayhawkers upon the Quantrell family in Missouri, he became desperate and showed no quarters to such foes. This I was told by one who was a near neighbor of the Quantrells in Missouri and at the time the offenses were committed. One of his captains married a popular young lady of Sherman, of a prominent family, Miss Bush Smith, but he was soon killed in guerrilla warfare.

Through these eventful days I was blessed in helping to maintain order in the midst of danger and strife. During church worship reckless ones would sometimes obtrude and act in a defiant manner, and I realized a few times that I incurred risk in insisting upon the maintenance of order in the house of God, but no hurt came to me.

Late one evening, I was informed that Colonel Binkley, my host, was to be assassinated that night. I hastened to inform him of his danger, but found he had left town, leaving his home in my care. Upon reaching his home about dark, I saw, at the end of the street near the house, a howling mob which strengthened the truthfulness of the report. You may imagine my unenviable situation in occupying the home and room of my absent friend, expecting at any time an attack, and possibly to be killed by mistake; but in some way the mob must have learned of Binkley's absence, at any rate, I was unharmed.

Brother Binkley was my successor on the station and the next two years were still more strenuous, and he passed through some close places, but under the good providence of God emerged unhurt.

Circumstances sometimes make strange bedfellows. A saloon keeper, learning that I was to leave on a certain day for Jefferson to attend conference, sought my company as he wanted to go on business in his line and would carry money with him. As it would be a lonesome ride on horseback of four or five days and attended with

some risk, I gladly accepted his company We talked very freely on religious matters, and he promised amendment of his life and change of vocation, which I am happy to say he fulfilled and later led a consistent, religious life. I never had any one to treat me with greater respect, and have ever had a pleasant memory of the incident.

The conference for 1863 was held at Sherman, and Rev. W. H. Hughes, presiding elder of the Sherman district, was elected president. He was an able preacher, companionable and highly esteemed. From Sherman I was sent to Jefferson station.

JEFFERSON STATION.

Here we met as elsewhere the depressing effects of the war, but sentiment and sympathy were with the Confederacy. We had an excellent brick church, one of the best in the state. Situated at the head of navigation and accessible to the most populous and prosperous part of the state, Jefferson was fast becoming the leading city of Texas at the beginning of the war, and reached that goal soon after its close, Galveston being second. For a distance of two or three hundred miles it commanded trade from the northeastern part of the State. This prosperity ceased, however, when railroads penetrated the State in the early seventies, and distributed traffic. When the first railroad, the Texas and Pacific, entered Jefferson there was great rejoicing among most of the citizens anticipating increasing pros-

perity, but John C. Murphy said: "The railroad whistle sounded the death-knell of Jefferson," and that "the ox and mule wagons were the best friends the city would ever have." The prediction became true. The city dwindled in population from seventeen thousand to about one-tenth its former number. When business was at its best, the city would be so crowded with wagons that they would stand in line a day or more awaiting their turn to be loaded; and from fifteen to twenty miles on the main thoroughfares leading to the city, one would not be out of sight of wagons.

In the wet season the roads would become almost impassable. This story was told of a steamster, who late in the evening had just emerged from the "devil's race track," in Hunt County, and he and his team were very tired, when met by another teamster, who remarked, "You and your team seem very much exhuasted, you must have driven a considerable distance today. How far have you come?" Pointing back to an immense mud-hole the wagoner replied, "I have come out of that mud-hole there."

Another and perhaps greater cause for the decline of Jefferson was the partial destruction of navigation by the removal of the raft in Red River, which drained the backwater from the lake, and navigation then depended on the freshets of the wet season.

This charge was linked with Kellyville, four miles in the country, which had a monthly appointment. Most of the members were of a stable

sort in those days and read their Bibles with an unquestioning faith. The Bible was then spelled with a big "B." They were not hunting for flaws, but hungered for the meat and marrow of the gospel. They had much the spirit of the Psalmist, "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee." "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple; the statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. * * * Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward." It was reserved for others, inflated with intellectual pride, to call in question the divine postulates and disturb, to no purpose, the settled faith of the fathers. This was the fatal mistake of Germany in eliminating from her schools the sane, saving principles of the gospel, and substituting materialism and rationalism instead, and the result is now being written in the blood of nations. We have suffered as a nation by patronizing German universities and having our sons inoculated with this German virus, and in employing godless, materialistic German professors to teach in our leading colleges and universities. Would any one informed on the subject, assume to say that such teachers and teaching have had nothing to do with the alienation of Vanderbilt University from the faith and fold of Methodism? I have seen nothing but spiritual hurt come to our preachers and people, from ex-

ploiting higher criticism from our pulpits and presses. As a rule those taken up with such speculations, if not lost to us, have a fruitless ministry. To my mind no possible good can come to any preacher, or congregation, by unsettling the faith of the people in which they have long reposed, and leave nothing in its stead. Such preachers and preaching are not the sort that made the Church what it is.

On this subject and in this connection, I insert an excerpt from the able and timely article of John J. Tigert, M. A., in the Methodist Review, of April, 1918.

"It might as well be admitted that Biblical Criticism and the Modernist movement, led by German scholars, has been a potent force in the discrediting of Christianity in Germany and in preparing for the era of might and power ushered in by William II. E. G. Bek, a delegate to the Ecumenical Conference held at Toronto in 1911, stood before that conference and said:

" 'I am a layman from Germany; and you know Germany has a reputation of being a learned country, and many of you look toward German professors as great authorities. Many of your students come over to Berlin and listen to Harnack and other great authorities. Do you mean to go with every higher critic everywhere he goes? Look at the country of Luther. In some States we have 50 per cent or 70 per cent of the State Church ministers who do not believe in Christ, as a result of what they have imbibed in the universities.'

"Say what you may, the continuous blows of the ax of criticism at the very roots of the great fundamentals of the Christian religion have killed the fruits of the ancient faith. Iconoclasts like Straus, Eichhorn, Pfleiderer and Harnack, who have thrived in the camps of theology—nay, within the very strongholds of the Church itself—have joined hands with the outspoken atheists like Haeckel and the thousands of blatant infidels in the streets in swelling the tide against the Christian religion.

"True the same kind of destructive criticism has flourished in England and France and, to a less extent, in the United States; but in none of these countries was there an organized movement preparing a lapse into barbarism and a lustful attack on weaker nations—a movement anxious to substitute the power of the sword in the hearts of men for the love of Christ. 'Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity,' saith the Apostle of Christ. 'To us is given faith, hope, and hatred; but the greatest of these is hatred,' runs the Prussian creed. Darwinianism also originated in England, but its catch phrases like 'the survival of the fittest, etc.,' did not become the favorite saying of every ignorant man in the street as it did in Germany, nor did it find its logical outcome there—the Superman and the Superrace; nor did it find in these countries a militaristic despot ready to employ it for the fulfillment of his heart's desire.

"The vilest attacks that have ever been made

upon Christian morality have emanated from Nietzsche, coupled with the most brazen egotism. It seems like profanation to quote him, but let me lay bare to the bone this cancerous sore. In the 'Anti-Christ,' quoted in the 'Will to Freedom,' by Dr. Figgis, we find this: 'I call Christianity the one great curse, the one great intrinsic depravity, the one great instinct for revenge, for which no expedient is sufficiently poisonous, secret, subterranean, mean—I call it the one immortal blemish of mankind.'

"One more quotation, to show the conceit of this man. In the 'Ecce Homo' we find this: 'That which defies me, that which makes me stand apart from the whole of the rest of humanity, is the fact that I have unmasked Christian morality. . . . Christian morality is the most malignant form of falsehood, the actual Circe of humanity, that which has corrupted mankind.'

"No wonder that the Kaiser says that 'treaties are but scraps of paper employed to disguise political aims,' and that 'Christian morality cannot be political.' No wonder that Bismarck mutilated the Ems telegram so as to precipitate the war which William I. would gladly have averted. On this point, let me quote Charles D. Hazen, Professor of European History in Columbia University: 'The eternal superiority of this (German) people over all others, so confidently asserted as a justification of her leadership in the world, is shown in the phrase of Professor Delbruck, "Blessed be the hand that traced those

lines," that is, that mutilated the Ems dispatch. This is the Prussian beatitude. For it brought a successful war—a war for prestige and power and lucre.'

"We have entered upon the holiest war in history, a war not only of democracy against autocracy, but of Christ against Anti-Christ; while William II goes forward to war with the German tribal god of force, let us remember the God of our fathers, the God of love."

DR. E. M. MARVIN.

Jefferson is where I first met Doctor, later, Bishop Marvin, which I esteem one of the greatest privileges and blessings of my life. I regard him the completest, all-round preacher, I ever saw, and a model for young preachers. I never had the benefit of a theological school; but to have been thrown in close contact with Bishop Marvin for a few years, hear him preach on all sorts of occasions, see him in the social circle, at weddings, funerals, eat, sleep and travel with him; I would rather be thus intimately associated with him and receive the impress of his great character, than attend in a perfunctory way a theological seminary for the same length of time. For the three years I was thus closely associated with him, I would not have obliterated from my mind any word or act of his, even his rich anecdotes when on occasions he would unbend and entertain a circle of friends.

I had heard of his being in the vicinity of

Shreveport, Louisiana, and gave him a cordial invitation to come to Jefferson and hold a protracted meeting for me, which he kindly consented to do. He came on horseback, was dressed in a suit of brown home-spun jeans, the stirrup leathers had worn through the inside of his pant-legs from riding on horseback. His coat had broadcloth cuffs and collar, the most becoming suit I ever saw on him, more so than the broadcloth suit presented him a few years later when he was ordained Bishop. I have heard him called homely; to me there was nothing homely about him; he was more angelic than human when at his best in the pulpit and all illuminated by the spirit and power of God.

He preached for me three weeks; we ate, slept, visited and worshipped together; and later we were traveling companions for three or four weeks, and such fellowship and association was the privilege of a lifetime. The meeting was a great success; he preached seven consecutive sermons from the same text, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Among the saved was an unfortunate young girl, more sinned against than sinning, who had been left an orphan with several younger brothers and sisters to raise. She was very modest and sought an humble place in the church. I urged our lady members to give her special attention and encouragement, which told happily upon the future of the young woman and the family. One brother became a local

preacher, and all became reputable members of society. Twenty years later, imagine my great joy and surprise when I met her at Mount Eagle, Tennessee, an officer of the Woman's Missionary Society. She had married and was presented to me as an old friend, "Mistress So-and-So." With modesty she said that I would know her by her maiden name. I mention this to show the power of the gospel to save and uplift, and the helpfulness of sensible, sympathetic Christian men and women under circumstances of that character. More of this kind of work should be done. Redeem the fallen as well as forewarn the unwary.

SINGING.

Brother Durr, with his splendid voice, was our leader of song. He was an ardent friend of the Church, with a lovely family of six girls. Frank Patillo and wife, and his sister, Mrs. Frank, were valuable members. With them I had been associated at McKenzie College, and found in Brother Patillo a model companion and room-mate, and as I recall how his sister's voice would on occasion ring out over the campus on the night air and at church, I think even after all these years, I never heard a voice that charmed me more. She did not "skyrocket" with her voice, nor give "tremulous trills," but sang with a sustained pathos and power I never heard surpassed, the inspiring songs of Zion. Poor Frank got into spiritualism and his sudden, sad end was not what one would have anticipated.

The Kellys, Locketts, Stewarts, Foscues, Fishers, of rare excellence, were of the Kellyville community. And there were the Bakers, related to Rev. Job Baker, the early pioneer, the Aikens, and that saintly veteran, Mrs. Eli Moore.

The shadow of the war was still upon us, to hamper and depress. I ministered as best I could to the soldiers stationed here in government service of different kinds. I also devoted Sabbath afternoons to the negroes and had inspiring services.

The sad war came to an end in the spring of 1865, with the defeat of the Southern cause, loss of many valuable lives, great losses of property, attended with great financial depression—but with gladness at the return of peace and the end of fratricidal strife and bloodshed.

As an illustration of the shrinkage of property values, farms that sold before the war from ten to twelve dollars per acre, could now be bought for one dollar per acre, and work mules that sold at two hundred dollars could now be had at fifty dollars, or less. I remember to have paid five hundred and fifty dollars for a pair of mules just before the war; and at the close, I got sixty dollars for one, and the other was ridden by a negro to a camp of Federal soldiers and disappeared, never to be seen again by me.

Two or three thousand Federal soldiers were stationed at Marshall and Jefferson, sixteen miles apart. Dr. Marvin was then pastor at Marshall, and the soldiers attended in large numbers upon

his ministry. On one occasion there was an attempt to seat a negro woman in the congregation on the front seat, and although there were two or three hundred soldiers present, Dr. Marvin requested his stewards to take her out of the congregation, which was promptly done and without any further disturbance.

Jefferson was the home of the Culbersons, Rev. Dave Culberson, Sr., a hard-shell Baptist preacher, with the sterling qualities common to that old and independent sect; then his son, Col. Dave Culberson, lawyer, statesman, jurist, and his son, C. A. Culberson, Governor and U. S. Senator. It was my privilege to have known them all. My brother, Judge McLean of Fort Worth, who practiced law at the same bar with Judge Dave Culberson, paid him this tribute: "After Dave Culberson carefully reviewed a law point, nobody could review Dave Culberson." In his last years, his legal ability was recognized by President McKinley—although of opposing political parties—by placing him on the committee to codify Federal laws, and in which position he died. He was known in Congress as the "sleeping Sampson." He seldom spoke, but attracted great attention when he did speak. On one occasion it was known that he was to speak on an important measure before Congress—possibly the Lodge force bill—and the hall was taxed to its capacity by members of Congress and others anxious to hear him. He had made thorough preparation, and when fairly launched into his speech, the opposition

sought to break the force of his argument by frequent interruptions. But his wit was equal to the occasion, and when one of the opposition arose to interrupt with a question, the speaker of the House asked Mr. Culberson "if he would surrender the floor to the gentleman?" He wittily replied that, "he feared if he should surrender the floor to the gentleman, he would lose his crowd." The interrupter dropped to his seat, and the audience roared with laughter. He had no more interruptions, and the bill failed of passage. On another occasion when Tom Reed, the former speaker of the House, having been ruled out of order by the Speaker of the House, was asked to take his seat, which he refused to do. When the presiding officer called upon the Sergeant at Arms to take Mr. Reed to his seat, it was then that Mr. Culberson said in a loud tone of voice: "Now see Jumbo go to his stake," and the House laughed lustily.

His great ability as a lawyer was displayed in conducting a trial before a court at Jefferson that lasted about five months. After the surrender, on account of the presence and protection of soldiers, some of the baser sort were moved to give much annoyance to the citizens and outrage Southern sentiment by equalizing themselves with the negroes and in many ways vexing and outraging the community, until one "Dog Smith," as he was called, went beyond the limit of endurance by some outrageous act and was killed. This involved the arrest of two or three hundred citi-

zens and a prolonged trial with Mr. Culberson as leading counsel, defending and finally acquitting all but five, and one of these made his escape on the way to prison, and the others a few months later were released. In 1887 Judge Culberson championed the cause of state-wide prohibition, and ever remained one of the ablest advocates of this righteous cause.

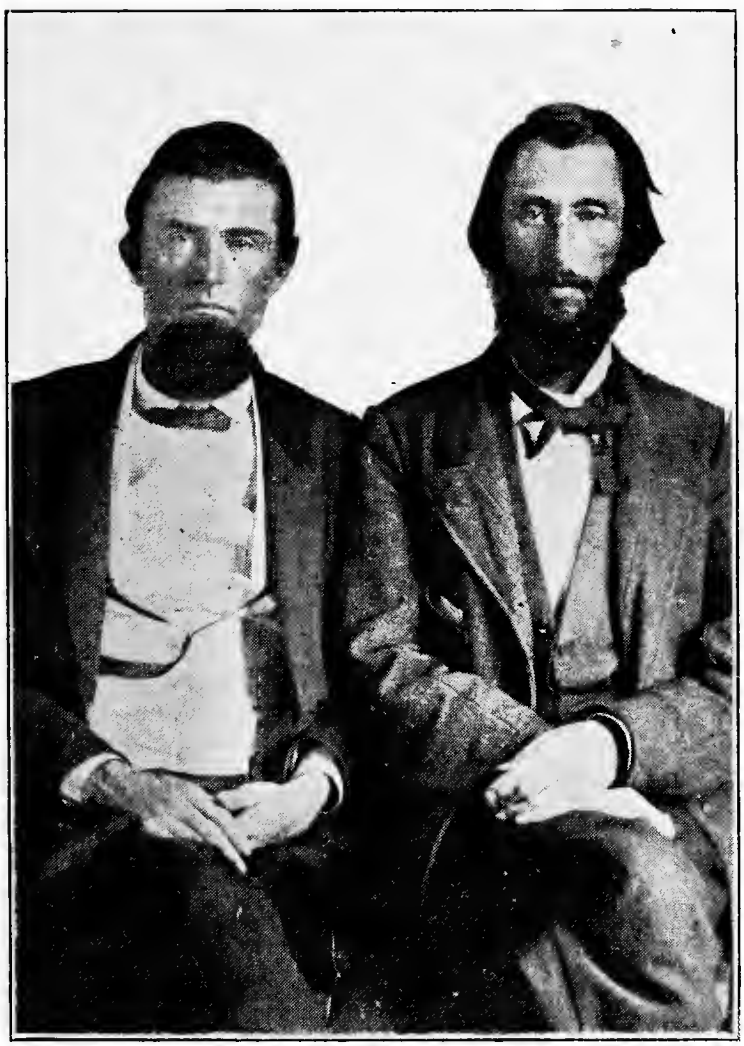
MY FIFTH CONFERENCE.

Again I was the host of the conference, as it met at Jefferson. In the absence of a Bishop, John B. Tullis, presiding elder of the Jefferson district, was elected president of the conference. Brother Tullis was a large man of imposing presence, and one of the recognized leaders of the conference. He was a strong preacher, of deep convictions and gerat force of character, one of our most faithful men. This was a noted conference, Doctors Marvin and Keener were both present, as was Dr. J. E. Cobb of Arkansas.

The Confederacy was evidently waning and the Union army making steady gains upon the South. Those falling within its lines were required to take the oath of allegiance, or go to prison. Under this state of things the conference passed a resolution declaring it immoral under any circumstances to take the oath to the Federal, or Lincoln government, as it was called. I was not in sympathy with the resolution, and stood alone in opposition to the measure. As a condition precedent to the passage of character at the next

session of the conference, each preacher would be asked, "Have you taken the oath to the Lincoln (Federal) government?" and a negative reply would be required. In opposition to the paper I recited the fact that many of our best men, among them Bishop Kavanaugh, of Kentucky, and Dr. McAnally, of the St. Louis Advocate, had fallen within the Federal lines and had taken the oath, rather than be confined in prison. Whilst I had no thought of taking the oath, if I could avoid it, yet I did not wish to condemn as immoral those who might prefer to do so rather than be confined in prison, where they could be of no service to their families. The Confederacy surrendered before the session of the next conference, and I was again alone in not having taken the oath of allegiance. The brethren concluded that the resolution would be more honored in its violation than in its observance. Upon the passage of ministerial character when their attention was called to the resolution forbidding the taking of the oath of allegiance, they rescinded their action, assuming that our relation to the government is defined by the Discipline which requires us, "to be obedient to the powers that be"—the powers that are over us. They further condemned the policy of interference, in a conference capacity, in governmental affairs.

From this conference I was returned a second year to the Jefferson station, which was then the time limit.



REV. ENOCH MATHER MARVIN, D. D., AND MYSELF
Take at Conference in Paris in 1865.

TRAVELING COMPANIONS.

Immediately after the session of the conference I had a most delightful trip with Dr. Marvin to the Texas Conference, at Waco. His friend, Rev. W. E. Doty, of Greenwood, Louisiana, furnished him with a buggy, span of white mules and negro driver for the trip. I was on horseback, but was privileged to ride with Dr. Marvin by exchanging with the negro driver, he riding my horse and I driving, which was a happy exchange for me.

Waco was then but a small town. In the absence of a Bishop, Dr. Robert Alexander was elected president, and was the overshadowing figure of the body. Captain Veal was there in his uniform, on furlough. He had been wounded in the war, and was on crutches. He attracted considerable attention. Others prominent were I. G. John, H. B. Philpott, Thrall, Whipple and Jesse Boring. The sensation of the conference was the presence and preaching of Dr. Marvin. He preached a great sermon on Sunday morning on Jesus constraining His disciples to go before him to the other side of the Sea of Galilee, and being overtaken by a storm. He was very graphic in his description of the storm, excitement of the disciples and timely appearance of Jesus. At night he preached on the "Prodigal." In walking to church that night, he said to me that, he preached under peculiar circumstances. He said an old Missouri friend, Captain Pine

Shelton, an unconverted man, had come thirty or forty miles to hear him preach, and that he must do his duty by him. He soon began to trace the career of his friend in his waywardness and became more and more intense, until finally in a great climax he exclaimed, "Wanderer, come home"—and he came. He was sitting near the middle of the audience, and strided across the benches in front of him until he met the impassioned preacher in front of the pulpit and fell at his feet. There was a man and wife in the amen corner that took the "jerks," the first case I had ever seen. They jerked in a spasmodic, eccentric manner and could not control the movements of their bodies, especially their feet and hands. I had seen cases where the subjects were rigid lying prone and unconscious for hours, but those with the jerks were not unconscious and seemed to be very happy. That was perhaps the greatest effect I ever saw produced upon an audience. It was a great privilege to hear him preach on his return trip at places where we would spend the night.

On this trip we fell in with Rev. H. G. Horton, then a young preacher, who has since gained prominence in the ministry, and as a valuable contributor of historic incidents to the Texas Christian Advocate—excelling as a paragraphist. His bow still abides in strength. As we were crossing the Sabine bottom we met a party that told me of the death of my dear old grandmother during our absence. She was a lifelong Methodist

and Christian. When I parted with her to go on this trip, she presented me with a pair of black yarn gloves she had knit. When I was told of her death, I instinctively felt for my gloves, meaning to keep them as a souvenir. Dr. Marvin was kind and sympathetic, and a few weeks later preached her funeral, coupled with old Uncle Jimmie Scott, another dear old saint of our Rock Spring Church —now known as Scottsville.

We continued our trip into Louisiana to the conference at Mansfield. As at Waco, his preaching was greatly enjoyed. Here we found Dr. Keener, Dr. Walker, Dr. Harp, Linfield and other prominent members of the Louisiana Conference.

Dr. Marvin passed through some very trying experiences during the war. He came out of Missouri in the spring of 1862 with Price's army and served as chaplain. He was a member of the General Conference of 1862, which should have met at New Orleans in May, but was hindered by reason of the war. He remained in the South during the war, as he was an ardent Confederate. His family near the end of the war was shipped out of Missouri and put off at Gaines' Landing on the Mississippi. Dr. Marvin had trouble in finding them, and in caring for them, as all were impoverished by the war. To help him maintain his family, his friends proposed starting a newspaper at Marshall, and were to pay him fifteen hundred dollars to edit it. He told them he would take the matter under advisement, but on a certain Sunday while he was at a high pitch of re-

ligious emotion, he paused in his discourse, and said to his friends: "Brethren, my answer is ready for you—as long as God gives me and mine coarse clothes and corn bread, I will preach the gospel." In less than two months he was promoted to the episcopacy.

IX.

THE WAR AND SLAVERY.

The war is over—the negro free—the nation composed—and it would be reprehensible to stir afresh the smouldering embers of the late unpleasantness, but for the truth of history, it could do no harm to state a few facts precedent to the war between the states.

War is a bloody exchange of ideas. The war between the North and South did not begin with the firing of the first gun at Fort Sumpter. For thirty years or more there had been a conflict of ideas on the interpretation of the constitution and else, that led ultimately to the clash of arms. Calhoun, Clay, Webster and others could not construe alike the provisions of the constitution and split also on certain tariff measures that were thought to discriminate against the South. There were those who contended for a strong, centralized government, and on the other hand those who emphasized the reserved rights of free and independent states. And while it was not so in the outset of the government, yet the tariff and slavery ultimately became sectional issues. It is true that the British Empire, France, Spain and the Dutch merchants planted slavery in the American Colonies, and at the time of the Declaration of American Independence, in 1776, slavery existed in all the Colonies, and at the formation of the

constitution in 1787 it existed in all the states but one. The African slave trade was being carried on at the time the constitution was framed, and the constitution provided for its continuance for twenty years—thus giving its sanction to the right of property in slaves and to the slave trade as well.

Massachusetts was the first community in America to legalize the slave trade and slavery by legislative act, the first to send out a slave ship, and the first to secure a fugitive slave law. Slavery was abolished in New England, not because the people thought it wrong, but because it was found to be unprofitable, and many of the New England slaves were sold to the South.

The Virginia Legislature enacted in 1769, that the further importation of negroes to be sold into slavery should be prohibited, but was overruled by the British government, which found the slave trade very profitable to the ship owners.

These are facts set forth by historians and cannot be gainsaid. They show that one section was just as responsible for slavery in America as the other—the North as the South—and England more responsible than either the North or the South. White labor obtained from Western Europe was found to be more profitable for the manufacturing interests of the North than negro labor, and the negro better suited to the cotton, sugar and rice plantations of the South—hence the natural transition of the negro from the North to the South. In the course of time, for-

getful of the history of the introduction of slavery into our country, it came to be regarded as a Southern institution; and against it there arose in the North sectional hate and opposition that developed into a political following known as Abolitionists, headed in 1856 by John C. Fremont as a presidential candidate, who received 114 electoral votes, but was defeated by James Buchanan. The Abolitionists grew in numbers and intensity of opposition to slavery and slave-owners, resulting in bloodshed in Kansas, and in Virginia in the noted John Brown raid. In 1860 Mr. Lincoln was the Republican candidate for the Presidency, an anti-slavery man, and was elected. Mr. Lincoln declared slavery to be an "irrepressible conflict," and that "a nation could not exist, half free and half slave." These were construed into partisan and sectional sentiments by the South, and as threatening the existence of slavery, which constituted the principal wealth of the South. Conciliatory measures were offered in Congress by representatives of the South and by Northern Democrats, which looked to the security of slavery, but these propositions were all voted down by the dominant party. Under these threatening conditions the South resorted to secession as the only hope of preserving and protecting their right of property in slaves. The right of secession was denied the South, although in framing the constitution, Alexander Hamilton, a leading centralizer, submitted a proposition to the effect that, in case a state

should become dissatisfied with the union and attempt to withdraw, the remaining states should forcibly restrain the dissatisfied state from seceding; and this proposition offered by Mr. Hamilton was voted down. So the framers of the constitution, as a matter of fact, did not write into the constitution the power to restrain a state from secession, and many of the southern politicians thought and contended that it was one of the reserved rights of the state, to withdraw from the Union when the state thought the Union failed to subserve the purposes for which it entered.

After an unequal struggle of four to one, at the end of four years of strenuous fighting, the Confederacy was forced to yield to overwhelming numbers. This doubtless was for the best, as it would have been impossible for two hostile nations to have existed in peace with only an imaginary line of separation. Mr. Greely was possibly right in saying "the war was inevitable, it might have come a little earlier, or a little later; but sooner or later it had to come." It is cause for congratulation that slavery, long a bone of contention between the North and the South, has been removed. But the manner of its removal—by the stroke of a presidential pen and without any compensation—not even to women and children that were owners of slaves, and in no sense were responsible for the war. The justice of this has left an interrogation point in the minds of not a few. England paid her subjects for their slaves when she freed them.

The traffic in slaves was wrong, the buying and selling of human beings through mercenary motives—making mere chattels of them—was a sin against God and humanity. In the long run, however, a gracious providence overruled the wrong of slavery to the ultimate good of the slave. For it is a fact, that these untutored specimens of humanity were thrown in contact with the highest type of human civilization and taught industry, self-support and the arts of peace. And considering their low state of barbarism, cannibalism, when brought to this country, the best that could have been done with them under such circumstances was to put them into the hands of humane, Christian masters, who would see that they were properly clothed, fed, taught to work, Christianized and otherwise prepared for the duties and responsibilities of civilized life. This is not meant to condone the manner of their introduction into slavery, nor the abuses of unkind and inhuman masters, but assuming the fact of their enslavement, under the good providence of God, American slavery resulted in the elevation of the enslaved, and at the time of their liberation, by reason of their contact with our Christian civilization for a succession of generations, as a body of negroes, those of this country were the most enlightened and elevated of their race.

At this point a repartee of Doctor McFerrin may help to illustrate. A number of delegates from the different denominations of Methodists were on board of a steamer on their way to Lon-

don in 1881, to attend the Ecumenical Conference of world-wide Methodism, and the conversation turned upon the negro—several negro bishops and highly educated negroes being in the company as delegates to the conference. Some Northern delegates twitted Doctor McFerrin over slavery and the negro question generally, when the old doctor arose to the height of the occasion and responded somewhat after this wise—referring to the manner of their introduction into slavery in this country, he replied by saying: "You Northern folks stole 'em and sold your barbarians to the South, and in the course of time—behold, we have made bishops of your barbarians and cannibals." This was putting it a little strong, but at the same time illustrates the degree of civilization attained by some reared in slavery. Slavery served its time and possibly a providential purpose. The institution should have been abolished when the negro was capable of taking charge of himself. He should have his rights as a man, and I trust will prove himself worthy of what has been done for him.

Slavery was an evil to the slave owner. The owner was liable to become an autocrat, being in full control of the slave, and having him responding to his every beck and call. The young owners were liable to idleness and needless self-indulgence. The liberation of the slave threw the former owners, young and old, upon their own resources, teaching them the duty of self-reliance.

The whites being a superior race, the blacks

having been in servitude and being of a very different race—the thought of miscegination is repulsive; and as social equality would lead ultimately to amalgamation—precautions against association on terms of equality are wise and proper. Whites and blacks should not be unnaturally and unequally yoked together in marriage—the thought is repulsive.

MASTER AND SLAVE.

I was born and reared in times of slavery—myself a slave-owner by heredity. I have no compunction whatever on account of my connection with slavery. I did not traffic in slaves, I inherited fifteen and bought one. Our mother partitioned our inheritance in slaves between my brother and myself. To equalize matters my brother should have had a grown young negro man, but as I had received the other members of the family, the father, mother, brothers and sisters—I asked him his preference of owners, and he said he would prefer going with me as I had the other members of the family, and for his sake alone, I bought him. I never abused one, by corporal punishment or otherwise. They were well fed, clothed, housed and worked in moderation. They enjoyed religious privileges and had opportunities for making pocket change.

To the credit of my mother I wish to recite an instance of marked kindness to an honored old woman I had inherited from her. She developed a case of internal cancer. I was unmarried and

she was left mainly to the care of negroes. My mother learning of her condtion, came fifty miles in her carriage and took the good old servant to her own house, where she could nurse her kindly to the grave—there being no hope of recovery. She died in about six months, and my mother sent me a good sized doctor's bill, which I gladly paid. Very naturally I had, and still have, a kindly feeling for negroes. They were my nurses and playmates. After the estate had been divided between my brother and myself, I can never forget my pathetic parting with Pete, who was on his way to my brother's home, four hundred miles away, and I was not likely to see him soon, if ever. He had been the main one in our coon, possum and rabbit hunts. He felled the trees when necessary to catch the game treed by the dogs. He was so kind and obliging, and gave us so much pleasure. But Pete and I must part, which was done in silence. I choked up and could not speak, but thrust my hand into my pocket and emptied at his feet all the change I had, and rode silently away without speaking a word. Never saw Pete again. He lived an honorable life after the war, acquired a nice farm and reared a respectable family, as I have learned.

A second instance I will relate, is that of Frank Turner. Frank was an unusually kind, good-natured boy, a little my junior. He had wooed and won a dusky mate and wanted me to celebrate the bonds of matrimony, which I did at a ride of thirty miles, gladly and gratuitously. I had just

been ordained—this was to be my first marriage ceremony. Frank asked me in such a complimentary manner I could not have refused, had I been so inclined. After disclosing the matter to me, he said: "Mars John, I wants you to marry me, I wants to be sho nuf married, I don't want no nigger maryin' me." And Frank was "sho nuf" married. At the end of forty-three years of married life he died and left a request for me to preach his funeral, which I did, and there sat the dusky bride of his youth—the chief mourner at his burial. The matter got into the secular press and I reproduce the following from the Greenville Herald, August 17, 1907: "Sixty-three years ago, down in Harrison County, this state, a little black piccaninny was born into this world the legal property of the sainted mother of Dr. J. H. McLean, our Methodist presiding elder. At the birth of this black baby, Dr. McLean was eight years old. He afterward inherited the little negro, whose name was Frank Turner.

"He was practically reared in the McLean home, and the attachment that grew up between master and slave can only be understood by those of the old South who have had like experiences.

"A few days ago Frank was taken fatally ill at Emory, and with his dying breath told his aged wife, to whom he was married by Dr. McLean, that if he died he wanted his 'old Marster' to preach his funeral.

"Thursday night the spirit of Frank Turner took its flight to that better world. Dr. McLean

was accordingly notified of his death and dying request. The good doctor braved the trying heat of Friday afternoon, went down from Greenville to Emory and conducted the last rites over the body of his former slave.

"The tender pathos and beauty of this incident should not be lost upon those who know Dr. McLean and who understand the ideas, feelings and traditions of the old South.

"At the funeral Dr. McLean said in part: 'We have met this evening under circumstances peculiar and pathetic, and I must ask that time turn backward in its flight, and let me for the moment live over the scenes of the past, span the bloody chasm of the war, scale the wall of racial prejudice, and treat with scenes and associations as they once were. Reared in the days of slavery and surrounded by slaves from birth to manhood, the beneficiary of their services, they nursed me, we played together; fished and hunted rabbits, coons and possums together, and I acquired a strong friendship for them, and for the race I am a sincere well-wisher. But for the one who lies coffined before me, for his father and mother and the family, I had the kindliest feeling, warmest sympathy and respect. They were the friends of the whites and an honor to their kind. They were not the sort to provoke enmity between the whites and blacks; there would have been no mob law had all blacks been as they. Frank's parents were good people. His father, though unlettered, was a man of mathematical cast of mind with a good

degree of intelligence. His mother was of kindly heart and religious fervor. Frank shared the good qualities of both parents, and profited by their training. He was a stranger to prejudice against the whites, and especially those among whom he had been reared, he loved and respected them to the last. In fact, he was never fully adjusted to his freedom—the old conditions suited him better. But he preferred freedom for his children. Several times he asked me if we could not live together as we once had done, but this was impracticable under the changed conditions.

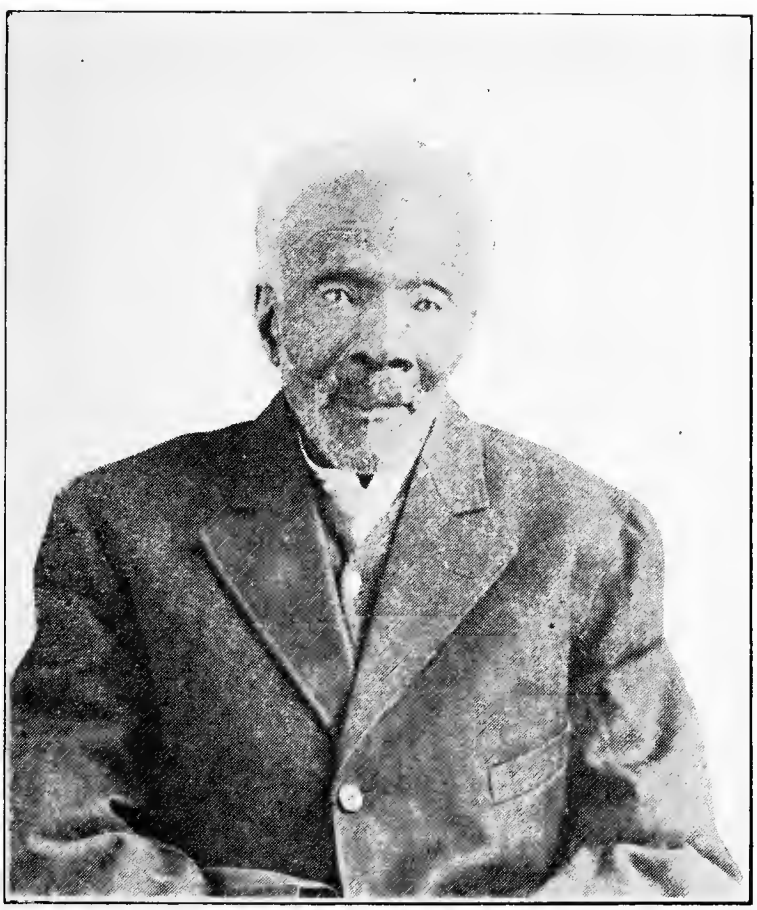
" 'He was a good man, a good father, husband, citizen, an humble Christian and honored member of the Baptist Church. When he visited me last, just a few months ago, when he was about to take leave, as it was the hour for our family devotion, I asked him to lead us in prayer, and his humble, devout prayer, said in characteristic negro style—mellowed and melted all our hearts.

" 'Have negroes souls? Frank had a soul. Is the negro a beast? Frank was no beast, but a good Christian man, and I will enjoy heaven the more for meeting him there. Though free, his devotion was shown by having me to officiate when he was married, remarking that he wanted to be "sure enough married," and that good woman with whom he has journeyed these forty-three years is here to mourn his loss. His children loved and honored him, his church will miss him as an officer and consistent member, and the whites of the town will regret his loss and miss his service. Peace to his memory!"

After the funeral, which was well attended by whites as well as blacks, for he was respected by all, a pathetic scene occurred as his oldest son walked with me to the train carrying my valise. He paused for a moment on the sidewalk, remarking, "I know my father loved you, we have your picture in our home and our father has told us about you all our lives, and I now know that you loved our father, for you would not have come the distance you have, this hot weather, to preach his funeral. And you would not have said the kind things you have said about him." Then pausing for a moment, he lifted his hands, and in pathetic tones exclaimed, "But where is the white man that cares for me?"

UNCLE WESLEY.

Fealty to the memory of my sainted grandmother, and grateful appreciation of the devotion and services of her trusted servant, constrain me to pay tribute to the memory of "Uncle Wesley." He was the faithful servant of my grand-parents, and never tired of their praise. When liberated from slavery, he assumed the name of his master, and called himself Wesley Rose. After the death of my grandfather, which occurred at my mother's home, January 22, 1850, Uncle Wesley became the trusted, devoted servant of my grandmother. Her widowhood was spent with her children, two daughters near Marshall, and two sons near Victoria—a distance of nearly four hundred miles—and yet this trip was



*UNCLE WESLEY ROSE,
Faithful Servant, as a Centenarian. Marshall, 1916.

made nine times by my grandmother in her carriage, under the sole care and protection of Uncle Wesley. Her own son could not have been more careful of her safety and comfort. Uncle Wesley died recently near Marshall—after having passed his one-hundredth milestone. His name will ever be a household word with the Rose family because of his great fidelity and steadfast devotion. In sincere regard for the dear old man and his faithful service, I gladly give place to his picture.

With the passing of slavery, has passed the sincere devotion that existed between the humane, just master and the faithful, devoted servant. A devotion all its own and peculiar to itself—as shown in the unparalleled fidelity of the faithful slave to his unprotected mistress and her children in times of our fratricidal war. Criminal assault was unheard of in those days. The faithful slave would have died in defense of his sacred trust. An enemy, the carpetbagger and scallawag, sowed tares of hate in the mind and heart of the newly emancipated slave, and a harvest of tares, crimes and criminal assaults, have been the result.

X.

NARRATIVE OF ITINERACY RESUMED.

SIXTH APPOINTMENT.

The conference for 1865 met at Paris, and W H. Hughes was elected president, in the absence of a Bishop.

From the Paris Conference I was assigned to the McKenzie Circuit with a co-pastor. I had planned to make a tour of the world, and asked the conference to locate me temporarily for that purpose, which it declined to do, but gave me an associate to serve in my stead in case I went abroad.

After conference I had to adjust my financial affairs to changed conditions brought about by the war. I had inherited some negro property before the war, and bought a farm near Marshall. Farming under the new order of things would not be practicable for an itinerant Methodist preacher, and my ministry took precedence over all secular interests. The farm and its equipments were sold, and the proceeds invested in unimproved land, and later in a home. I have never had any secular business to divert me from my one work of the ministry, and though with very little of this world's goods, yet I am delighted to have given my life to the active duties of the ministry.

A TIMELY DREAM.

I was two or three months closing up my farming interests. In the meantime I was warned in a dream that a certain red-headed Scotch lassie, that had haunted me for over five years, was being attended by a very fine young man, a former college-mate of mine, and I realized that she would do well to accept him. I became so much exercised over the matter in my sleep that I awoke, and never in life have I been gladder of a dream, and that it was only a dream. And to cap the climax, the next day I received a letter from a very dear friend, another school-mate living near the enchanted spot, asking me to attend his marriage and serve as his best man. I lost no time in accepting and was Johnie-on-the-spot at the appointed time. As Caesar put it, "Veni, vidi, vici."

MARRIAGE.

Within less than a month after my dream, I was a married man and on my bridal trip to New Orleans, the seat of the General Conference of 1866. This was the first General Conference since 1858, the war having prevented the assembling of the General Conference for 1862.

On the 22nd of March, 1866, I was happily united in marriage with Miss Olivia McDugald, of Rusk, Texas, at the home of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Hicks, Dr. E. M. Marvin officiating. She was the daughter of Major James and Margaret (Williams) McDu-

Mrs. McLean and I on our bridal trip to the General Conference, at New Orleans, April, 1866.

gald, of Paulding, Mississippi. Her father was a native of Scotland, a lawyer by profession and politician as well, having served as State Senator. He was a brilliant speaker. He died in 1858, when his widow and the two youngest children came back to Rusk, making their home with Mr. and Mrs. Hicks.

GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1866.

It was a most delightful privilege to attend the General Conference, this being the last composed exclusively of preachers. At this conference the law was enacted introducing the laity into the General Conference, on parity with the ministry. This being a constitutional change, it was sent the round of annual conferences for confirmation, and was affirmed. But not so with the proposed change of the name of the church to "Episcopal Methodist Church," which failed to pass. It was the privilege of a lifetime to see and hear those great and good men: Dr. Lovick Pierce, W. A. Smith, Leroy M. Lee, C. F. Deems, A. L. P. Green, John W. Hanner, Andrew Monroe, Andrew Hunter, B. Craven, Norval Wilson (father of the Bishop), Dr. McFerrin, Bishops Andrew, Paine, Early, Pierce, Kavanaugh—Bishop Soule was living, but not able to attend the conference.

At this conference Wightman, Marvin, Doggett and McTyeire were made Bishops. Dr. Marvin was not a member of the body at the time of his election, nor was he present, but arrived the day after his election and was informed of the fact.

In the intimacy of private friendship he told me this, referring to his election. He said he was sitting out on the bow of the boat at eventide, in meditation, while steaming down the Mississippi to New Orleans, when the devil suggested to him (as he put it) that he was going down to the General Conference to be ordained Bishop, and he at once arose from his seat, went into his stateroom, fell upon his knees and asked forgiveness of God for the very thought of such a thing. Such was his unpretentious modesty and lack of self-seeking. He had on his brown jeans suit, the same in which he married me. His friends, Rev. W. E. Doty prominent of the number, presented him with an elegant broadcloth suit in which to be ordained. Dr. Deems insisted that he be clean-shaven for the occasion. To this he replied that they had elected him with his beard and must take him as they found him. Before leaving his home at Marshall for New Orleans, he had had all his teeth drawn and a temporary set inserted, which were very embarrassing to him in preaching and caused him to fall below himself, to the disappointment of his friends.

The debates of the General Conference were able and conducted on a high plane. The session consumed the month of April. Bishop Andrew, the senior Bishop, wore a long linen duster and presided at great ease, sometimes with his feet resting on the corner of the table in front. Dr. Lovick Pierce preached the ordination sermon of the Bishops-elect from the text: "Beside those

things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches." I obtained a photo of that conference, taken at the time, and later furnished a copy to the Christian Advocate, of Nashville, hoping to see it published, with a list of the delegates. Bishop Moore now has it in his possession.

This was perhaps the most radical General Conference in the history of the Church. The introduction of lay representation, the extension of the pastoral term from two to four years, an effort to change the name of the Church, the election of the presiding elders by the annual conferences—which was finally reconsidered.

From the General Conference I started with my bride for my circuit. She has since made good, and met bravely the tasks of the itinerancy. My associate pastor did not put in his appearance, and I had a country charge of fourteen monthly appointments, which kept me constantly on the go, and living principally among the people. It was a good introduction for us to the traveling connection.

John W. Piner was my presiding elder; tall, sedate, resolute of purpose, a forceful preacher, who brought things to pass. His wife still lives. They reared a reputable family; two sons are preachers, one a local preacher and teacher, the other a prominent pastor. The third son is an active layman, and the daughter is a lady of social and religious recognition.

Bishop Andrew visited Texas in the interim

of conferences after the war, and ordained a number of preachers that had been eligible for three or four years, myself of the number. I was ordained deacon and elder on the same day, at Marshall, in the winter of 1865. The elders assisting the Bishop in the ordination were Dr. E. M. Marvin, Dr. B. T. Kavanaugh, John B. Tullis and Levi R. Dennis.

The conference for 1866 met at Marshall, Bishop Marvin presiding. This was one of his first conferences, and he delighted all in the pulpit and in the chair. At this session the East Texas Conference was divided into the East Texas and Trinity Conferences, the northern part being called Trinity; but eight years later I introduced into the General Conference of 1874, at Louisville, Kentucky, a resolution changing the name from Trinity to North Texas Conference, conforming to the state name. The General Conference at New Orleans had given the East Texas Conference the right to divide at will. The division was about equal as to numbers, but the Trinity embraced much the richest territory and soon outstripped the mother conference.

Our representatives at the New Orleans General Conference were J. W. P. McKenzie, J. B. Tullis, W. H. Hughes, L. R. Dennis, J. M. Binkley —all strong and capable men.

SHERMAN STATION AGAIN.

From the conference at Marshall I was returned to the Sherman station after an absence of three

years. My reception was very cordial. The war had subsided, and the people were trying to adjust themselves to the results.

Having no parsonage, we found board with Dr. and Mrs. Saunders until spring, when I bought an humble home, quite so, for five hundred dollars. The house had one room and a small shed-room, stick and dirt chimney, as it was called, and was made of clapboards, yet with our first born we found much happiness in this humble abode. Shall I tell it, the floor was close to the ground and under it was a poisonous snake that crawled out into the big wide chimney place, and when Mrs. McLean entered the room she found the baby much excited, shaking its hands in ecstacy at seeing the snake running to and fro in the large open fireplace. But fortunately the babe could not crawl, and thus was saved from the poisonous viper and possibly an early death. I have never known a parsonage quite so humble as this, and having started at the bottom—on the ground floor—things have been getting better with us ever since. My progress in this particular reminds me of the advancement of a certain preacher's circuit. In reporting his work at conference, he said: "Bishop, my circuit is looking up." "That's good," said the Bishop. "But, Bishop," the preacher continued, "my circuit is flat of its back and can't look any other way." I could advance in but one direction, having started at the bottom. The other end of the lot extended to the square and was occupied by a saloon.

But I have had no more delightful years than those—with a hut at one end of the lot, a snake under the floor, and a saloon at the other end of the lot.

This calls up a statement from Bishop Soule, "I have slept in beds of down, curtained with silks and satin; I have dined with the English nobility when the tables have groaned with the luxuries of almost every clime; and then again I have slept upon the open prairie, with a rock for my pillow, the starry heavens for a covering, and the wolves howling a requiem in the surrounding darkness; I have dined with the frontier settler in his log cabin, and with the wild Indian in his wigwam; and I declare to you, I would not turn my hand over for the difference, so far as my duty to God and my happiness are concerned."

The strife and outlawry that existed when I left this work three years ago had well-nigh disappeared, and peace and prosperity prevailed. Many valuable citizens that sought refuge here during the war had remained. The church had not seriously suffered, notwithstanding strong political differences.

In this charge I found a great friend and helper in Rev. J. F. Pearson, a devout, consecrated man and efficient preacher; Uncle Hugh Hall, wonderful in prayer, did me good service. Uncle Hugh in his loud praying brings to mind old Uncle Billy Craig, a pioneer preacher whom I knew and who was made chaplain of the Legislature. In opening the Legislature, Uncle Billy would stick his

forefingers in his ears and pray at the top of his voice. The members complained to the chaplain of his loud praying, telling Uncle Billy that the Lord was not deaf. Uncle Billy replied, "But He is a long way from Austin and won't hear me unless I pray loud."

I found also delightful companionship in my dear schoolmate, Dr. Neely, who resided here but served the Kaufman district. Brother Binkley was my presiding elder, full of strength and energy, and unsparing of himself in the service of the church. Both rose to prominence in the church. Prayer-meetings, class-meetings and love feasts were faithfully observed, and added much to the spirituality of the charge.

EIGHTH APPOINTMENT.

The conference met in Sulphur Springs in 1867, Bishop McTyeire presiding. This dates the organization of the Trinity Conference—now North Texas. Last fall (1917) it celebrated its fiftieth anniversary and showed great progress in numbers, clerical and lay, possibly tenfold, after having ceded territory and members to the East Texas Conference. Advancement in churches, parsonages and schools was very gratifying, and the better care now being taken of the pastors. I was appointed another year to Sherman.

Here for the first time I met Col. J. V. Cockrell, an ex-Confederate Colonel. He had been badly wounded during the war, and much disabled in the use of his hands. I learned he had settled

on a small farm near the town, and went out at once to see him and found him battling heroically against adverse conditions. His wife was sick, children sick, all occupying an unsealed one-room box house, and he with his crippled hand was out in the field plowing a yoke of oxen preparing for a crop. He was a man of indomitable courage, yielding to no obstacles but hopeful under all circumstances. He was not long, however, in rising from the prostrate condition to which the war had reduced him, and later studied law, became a district judge, and finally a congressman, and withal was an efficient local preacher. He was a fearless advocate of the right as he saw it, and when on the bench was a terror to evil doers. I enjoyed his friendship for nearly fifty years before learning that we were related—our grandmothers were sisters, Vardamans, of Mississippi. His name was Jeremiah Vardaman, for a brother of our grandmothers. Upon leaving Sherman for Paris, he kindly conveyed us in his two-horse wagon to our destination, and we enjoyed camping out one night on the way.

Hon. Silas Hare was another valuable contribution of the war to Sherman; so of John T. McClain, J. W. Cox, Colonel Leeper, Judge Wilson, Rufe Hall, Chapman, Cummins, Fenet, X. Davis and others.

NINTH APPOINTMENT.

This year (1868) conference met in Dallas, Bishop Doggett presiding, and I was assigned

to Paris station. We boarded for a time with Mrs. Goff, a good Christian woman and faithful Methodist. Later we had an humble parsonage of two rooms and a small kitchen. The house was unsealed and unpainted—but an improvement on our Sherman home.

The churches were not properly cared for in those days, often unlocked, not enclosed, and hog laws unknown. It was a tradition there, an "o'er true story," I suspect, that on a certain occasion during a cold, wet spell—when "toting-up-straw" time came for a neglected sow to prepare for her brood, she availed herself of the open, inviting door of the church and its altar for the deposit of her pigs. This was quite a rebuke to the congregation for their negligence and a suggestion of greater care for the house of God.

This was the home of Rev. James Graham, a pioneer preacher and teacher, originally from Pennsylvania, but came to Texas in 1840 and early engaged in teaching with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Weathred, assisted by Mrs. Graham. They taught successively schools for girls at Clarksville, Daingerfield and Paris. He was rather a portly man, sedate, a fluent speaker, well educated for his day, and useful as a preacher and teacher. His wife and mother-in-law were exceptionally cultured women and valuable teachers. Another sister-in-law, Miss Weathred, taught with them later, and is possibly still living in the southern part of the State.

Some of the prominent members then were

George Wright, founder of the town; Ross and family, I. T. Gaines, Smith Ownby, Stells, Falkners, Wynns, Longs, Crooks, Griffiths, Mrs. Petty —an aunt of Governor Jack Hamilton, and his brother, U. S. Senator Morgan Hamilton. She was a woman of striking individuality and force of character. She lived alone in a small cottage, having her cow, cat and garden. She had a few thousand dollars at interest, which was the source of her living, and her debtors bankrupted on her. I learned of the misfortune, and called as her pastor to condone with her. She met me with her usual cheerfulness, and in conversation made no allusion to her recent loss. When I called attention to the matter and wished to know if it was true, and with the same radiant smile she answered quickly, "Yes" and nothing more. I expressed pleasure and surprise at seeing her take her reverse with such cheerfulness and resignation, when she with unusual brightness responded, "It is bad enough to lose my money, without losing my senses."

Paris was the home of General Sam Bell Maxey and Judge H. W. Lightfoot, both distinguished as public servants, one as a Major General and U. S. Senator, the other as an able jurist, and they were Christian gentlemen as well.

I had been in charge only a few months when a messenger on horseback came a distance of about ninety miles to inform me of the critical condition of my mother near Hughes Spring. We had no railroads or telegraphs. I hired a good

saddle horse from the livery stable and was at my mother's bedside after about sixteen hours of hard riding. Though nearing the end, she recognized me, asked after my wife and baby, but could not engage in conversation. She had been bed-ridden for several months and was a great sufferer. Her affliction had had quite a chastening influence, and she seemed to have been made perfect through suffering, and was ready for the change. Two days after the arrival of my brother and myself, December 27, 1868, my dear mother passed from her bed of suffering to the land of unclouded day, where there is no pain nor death. In addition to brother and myself, she left three children by her last marriage, Elizabeth, Mary and Benjamin Hughes. The death of a mother leaves a vacancy in one's life no other can fill. Others may tire of us, or become untrue—but not a mother. Earth is ever poorer and sadder for her absence.

TENTH APPOINTMENT.

In 1869 conference met in Paris, Bishop Wightman presiding. He was a cultured gentleman, scholarly, and an able preacher. He was our guest at conference, and the night of his arrival dates the birth of our oldest daughter. His sympathetic visit to the bedside of the mother and babe and tender prayer, have ever lingered with us in affectionate remembrance.

Dr. Mood for the first time made his appearance before our conference. The year before he

had been assigned to the presidency of Soule University, of Chappell Hill. He was a native of South Carolina; a Chesterfield in manners, fluent and forceful in speech, he made a most favorable impression upon the conference.

In coming to Texas he labored under a wrong impression, in supposing Soule University to be the one leading institution owned and controlled by all the conferences of the state, when it was practically the enterprise of the Texas Conference. Unfortunately yellow fever had recently visited that portion of the state, and in the minds of many rendered that location undesirable for a state institution. Dr. Mood at once set about the task of concentrating all the conferences of the state upon one central institution in the interest of higher education, with secondary schools preparatory to the same, and this leading school to be located in a section of the state remote from the yellow fever district. The selection finally fell to Georgetown in the establishment of the Southwestern University, which was opened in October, 1873, two years before the Vanderbilt, and before the State University.

At the conference of 1869 I was assigned to the presidency of Paris Female Institute, which had been owned and operated by Rev. James Graham for a number of years. I had two assistants in the literary department, Professor J. T. Hicks and Miss Alice Bean. Miss Mittie Bean had charge of the music. Our patronage ran to one hundred and sixty-three. We had during the year a revival of religion and a number of students

were converted. On one occasion I had the privilege of receiving sixteen of my pupils in one class into the church. Some of the pupils took prominent positions later—as J. D. Crook and Jap Record, of the Crook-Record firm, J. W. Ownby, Jim Moore, H. B. Birmingham and Tully Fuller, all prominent lawyers. Tully died at Decatur, after a brief but flattering career. The Beans were reputable citizens of the county. Dr. Robert Walker became useful in his profession. Of the girls we might mention two lovely young ladies, Misses Lizzie and Mattie Long, beautiful Christian characters, who died early; and of the living, Mrs. Daisy (Jones) Webster, Mrs. Emma (Bean) Robertson, both admirable women; Miss Alice and Jeffie Gaines, the Wrights, Carrs, Griffiths, Bennetts, Misses Cooper, later Mrs. Lyons, and Mrs. Faulkner; the Rosses, Greshams, Fullers, Greiners, Walkers, Roberts, Ownbys, Crooks, and some lovely octaroon Indians, Bynums, Loves, Colberts and others.

I had with me my half sisters, Bettie and Mary Hughes, and my niece, Annie McLean. Bettie married Mr. R. M. Hall, who was in charge of the land office under Governor Ross' administration, and died recently at Houston, where Mrs. Hall resides surrounded by her devoted children. Mary became the wife of Judge P. A. Turner, of Texarkana, where she died some years since. They reared a bright family of children, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Kirby and two sons, Harry and Frank. Annie was twice married, first to Mr. Chas. Moores of Mount Pleasant, and some years after his death,

to Mr. John Towler, of St. Louis, and both have recently died. She was widely traveled, highly cultured, and enjoyed the distinction of being possibly the only lady bank president of the state.

In my second year, Professor J. J. Richardson was associated with me in the conduct of the school. He was a model man and teacher and stood in the front of his profession.

Professor Hicks was likewise an excellent man and instructor, and the Misses Bean, later Mrs. Webster and Mrs. Graham, still living, were excellent teachers and Christian workers, and raised families that do them honor.

MY ELEVENTH CONFERENCE.

My eleventh conference was held at Jefferson, 1870, Bishop Marvin presiding. I was assigned a second year in charge of the Paris Female Institute, which terminated my connection with the institution, and marks a pleasant memory of my life. The school, while under the auspices of the conference, was the individual property of Bro. Graham, and he was under the necessity of selling, as he was in need of funds, and the Church was not in condition to buy. The work of Bro. Graham was seen in the cultured women of the surrounding community.

Here I was closely associated with Revs. J. C. Robinson and John H. Carr, both having served a term of years in the Indian Mission Conference, as preachers and teachers. They were excellent men and happily mated in marriage. Theirs were useful lives in the elevation of the Indians.

and were numbered among the pioneers of that worthy work.

I found also congenial companionshp in Revs. D. M. Proctor, a bold advocate of the right as he saw it; T. M. Smith, an amiable, acceptable preacher who died early; L. B. Ellis, a thoughtful, able minister, prominent in the conference, but died in the prime of life, leaving a son bearing his full name, who is a conspicuous member of the East Oklahoma Conference.

Of the more conspicuous laymen at that time, I might mention as old and honored members of the church, Col. W. B. Aiken and wife, who in an early day were great friends of the preachers and looked after their welfare; Capt. J. W. Fulton, of large heart and brain, and his elegant wife. They were forward in every good work. Capt. O. C. Connor was well informed, rather reserved, but true to the church, and his wife sympathetic and helpful to the poor. A. H. Boyd and wife were active in church work, as were later her bright, energetic sister, Mrs. A. P. Boyd, and son, Sayers; so of L. W. Ross and wife, Capt. I. T. Gaines, Nat and Ben Griffith, Smith Ownby, John Faulkner, Dr. G. W. Bedford, Dr. J. F. Hooks, Dr. Thomas Moody and their excellent families. Mrs. Mayo Spears was a warm friend to the parsonage and lover of the church, and her excellent daughters, Miss Emma Mitchell, now a teacher of the North Texas Normal School, and Mrs. Scott, for a time a very successful teacher until retired by failing health.

JEFFERSON DISTRICT.

1871 TO 1875.

My assignment for 1871 was Jefferson district. There was scarcely a presiding elder's parsonage in the entire state at the time. My home was in Paris, and my nearest appointment about seventy-five miles, and the remotest about one hundred and fifty. I was eleven consecutive weeks from home in making the first round on the district. I had hoped to secure a home at some central point within the district during this round, but failed to do so. I reached home about the middle of February, after making the first round of quarterly conferences. It was quite a disappointment to Mrs. McLean when I reported that I had failed to find a home within the bounds of the district. When the time came to start upon the second round, she insisted that we live under a tent, or in a hack, rather than undergo these long separations, and accordingly I fitted up a hack and started with my family upon the second round. Within a month or two we were fortunate enough to secure a boarding place for the winter with Brother and Sister Lockett, of Kellyville. This was a most delightful home. Miss Mary Stewart, a sister of Mrs. Lockett, was also a member of the family and added much to the happiness of the circle. They had no children in their home and seemed to take much delight in our little girl, Eunice. Mrs. Lockett would shoot birds for her, and sometimes would cripple one which would give

the child still more pleasure, and she would ask Mrs. Lockett "to kill the birds alive." In the spring I succeeded in getting a home at Hughes Spring, near the center of the district. This was strictly in the country at that time, no town, or railroad at the Spring then. It was two miles to the nearest neighbor, six to the nearest town, church, post office and doctor. We sometimes had neighborhood prayer meetings, and as I had sold my hack, Mrs. McLean would ride behind me on "Raven," my faithful saddle horse, to these and other meetings in the surrounding country.

I resolved to develop an appointment at the Spring, and summoned the men of the neighborhood to build a brush arbor that we might hold a protracted meeting. We had a very successful meeting and organized a church with about fifty members. It was quite common then to work in the new converts by calling on them to pray and otherwise exercise in public. Some members of the community had been very wild and wicked, had gone all the gaits as we termed it. I called on the ringleader, who had been converted, to lead in prayer and I shall never forget his first sentence: "Lord, I've been through scenes and unseens." Their coined words were very apt and expressive. Another speaking of the country becoming impoverished, would speak of it as being "poverized;" and another spoke of the besetting sin as the "upsettin' sin."

In this isolated place, it was well that Mrs. McLean was possessed of great fortitude in times

of sickness and other strains upon her nerve. As an instance of her heroism while we were living there, I give the following, although it turned out not as first thought.

A family upon the eve of moving was quartered temporarily in an outhouse about fifty steps away, when suddenly about one o'clock at night, a fierce encounter ensued between an intruder and the man occupying the outhouse. The first alarm Mrs. McLean heard was a wild scream from the wife of the occupant and a call to her for help. Her first thought was robbery, and without dressing hastened to the scene of action to relieve her friend. Upon reaching the contending parties, in a fierce grapple with each other, it was found to be not as first supposed, but an attempt on the part of an unreasonable father to assert his authority over a married son, to prevent him from moving away and to compel him to turn over certain funds the father had paid him in the purchase of his property. By her timely interposition, bloodshed was prevented, and order restored.

At another time and place, at a late hour of a snowy night, a drunken or vicious person surged at the door for admittance, when Mrs. McLean appeared at the front asking who it was, and he responded, "your brother, let me in, I'm cold." She detected the voice of a stranger, and frightened him away by pretending to call for help when no help was at hand. Conditions then were often more trying on the wives than the preachers.

I here reproduce some letters written the "Home Advocate," while I was serving this district, hoping they will be of interest to the reader, in noting things similar and dissimilar to present experiences. The Home Advocate was a local paper published at Kellyville, financed by G. A. Kelly, and edited by Rev. S. J. Hawkins, in the interests of the home and church.

ATLANTA AND DAINGERFIELD CIRCUITS.

About seven miles north from Jefferson on my way to Atlanta, I passed the site of our old homestead where reason dawned upon me. House gone, farm gone, a negro church held the situation. Those numerous rock piles reminded me of my childish sports in chasing rabbits, and exhaustive labor in tearing away the rocks to catch the hidden game.

By the way, Mr. Editor, is there not something more than meat and drink in birds and beasts and brooks? Are not these heaven-appointed agents for the enlistment of youthful ardor in the early development of mind and body? Is not the physical training of that boy lacking, who has never angled for a fish, or engaged in the eager chase, and of the girl who has never roamed the field for flowers, or chased a butterfly? Think you that rustic life contributed nothing to Rebekah's beauty, or David's heroism?

The sight of the "old place" carried me back full thirty years, when this country, now teeming with inhabitants and dotted with schools and

churches, was the home of wild beasts with an occasional savage and settler.

At Atlanta I met the largest quarterly conference yet found on the round. We had a stirring love feast—an evidence of Methodism unimpaired.

This circuit at the last session of the annual conference was cut off from the Linden circuit, and some of the brethren feel that in the severence they lost a right hand and mistrust their ability to support this as a distinct charge.

It is an old adage that, "No one knows his strength until he tries it." As applied to circuits, no circuit knows its strength until fully tested, and should it be regarded an unfortunate circumstance that puts in requisition all the resources of a pastoral charge? If a charge could get along without an effort, it would be much better to have its resources fully enlisted. Let all the forces of the church be brought into activity, each one feeling that there is something for him to do, and that he can do something.

From Atlanta to Daingerfield I passed the grave of my mother, and though raining I must turn aside to pay the tribute of a tear to her dear memory. How like a clouded sun, is the death of a mother—earth is darker, sadder! As I looked upon her grave my mind was filled with memories of her tender advices and loving kindnesses, and though dead she lives in affectionate remembrance. Neither time nor space can eliminate mother from our lives.

Inasmuch as we may expect foul weather at

some of the quarterly conferences, it was fortunate that the lot fell to Daingerfield, where we had a comfortable house and a stove in good running order. At some appointments with like state of inclement weather, the services would have been lost to the community. And this leads me to say that I do not think our people sufficiently alive to the importance of comfortable houses of worship. In many communities for lack of suitable houses, the winter services are practically lost. Whereas in many of the older and colder countries where they are provided with comfortable churches, the winter season is the favorite time for protracted meetings. Let us no longer labor under this great inconvenience and loss, but rise up and build.

Brother Joseph Parker, the pastor, has long been schooled in the itinerancy, and knows the ways of a traveling preacher. He is the children's friend, knows and notices them, and in turn is known and loved by them, and their parents as well. Some of our young lay brethren are taking a lively and leading interest in the church. This we rejoice to see, they should neither hold back nor be held back, but worked in with the older ones. The young need the conservatism of the old, and the old the snap and push of the young.

Here we find another good school presided over by the "irrepressible" H. M. Matthis, a local preacher. Had not Brother Clark Smith's account of our Conference School at Sherman, gotten in the paper ahead of me, I should have said

much for this school and school furniture that, he said for that.

The main difference, as I see it, is the difference between cherry and walnut. Both buildings are large and well constructed, but the furniture of one is cherry, and the other of white walnut. The desks have iron frames graduated to the size of the pupil. I rejoice with Brother Smith and our Sherman friends in their excellent school and well equipped building, may the good work go on.

Brother Matthis publishes a paper, the "Schoolmate," in the interest of the school. It is supervised by Professor De Lyon, an experienced editor. The students are contributors and in this way receive valuable training as writers. I imagine no young mother looks with more eager gaze into the face of her firstborn, than does the student after long mental travail look upon the appearance of his first literary production, as it peers through the columns of a newspaper. Brother Matthis has a son and worthy successor in the ministry, who is a member of the West Texas Conference.

KELLYVILLE AND GILMER.

Kellyville takes its name from G. A. Kelly, the Tubal-cain of Eastern Texas in the manufacture of iron wares, stoves, pots, plows—I know not what all. Kellyville has long been a home for preachers. It has about it an atmosphere of piety, religion in the ascendant.

The Quarterly Conference was well attended.

The ex-presiding elder, Brother S. J. Hawkins, was with us much to the gratification of his successor. Fathers Baker and Duke were also in evidence—representatives of a former generation. They can tell us much of early Methodism in Texas, and could write many interesting chapters which otherwise must remain unwritten. They are as sheaves ripe unto harvest. Both are mentioned in Thrall's History of Methodism. The zealous pastor, R. P. Thompson, serves this charge a second year. The records show a good work done last year, and we prophesy good things for the present year. The pastor has assurance of support and alleges of Kellyville that it does better than it promises. Our literature is circulated and read in this charge—a good omen.

On our way to Gilmer we spent a day with Brother Lamb, of the Coffeeville circuit, at his pleasant boarding house, Sister Coppedge's. We were pleased to find him so snugly quartered and so much alive to his work. The weather was severe and the ride unpleasant, but we had about us on either hand constant emblems of humility and patient endurance, in the submissive stoop of the iceclad pines.

Brother Lamb is a living monument of God's saving grace. After morning preaching, he and I were kindly invited by ex-Sheriff Upton Wright, to dinner. Mr. Wright held his peace as long as he well could, but finally at the dinner table, in an apologetic way he said: "Mr. Lamb, I hope you will pardon me if I am wrong, but if I am not the

worst mistaken I ever was, the last time I saw you, before seeing you in the pulpit today, you were shooting at a fellow." Lamb blushed and confessed that he was pretty wild before his conversion. A wicked fellow had cursed him for being a "Yankee," and this was a little more than Lamb could stand in his unregenerate condition and so early after the close of the war—and opened fire on the offender, whose heels saved him.

True, Lamb was born in New York, but he came South before the war and fought for the South, and was unwilling to bear the opprobrium of living South and fighting for the North. He had the honor of exchanging shots with Dewey in some of the gunboat engagements on the Mississippi. Since committing himself to the ministry he has been one of our truest and best men, and a very interesting preacher. By reason of age and feebleness he has retired from the active ministry and he and his devoted wife live at Clarksville quietly awaiting the Master's call. They have three admirable daughters.

GILMER CHARGE.

Brother Norwood and I were a little doubtful of the attendance upon Quarterly Conference, but as the time approached we were happily relieved by the appearance of stewards and local preachers, who had ridden through the falling snow from six to eighteen miles, and one steward left his business and came more than thirty miles to

be at his post. The conference we trust was a profitable one. They decided to have a parsonage and took steps to that end. The preacher's claim was assessed at a living rate. It is sometimes said that, getting money out of the people is like pulling teeth, the analogy I do not see, but sure it is Dr. Ogilvie is good at both. Whether the practice of dentistry has qualified him for the "stewardship," I cannot say but in some way he has learned to extract money from the people for church purposes without giving much pain.

The local preachers acquiesced in the arrangement of their work by the Quarterly Conference. Brother Terry (supernumerary) preaches but little, but employs himself as a colporteur. The new and elegant church is a compliment to the people of Gilmer. I thought it well proportioned and well arranged in the interior, with an open pulpit of appropriate height and depth, with pulpit lamps in rear of the speaker. The platform in front is rather small, and should they have railing around it, I trust it will not be too high as is usually the case. The builders must have had before them the plan of Bishop Pierce's model church, in which he felt rested at the close of his sermon.

No trouble to get subscribers for our periodicals, the long established school here has contributed much to the taste for wholesome reading. The commodious school building formerly occupied by Professor Morgan Looney, is now in charge of Rev. Isaac Alexander and his well-

chosen faculty, who are making fine progress. I baptized the baby girl of Dr. Alexander, who grew to womanhood, married, and now has a son and daughter in the Southern Methodist University. Her honored father still lives—her mother having entered into rest.

PINE FOREST.

The Quarterly Conference for the Mount Vernon circuit was held at Pine Forest. Almost without exception we have had rain at each appointment for ten consecutive weeks. On this account the attendance has not been as good and the interest as great as might otherwise have been expected. We hope for better conditions and a more general interest the ensuing round. The church and community at Pine Forest have recently sustained the loss of a valuable member in the death of Brother Stevens. A worthy son takes his place.

Brother Calvin Cock is in the line of duty, and has in his support some valuable laymen. How indispensable to Moses were Aaron and Hur, in holding up his arms when they would have grown weary and fallen by his side. A zealous, active layman strengthens the heart and hands of his pastor that must otherwise languish. The spiritual love feast verified Bishop McTyeire's recent remark that, "Our people have an experience, and know how to tell it." The strength of Methodism is lodged in conscious salvation, the witness of the spirit, shorn of this, is like Samson shorn of

his locks. The institutions peculiar to Methodism, such as class meetings and love feasts, designed to promote spirituality, and a witnessing church, should ever be fostered, and encouraged.

"So let our lips and lives express,
The holy gospel we profess.
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine."

Congregations at this point were good and attentive. A good school is in progress, which is a great acquisition to any community.

Pine Forest takes it name from an island of pines in an oak region and contiguous to the prairie. Our eyes once more greeted the familiar sight of a prairie. The emotions are stirred in emerging from the dense shade of timber into the bright sun-lit prairie.

Having a day or two at command I went in company with Brother Cock to his home at Sulphur Springs. Here I am reminded, I am upon soil an Angell treads and must step lightly. Although within Brother Angell's district, I must be allowed to note the growth of the little inland city, the commodious church building, and the popular pastor. The stewards of McKendree Church once playfully said, they did not want their pastor, Dr. R. A. Young, any longer (he being six feet six inches and then some, in length). I am sure no such objection will be brought against the Sulphur Springs pastor, M. H. Neely,

who is wanted longer in point of time and stature.

I made the acquaintance of Professor John Patton and wife, who against wind and tide of the public free school system, are making good progress with their private school. They appear to be excellent Christian teachers. Time would fail me to tell of all the kind friends, ministerial and lay, that I met here. Suffice to say, I anticipate for our annual conference at its next session, a hearty welcome and hospitable entertainment by the good people of Sulphur Springs. This conference met November 6, 1872, Bishop Keener presiding. This was my first meeting with a bishop's cabinet.

Temporary sickness prevented me from attending the Quarterly Conference of the Kellyville circuit, at Mims' Chapel. My absence was abundantly supplied by the able editor of the Home Advocate, a time-honored preacher, Brother William Duke, and the indefatigable pastor, R. P Thompson. The congregation suffered no detriment. A good attendance of official members was reported and the stewards brought up the full quarterly installment. With them quarterage means quarterly payments. There is not enough promptitude in this matter. The preachers should have their quarterly installments, their current expenses demand this, otherwise they will be embarrassed. Collections should not be left to the close of the year, and then with herculean effort, "truck and trade," the assessment only met in part. Delay in the collections is dangerous, not

to say disastrous. The stewards should keep the claims of the pastors before the people, and educate them to pay promptly. It is perhaps worthy of note to say that in an active ministry of fifty-five years, the above is the only appointment I remember to have missed from sickness, and only one other from sickness in my family. God be thanked!

MOUNT VERNON.

The Mount Vernon circuit is served by J. Clark Smith. Former service rendered this charge only paved the way for a warm reception. With improved health and his accustomed energy he throws himself heartily into the duties of his circuit. We could not otherwise than expect good results. Occasion called us to the cemetery at Mount Vernon where repose the remains of Rev. John N. Hamill and wife. What sacred reminiscences were revived! He was my pastor when I was a boy at college and licensed me to exhort. No monumental heap marks their resting place, an humble grave in a village graveyard is all—yet not all, for "they have in heaven a better and an enduring substance." A marble slab with appropriate inscription should mark the graves of our itinerant dead. Will not our conference give thought to this matter, and see that it is done.

JEFFERSON STATION AND CIRCUIT.

Jefferson, now and then what a contrast! Now (1871) it is the emporium of Northeast Texas,

with a population of seventeen thousand, then in 1846 or 1847 when I first saw it, it was just beginning, only a few residences and two or three stores.

The Quarterly Conference was well attended and things went off in business-like manner, so given to business methods are the people of Jefferson.

Brother Finley presented his reports in good form. He seems to be directing all his energies to the advancement of his charge. He is a man of one work, an able and experienced minister. The absence of Brother John C. Murphy, deceased, was observed and felt by all. He served as an official member of the church for many years. He and Schluter were my warm and constant supporters when I was in charge of the station in my early ministry, they were friends to the church and to humanity. It was gratifying to see in the place of Brother Murphy his son, John C. Murphy, Jr., as steward. May he emulate his father's virtues.

Brothers Lane and Tullis (superannuates), the one of Trinity and the other of East Texas Conference, were with us. It is good to be with them, hear them talk of the past and take counsel of them for the future. They seem to be similarly afflicted, have physical strength, but have lost their voices and cannot preach. What a trial it must be to them, so long accustomed to the gospel ministry, to hear its bugle blast and not be able to go in the charge. Faithful men, we should love

them and pray for them, and bless God for their valuable lives and services. They still observe the movements of the church with a godly jealousy.

We have good and efficient local preachers here who seem willing to serve, and have many doors of usefulness open to them. The sundayschool Christmas celebration was happily planned and executed. There was nothing objectionable and much that was edifying and enjoyable. Brother Frank Patillo may be justly proud of his office as superintendent. The Misses Norwood are in charge of a flourishing literary school, occupying the basement of the church, which is well fitted up. They are meeting with much favor.

The editor of the Home Advocate and preacher in charge of the Jefferson circuit, are one and the same individual. The Advocate is enlarged, and the circuit is enlarging. Brother Hawkins is magnifying his offices.

The Quarterly Conference for the circuit made a favorable beginning. The "Christmas tree" for the entertainment of the sundayschool was beautifully decorated with nice gifts that gladdened the hearts of the children. My own heart partook of the children's joy in an unexpected present. Sister Eli Moore and Brother Fitzgerald are ever alive to the interests of the sundayschool and church. This matriarch has died just recently, having neared the century mark. We moved into this community about 1842, and Mrs. Moore, then a widow, came in 1847 and married

Mr. Eli Moore and has lived here ever since, a devout, godly woman. Almost alone she has kept up preaching, sundayschool and church services in the neighborhood. A few years since I called to see her after an absence of forty years. She was sitting out on the gallery of her old home. I asked her if she knew me. "Yes," she says, "John," and without a moment's cessation, continued, "I came to your mother's home in this neighborhood in 1847, you were then nine years old, and on the 24th of September you will be seventy-six." She was then nearing one hundred, but her memory was remarkably active, more so than any one I ever knew.

I visited her on a certain occasion while on this district, and a sprightly little girl of about six came running to me and I took her in my lap and asked her to tell me her name, she replied in a happy tone of voice, "Ella Potter," and Mrs. Moore began to laugh, knowing our past family histories, and said to me that this child was a granddaughter of Colonel Bob Potter and sitting in Captain Rose's grandson's lap." We are happily at peace, although our ancestors in the early forties were in arms against each other. Time, as well as grace, is a great peace-maker

We are now through with the round and have found the writing easier than the riding. The weather has been in the main unfavorable, sometimes severe, this coupled with the fact of uncomfortable churches in some places, greatly militated against religious services and the success of

the cause. We will labor on, however, hoping for better things. The assessments for the pastors we think have been adequate to a support and slightly in advance of last year. We have reason to hope that each charge will sustain its preacher. The receipts as yet have been meagre, owing in part to the great scarcity of money, attributable to the lack of navigation. But now that times are better, navigation opened, money circulating, let the stewards imitate the wisdom of the world, in pressing the claims of their pastors.

Again brethren, pray for your pastors. Most of the charges have new preachers, show your care for them, make them feel at home among you. And brethren of the ministry, let us "give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the word."

PARIS DISTRICT.

In 1875 conference met at Paris, Bishop Pierce presiding. He was one of our greatest men. Of handsome physique, brilliant intellect, a peerless preacher, he was easily one of our foremost men. Withal he was a man of great physical and moral courage, and when occasion demanded, did not shirk responsibility nor shun to declare the whole counsel of God. He distinguished himself when a young man as a debater in the General Conference of 1844, and on that occasion in an address on the Bible cause.

I was appointed presiding elder of the Paris district. These are some of the more prominent

preachers and laymen with whom I was associated.

Rev. R. H. Read, of the Paris station, was no ordinary man. He was an eloquent, entertaining preacher, well informed, elegant in manners, a beautiful singer, and when accompanied by his wife and three daughters, I don't know that I ever heard more beautiful, impressive singing. He had mixed business with his earlier ministry, and was not as loyal to our itinerant system as otherwise he might have been. He changed church relations a few times, but at heart was a Methodist, and in his last years came back to his first love to die in its fold. He had many admirable qualities, but his keenly sensitive nature gave him much unnecessary trouble.

Rev. M. C. Blackburn was a young man of native strength of intellect, and firmness of purpose. He had good academic training, was a hard student, and grappled with mooted points of theology. He was robust in appearance, but in the meridian of his powers his health failed and he was forced into retirement. After lingering a number of years he passed to his reward, leaving a son in the ministry, and another a promising lawyer and legislator.

Rev. W. F. Easterling was an alumnus of Emory College, an earnest preacher and of high ideals. He filled prominent positions and died rather early.

Rev. W. C. Haislip filled a prominent place among us. He was a well informed man on gen-

eral subjects, pushing, progressive and a good preacher. He is buried at Pilot Point.

Rev. D. J. Martin was a very substantial man, of strong common sense, and reliable on all parts of the ground. He served four years in the war, and afterward began preaching. He did not reach old age, is buried at Plano.

Rev. L. P. Smith is a good and useful man, one of the truest and best of the conference. He is deeply religious and fruitful in his ministry. His wife is one of the leading women of the church, and prominent in official service.

SCHOOLS OF THE DISTRICT.

In 1866, the Sherman High School was started, Rev. W. P. Petty, principal. In 1874, he was succeeded by Rev. J. C. Parks, a fluent, magnetic speaker, who spent most of his public life in teaching, and was an apt teacher and resourceful in his management of students. He was succeeded in 1878 by Col. J. R. Cole, and he by Dr. E. D. Pitts in 1879—when the name of the school was changed to the North Texas Female College. Pitts was followed by Judge I. M. Onins, who resigned in 1886, and afterward was associated with Belle Plain College. Parks took charge of Honey Grove High School after leaving Sherman and did his best work in this school.

Dr. Pitts was prominent in school work, as president of Chappell Hill Female College, before taking charge of the North Texas Female College.

I. W. Clark served for a number of years at

the head of the Honey Grove High School after Parks, and did a great work for the Church in the conduct of that institution. He taught also at Leesburg, Mount Pleasant and other points. He died recently, much lamented. He leaves a brilliant son in the ministry.

LAYMEN OF THE DISTRICT.

Of the prominent laymen about Honey Grove, Young Burgher was conspicuous as an able, wise counselor and forward in every laudable enterprise. He was the father of B. M. Burgher, a conspicuous layman of our church. His other children are active in church work.

T. B. Yarbrough was a well informed, devout Christian and loyal Methodist. Rarely have I known a layman that took such delight in promoting the interests of his church.

Captain Underwood, though not a member of the church, aided in its enterprises, and later his son John became an active and influential member.

George Dailey stood side by side with the promoters of the church, was an ardent Sunday school worker, and for many years superintendent.

Colonel Tom Gaines, of Clarksville, an ex-Federal Colonel and local preacher, was very active and useful as a layman.

George Baker of that locality was forward in every good work.

Professor and Mrs. Vesey, excellent teachers and devoted Methodists, are worthy of mention

among the prominent forces of Methodism at that time. Mrs. Vesey survived her husband many years, and was highly esteemed and honored as a lady and teacher.

Judge Hoskins, his son-in-law, John Weaver; Brother Lynch, Rev. H. M. Burrows, all of Bowie County, gave willing and valuable service in the early days, paving the way for better things to come. Captain Frank Henry, of Texarkana, father of Congressman Bob Henry, was very useful in founding Methodism in Texarkana, as was Mrs. Wootten and her excellent family. Later Judge P. A. Turner and family rendered good service.

Professor W. G. Perkins, near Paris, was prominent as a teacher in those days, and took a leading part in the enterprises of the Church. His brothers later came to the front, George and Ed, leading lawyers and laymen at Cooper, and later at Greenville. Judge Ed Perkins enjoyed the distinction later of being a fraternal delegate to the M. E. Church. He is now a prominent lawyer and layman of Dallas. Their father was a Methodist preacher and their mother the sister of a preacher, Rev. W. M. Winton, and herself an admirable Christian character.

Rev. N. A. Keen was a remarkable preacher for his opportunities. After he had entered the conference he entered the Honey Grove High School as a student, and recited in classes with his own children. By persistent effort and study he was brought into prominence in his conference.

He died early and leaves a successor in the ministry.

Rev. A. C. McDougal was a man of splendid physique, tall and imposing in appearance, a fluent speaker, and useful servant of the Church.

BISHOPS DOGGETT, KEENER AND M'TYEIRE.

I was continued on the Paris district four consecutive years. In 1876 conference met in Longview, Bishop Doggett presiding. The Bishop not being present on the first day, I was elected president of the conference. On the second day the Bishop arrived and presided through the session. Bishop Doggett was a stately, cultured, Christian gentleman, a finished orator, and preached after thorough preparation. He was too much of a recluse for western life, and did not have the adaptability of Bishops Pierce, Marvin, McTyeire, Kavanaugh and others, but was a great preacher and prominent in the Church.

The conference for 1877 met at Bonham, Bishop Wightman presiding, of whom I have already written.

The conference for 1878 met at Terrell, Bishop Keener presiding. In some respects Bishop Keener was one of the greatest men of the Church, a reader of rare books, and he called no man master. He was a man of profound convictions, and not easily moved from his positions. He was a Methodist of the Wesley type, a Southerner to the core, unreconstructed after the war, and withal a great preacher. His face was of classic mould. He served long and well, and left his im-

press upon the Church. Jefferson Davis thought him one of the greatest men he ever knew. His three sons were preachers; John became president of Southern University, of Alabama. The sons died rather early.

In 1879 the conference met at Sherman, Bishop McTyeire presiding. The Bishop was not present at the opening, and J. M. Binkley was elected president, the Bishop taking the chair later. Bishop McTyeire was one of the commanding figures of Methodism, a great preacher and writer, but not an orator. I retained more of his sermons than any preacher I ever heard. His analysis and presentation of his subject were so simple and clear that he could but be remembered. He was one of the progressive legislators of the Church, unlike Bishops Pierce and Keener, who were very conservative. His greatest work was perhaps the founding of the Vanderbilt University, and had he lived long enough, it would have been his greatest disappointment and sorrow—as it turned out, in being alienated from the Church.

At this conference Dr. McKenzie preached his semi-centennial sermon, offering much wholesome counsel to the younger members. One sentence recurs to me. Speaking of social scandals, he said, "Multiplied imprudences and inconsistencies on this line, amount to actual demonstration of guilt." The remark was emphasized by Bishop McTyeire at the time.

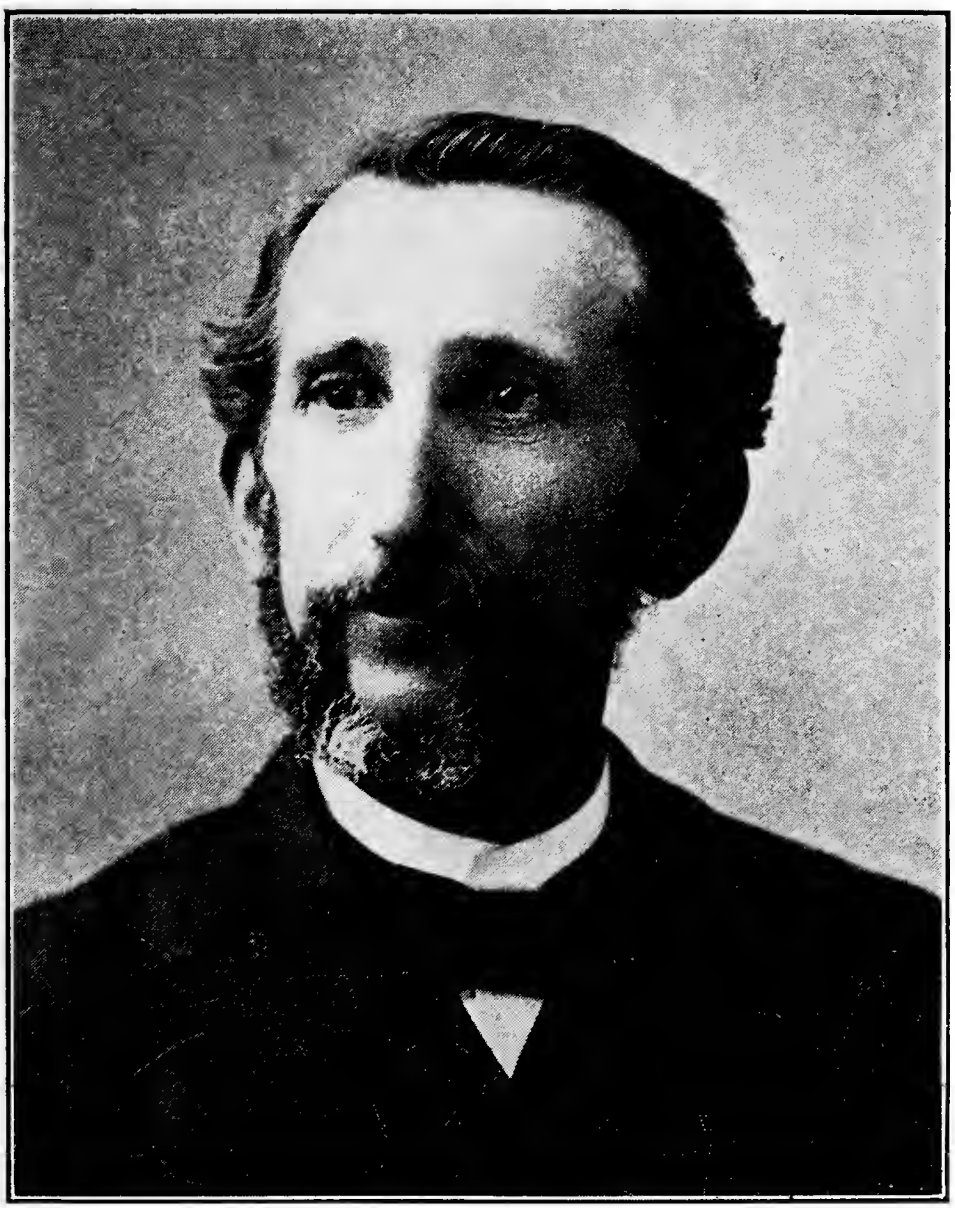
E. W. Alderson entered the traveling connection at this conference, and has gained promi-

ence as a preacher, debater and church legislator.

From this conference I was sent to the Paris station, and had a profitable year. The church was moved to a better site, remodeled, greatly improved and re-dedicated by Dr. A. R. Winfield, of Arkansaw.

CALLED TO SOUTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY.

In the spring of this year, 1880, I received very unexpectedly a letter from Dr. Mood notifying me of my selection for a position in the Southwestern University, and asking my consent to serve in case of confirmation. I was very happy and contented in the pastorate, and begged that I might be excused from school work, and another chosen in my stead. But Dr. Mood was unrelenting, and insisted upon presenting my name for the position, which was done at the approaching commencement upon the assembling of the Board of Curators, June, 1880, and received affirmative action. At my request, however, the action was made subject to the approval of Bishop Pierce, who was to preside at our conference. Upon meeting the Bishop in the fall, at conference, he said to me that he regarded the time he spent in teaching as the most useful part of his life, and appointed me accordingly to the position. Notwithstanding my reluctance to leave the pastorate, I entered heartily upon my new assignment, and on Christmas Eve, with my wife and seven children, I reached Georgetown in the snow, and stayed a week at the old Slaton Hotel, before I could rent a house for my family.



REV. FRANCIS ASBURY MOOD, D. D.
Regent of Southwestern University, 1873-1884.

XI.

RISE AND PROGRESS OF SOUTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY.

The Church has ever been the promoter of learning. More than three-fourths of the colleges and universities of our country are under the auspices of the several churches. Born in a university, her founder and fathers eminent alike for learning and for piety, it is but fitting that Methodism should bear a conspicuous part in the cause of Christian education. True to its origin and mission, in the very incipiency of this great evangelistic movement, Mr. Wesley established a school for the children of the colliers, which developed into the noted Kingswood School, for the education of teachers and laborers, and from which went forth scores of useful men in the different vocations of life. This has given place to other and more pretentious institutions. Coming westward, claiming the world as its parish, this great religious awakening culminated in the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, in Baltimore, 1784, and simultaneous with the organization of the Church was the projection of Cokesbury College, taking the blended name of Coke and Asbury, our two first Bishops. Reaching Texas in the days of the Republic, the educational spirit of the Church was shown in chartering Ruterville College, before the organization of the first conference, the Texas, in

1840. Cokesbury has many worthy successors in the different States, whilst Ruterville has been the prolific source of Methodist schools and colleges in Texas. In the absence of an educational policy, and when facilities for travel were meager, school enterprises were projected in the name of Methodism in many parts of the state, and without due regard to conditions that would warrant their prosperity and perpetuity. However complimentary to the liberality and enterprise of our people, and however well meant these efforts, yet the sequel has shown that ill-advised and premature school enterprises have resulted in ultimate failure, entailing financial loss upon the church and discouragement to the cause of Christian education.

Of the many laudable enterprises that did well for a season and succumbed to unfavorable conditions, may be mentioned Ruterville, McKenzie, Wesleyan, Fowler, Marvin, Central and Soule Colleges; and schools of high grade at Dallas, Seguin, Goliad, San Saba, Daingerfield, San Antonio, Granbury, Paris, Starville, Weatherford, Honey Grove, Waco, Blooming Grove, Plainview, Belle Plain and other points, aggregating in cost and loss to the church not less than $500,000. This sporadic method of multiplying schools continued unchecked until the fall of 1869, when under the inspiration and leadership of that forward-looking educator, Dr. F. A. Mood, the following preamble and resolution, providing for a permanent and systematic adjustment of the edu-

cational interests of the church within the state, were presented to the several Annual Conferences at their respective sessions that year, and adopted with great unanimity as follows: By the East Texas Conference, which convened October 20; North Texas, November 3; Northwest Texas, November 17; West Texas, December 8; Texas, December 22.

PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, It is of vital importance to Southern Methodism, as well as the general interests of religion and education in Texas, that there be an institution of learning that will by its endowments cheapen higher education, and by its other advantages secure general confidence and patronage; and,

Whereas, In the absence of an institution of this character, large numbers of the young men of the Church are yearly being sent out of the state to secular and sectarian institutions, entailing great loss to the membership and influence of our Church, besides withdrawing from the limits of the state large amounts of money that should be expended in building up education at home; and,

Whereas, The magnitude of such an institution involves an expenditure of money for buildings, equipment, and endowment much greater than can be met by any single conference; and,

Whereas, A union of effort of the Methodists of Texas ought to secure without possibility of

failure, the establishment of an institution of highest grade with ample endowment and facilities for widespread usefulness; therefore,

Resolved, 1. That an educational convention of the several Annual Conferences of the M. E. Church, South, in Texas, shall be called to meet in Galveston, April 20, 1870, consisting of the delegates-elect, lay and clerical, to the ensuing General Conference.

2. That to this convention thus constituted, be committed the duty of arranging for the organization, location and endowment of a University for the southwest, to be under the patronage and control of the conferences of the state, and such other conferences as may hereafter desire to cooperate with them.

3. That the convention, as far as practicable, arrange for a homogeneous system of advanced schools preparatory to the University.

4. That each Annual Conference concurring, pledge its adherence to the action of the convention and its hearty support of its decisions, without reference to personal or local preferences.

In pursuance of the concurrent action of the several conferences as above set forth, the convention composed of the delegates to the ensuing General Conference met at Ryland Chapel, Galveston, April 20, 1870, and organized, with R. Alexander, D. D., president, and F. A. Mood, D. D., secretary. The following members were present: Texas Conference, Robt. Alexander, I. G. John, clerical, and Col. W. W. Browning, lay;

East Texas, L. P. Lively, clerical, Col. J. F. Taylor, lay; Trinity **(now North Texas), R. Lane,** clerical, Major W. J. Clark, lay; Northwest Texas, Thos. Stamford, L. B. Whipple, clerical, Col. John R. Henry, Col. Roger Q. Mills, lay; West Texas, O. A. Fisher, clerical. At this meeting of the convention the main features of the enterprise were carefully considered and preliminary steps taken in the matter of the name, charter, location and endowment of the proposed institution. The first name adopted, the "Texas University," and borne for a few years, had to be relinquished to the state under claim of prior and superior right, upon obtaining a charter, in 1875; and the name "Southwestern University," as originally proposed by Dr. Mood, was adopted.

In the interim of the first meeting of the convention at Galveston and the final location of the institution at Georgetown in 1873, there was great care in the selection of the site, to have due regard for health conditions, centrality, as well as the financial inducement offered. In these initial meetings, the convention had the presence and counsel of Bishops Marvin and Keener, in planning for the proposed University. To Bishop Keener they were indebted for the suggestion of two distinct boards, one composed of ministers and known as Curators, who shall elect the Regent and Professors and have supervision of the government and internal affairs of the institution; and a Board of Trustees composed of laymen, who shall have charge of the fiscal affairs.

At first the Board of Curators consisted of one minister from each patronizing conference, but later the number was increased to five from each conference, excepting mission conferences, which have two. The Board of Trustees was composed of two members from each conference, excepting mission conferences, which have one each. In later years provision was made for an Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees, composed of five laymen living at or near the site of the institution, and who shall execute the will of the Board of Trustees in such matters as may be referred to them.

The first Board of Curators was composed of the five following preachers: Robert W. Kennon, Texas Conference, president; Thomas Stanford, Northwest Texas Conference; Francis M. Stovall, East Texas Conference; John W. DeVilbiss, West Texas Conference; Jacob M. Binkley, Trinity Conference; Frances Asbury Mood, ex-officio secretary. In 1875 the name of Rev. J. B. A. Ahrens appears as a Curator from the German Mission Conference.

First Board of Trustees was as follows: George F. Alford, William B. Norris, L. C. Rountree, M. C. McLemore, T. W. Folts, C. W. Hurley, B. R. Davis, John R. Henry, S. S. Munger, F. A. Mood, W. J. Clark, M. H. Bonner, W. G. Veal, Charles E. Lee, H. E. McCulloch.

The chartered rights of Ruterville College, McKenzie College, Wesleyan College and Soule University, were transferred to the Southwestern

University by order of the conferences and special acts of the Legislature. It is fitting, therefore, that brief mention should be made of these institutions.

Ruterville College, located at Ruterville, was chartered by the Congress of Texas in the days of the Republic, January 25, 1840. This educational movement marked the first effort of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Texas, in behalf of Christian education, and was inspired by that wise and devoted missionary, Martin Ruter, D. D., during the few months of his missionary service in the Republic, and just prior to his death, which occurred May 16, 1838. The first president was Rev. Chauncey Richardson, A. M., a man of marked ability as a minister, writer and educator, and eminently fitted for the position. He was succeeded by William Halsey, A. M.; and he by Rev. H. S. Thrall, A. M., D. D. For about ten years from the date of its charter, Ruterville College was operated as a Methodist school.

McKenzie College, which was located near Clarksville, Red River County, had its beginning in 1841, but was not chartered until 1848. It had a remarkable degree of prosperity, matriculated more than 300 pupils per session and drew patronage from all parts of the State and contiguous states and the Indian Territory. It had but one president, Rev. J. W. P. McKenzie, A. M., D. D. The institution ceased in 1870.

Wesleyan College was located at San Augustine, and chartered by the Congress of the Republic

of Texas January 16, 1844. Rev. Lester Janes, A. M., was the president. This institution was destroyed by fire a few years after its inauguration, and was never rebuilt.

Soule University, located at Chappell Hill, was chartered in 1856. Its presidents were: William Halsey, A. M.; O. H. McComber, A. M.; Rev. G. W. Carter, D. D., and Rev. F. A. Mood, D. D.

The prosperity of this institution was interrupted by the war between the States, and it never afterward regained its former prestige. It was the only Methodist institution in Texas devoted to higher education at the time of the founding of Southwestern University, and as soon as this institution was opened for students, the Soule University closed.

At a meeting of the convention held at Galveston December 31, 1872, Dr. F. A. Mood was unanimously elected Regent. The Regent was made a member, ex-officio, of all boards. The title of Regent was chosen by the convention in view of the fact that he was expected to preside over the University, with its system of correlated schools.

Commissioners of location had been previously appointed by the convention, and after careful consideration of all competing points for the location, the selection was finally made on the 21st of August, 1873, in favor of Georgetown. The financial consideration, in building and lands donated to secure this site, has been estimated at $63,000, which was in advance of any other proposition. For beauty of scenery and healthfulness,

Georgetown is not easily surpassed, and the school attracted a population friendly to its interests and of high order of culture and refinement. The location is central, being thirty miles north of the state capital and accessible by railroad. Being an inland town, it is well protected against contagions, and free from the grosser forms of vice incident to large cities.

The Curators held their second session in Austin December 13, 1873, and elected the following faculty: Dr. F. A. Mood, Regent, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, and for the time being to have charge of History and English Literature; B. E. Crietzberg, A. M., Professor of Ancient Languages and Mathematics; H. M. Reynolds, M. D., Professor of Modern Languages; and Rev. A. Albright, was made provisional Professor of German.

The institution was opened by the Regent, Dr. F. A. Mood, and two professors, B. E. Crietzberg and H. M. Reynolds, on the 6th of October, 1873, and during that session matriculated thirty-three pupils. Having no graduates, there were no commencement exercises and a sermon from the Regent to the students on Sunday, July 19, 1874, terminated the first session.

The second session opened favorably October 5, 1874, with the accession of P. C. Bryce, A. M., and W. W. Lewis, A. M., to the faculty, the first to fill the chair of Ancient Languages, the second the chair of Mathematics, Crietzberg having resigned. Several young men graduated in schools,

and the session terminated with a commencement sermon from Rev. John H. McLean, of the North Texas Conference. Sixty-three students were enrolled the second session.

During the third session the faculty received valuable additions in Professor S. G. Sanders, A. M., and Rev. N. T. Burks, A. M. At the close of the third session the following were the first to graduate from the university, and each received the A. B. degree: James Campbell, B. Douglas Dashiell, Alfred S. John and George H. Stovall.

The first visiting committee from the North Texas Conference was: Rev. J. H. McLean, Rev. J. M. Binkley, Major W. J. Clark and Asa Holt.

The school progressed year by year, adding to its faculty, facilities and members, and in 1878 the purpose was formed on the part of the curators, trustees and faculty, with consent of the patronizing conferences, to open a department for young ladies, granting them equal advantages of instruction with the young men, but in separate building and classes. Thus was inaugurated what was first called the "Young Ladies' School," but now known as the "Ladies' Annex," of the Southwestern University. This was designed to foster and encourage higher education on the part of young ladies. The first young ladies to graduate were Misses Kittie Mood and Mary Steele, in 1879, with the degree of Mistress of Literature. The first with the B. S. degree were Misses Belle Henderson, Anna Mathis and Virginia Moseley, in the class of 1883. The first to receive the A.

M. degree was Miss Willie Sampey, in the class of 1887. The higher degrees gradually became more popular with the young ladies. A great impetus was given this department at the Annual Conference, held at Georgetown in November, 1883, when under an earnest appeal from Dr. R. A. Young, of Nashville, assisted by the Financial Agent, Dr. H. A. Bourland and others, the amount of $35,150 was subscribed for the purpose of erecting a building to accommodate the Ladies' Annex. Of this amount $20,000 was subscribed by Messrs. D. H. and J. W. Snyder. The amounts subscribed were slow to materialize and much was never collected, so that the building was not completed until five years had elapsed, and was encumbered with considerable debt. This elegant property was estimated at $40,000, and had ample accommodation for board and instruction under the same roof, and a spacious campus of thirty-three acres.

In 1886, through the liberality of Mrs. Giddings, of Brenham, the Giddings Hall was erected for the purpose of furnishing lodging free of cost, and board at the minimum price to young men preparing for the ministry and other worthy young men of limited means. Mrs. Giddings later added to her original donation, and the five conferences built a cottage each, at a cost of about $550 and with the furniture and water facilities, the entire investment amounted to about $10,000, and furnished accommodations for about seventy young men. Board being the principal item of

expense, the Hall enabled many students to enter the institution who otherwise could not have done so.

Having given the educational policy formulated in 1869 a practical test of fourteen years, an educational convention, composed of the presidents of the various schools of our Church in the state, met with the curators of the Southwestern University, at Georgetown, in June, 1887, and after full and free discussion of the operations of the policy, the convention re-endorsed the plan of a central institution in the interest of higher education, with a system of secondary schools preparatory to the same.

Feeling the necessity of a minister in immediate oversight and care of the young ladies of the Annex, the authorities of the institution were quite fortunate in securing the services of J. R. Allen, D. D., for this responsible position.

FITTING SCHOOL.

Although intended for the work of higher education, the large number of students coming to the University for admission, who were not prepared to enter collegiate classes, made it necessary to provide a fitting school, in which such students under competent teachers might be prepared to enter the University. Being unendowed the University could not be deprived of this large percent of patronage, and in consequence provision was made for a sub-freshman department. Aside from the financial aid, which was indispen-

sable, the fitting school in the hands of ripe and competent instructors was of incalculable advantage in thoroughly training students for the collegiate department.

ENTERING THE SERVICE OF THE UNIVERSITY.

I was elected Vice-Regent of the University, and to the chair of English, but the session was so far advanced when I arrived that I was requested by the Regent and Executive Board to spend the balance of the session in traveling through the state at large in the general interests of the school. The institution was then in its infancy and it was the day of small things. It began only a few years before with thirty-three pupils, but was making fine headway. I began the tour of the state in January, starting at Corpus Christi and was greatly assisted by my old college friend, Rev. C. M. Rodgers, who became a liberal patron of the institution. He later retired from the ministry and figured prominently in politics the latter part of his life.

I traversed the state by slow stages, in a northeasterly direction, reaching Georgetown the first of April after an absence of about ten weeks from my family. Two trips of similar length took me through the state, ending at Texarkana.

For this year's service I received $33. I had gone there to spend and be spent in the upbuilding of the University, and found a great opportunity. These were the days of hard work and small pay in the history of the University. The

professors were young men on meager pay, ranging from three hundred to five hundred dollars per annum, Dr. Mood himself receiving about six hundred, or but little more, when he was offered the leading stations of the state which would have given him ample support for his large family. But his heart was set on founding a leading, central institution for Texas Methodism in the interest of higher education. To this great and good work he had been assigned by the authorities of the Church, and he allowed nothing to divert him from this one supreme purpose, and in all this he was sanctioned and sustained by his devoted, self-forgetting wife. In planting the Southwestern University, its roots were watered with tears of poverty and self-denial. Dr. Mood was a martyr to the cause, in which his helpers shared freely. Although of unpretentious beginning, it grew steadily and before his death he realized that the institution had passed the experimental stage, and its future would not depend upon the life of any one man.

When I entered the school, I found there associated with the Regent in 1880: Professor Sanders, his father, Dr. Sanders; Professors Bryce and Cody. Professor R. F. Young was in Germany preparing for the chair of German. These were all excellent men and well suited to their duties. Professors Albright, Creitzberg, Reynolds, Burks and Lewis did not remain long with the institution. Professor Bryce left a few years later for the mission work in Mexico. The others for a

number of years remained with the institution and contributed much to its success.

Dr. Sanders filled my ideal of a Southern gentleman. During the war he was a Confederate Captain, and on one occasion the troops were being moved on a freezing-cold night, and provision was made for the officers to have seats within closed cars, while the privates were conveyed in open box cars. Captain Sanders preferred to share the hard fate of his men, and for that act of self-denial suffered from the effects of frost-bitten feet the balance of his life—but such was Dr. Sanders. His son, Professor Sanders, shared the splendid qualities of his father and mother, and was unsurpassed for probity of character, efficiency and faithfulness as a teacher. Professor Bryce was scholarly, refined and served well. Professor Cody has served longer than any one ever connected with the institution, and his long stay and high standing well attest the ability and fidelity with which he has served. He is greatly loved and honored. Professor Young has likewise served long and faithfully, and is held in high esteem.

Of the laymen taking an early and lively interest in the promotion of the school, no one was abler, truer or more steadfast in his devotion than Colonel Asa Holt, of Abilene, a lifelong trustee, and a man of large information and great devotion to the Church; W. J. Clark, of Dallas, was a good friend; the Snyders, of Georgetown, Dudley, John and Tom, spared neither time nor

means in its service; and to these may be added J. W. Hodges, M. B. Lockett, D. S. Chessher, M. Steele, Rev. Wm. Allen, Rev. R. A. Morris, Colonel T. S. Garrison, Judge Ben Orgain, Professor J. E. Pritchett, J. E. Cooper, Judge T. P. Hughes, Judge W. L. Davidson, Doctors Walker, Pettus, Jones and Foster.

DEATH OF DR. MOOD.

At the end of eleven strenuous years Dr. Mood succumbed to the inevitable, and while in attendance upon an Annual Conference, at Waco, he delivered an address in behalf of the University of unusual interest and vigor for one of his wasted form, and retired to the home of a friend, Mrs. Oliver, and his body with his charge laid down, and almost at once ceased to labor and to live. He leaves a lasting monument to his memory, in the Southwestern University. He was buried on the campus of the University with a suitable monument, fitly inscribed, to mark his resting place. The writer was called upon to officiate at the funeral, and assisted by a number of brethren, in the presence of a large and sympathetic concourse of preachers, professors, students and citizens, with loving tributes he was laid to rest. The body has since been transferred to the Odd Fellows' Cemetery and placed beside his faithful companion, who survived him over thirty years.

In the eleven years of Dr. Mood's administration the University had advanced from thirty-three to more than 300 pupils and from three professors to fifteen professors and tutors.

DR. HEIDT REGENT.

The Vice-Regent conducted the school through the session and at the commencement of 1885, Dr. J. W. Heidt, of Georgia, was elected to fill the vacancy. He was a most affable, Christian gentleman, and continued in office until January, 1889, when he resigned. The University continued to advance under his presidency. He returned to his native state and entered the pastorate. Dr. Heidt was a forceful speaker, of elegant manners, and is pleasantly remembered. He died a few years after leaving the institution.

VICE-REGENT IN CONTROL.

The Vice-Regent finished out the remnant of the session, and was continued in control the next scholastic year when, at the commencement of 1891, he was elected Regent.

REGENT.

The session of 1891 had but fairly begun when another great sorrow came to the University in the sudden and unexpected death of Professor S. G. Sanders, one of the most beloved and valuable professors the University ever had. His name has ever been as ointment poured forth. His excellent wife, daughter of Dr. A. M. Shipp, a prominent educator and preacher, has continued to reside at the University, and has reared and educated their four sons and three daughters, who do honor to their splendid ancestry. Two sons

are now at the front, in France, and a daughter teaches in the University, the others have honorable and useful employment.

The school continued to make steady progress in material improvements, in growing numbers and in valuable additions to the faculty. Prior to the death of Dr. Mood, valuable acquisitions to the faculty were made in the persons of R. S. Hyer, Morgan Callaway and S. J. Jones, all bright young men, who have since attained distinction in educational lines. Dr. Callaway remained a few years, and was elected to the chair of English in the State University, where he still serves with distinction. Dr. Jones established an independent school at Salado, which did a good service until his failing health forced him to retire, and he has since died. Governor Ferguson was a pupil of his. Dr. Hyer continued with the Southwestern for a number of years as professor and president, until entering the service of the Southern Methodist University at Dallas, which has made remarkable progress under his able administration, and is the most prosperous and promising institution of the Church. Professor S. E. Burkhead served quite a while in the Southwestern as principal of the fitting school, and later as a professor. He is a bright, companionable man and now serves the Clarendon College. Professor E. R. Williams, of bright mind, broad scholarly attainments, served with ability as principal of the fitting school until accepting employment elsewhere.

We had with us for a short time Professors Baden, Armstrong and White, who did us excellent service. The school found valuable accessions in Dr. J. R. Allen, W. C. Vaden, A. S. Pegues, S. H. Moore and H. A. Shands. These all, I found to be choice men, and valuable helpers in the administration of the affairs of the institution. Of the last mentioned, Vaden, Pegues and Moore are still with the University.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

Whilst we endeavored to impart liberal and thorough academic training, and encouraged debating societies, athletics and the like, yet over and above all else, as a church school and as meeting the highest ideal of education, we threw our greatest stress upon religious training, as far outweighing all else in equipping one for the great and grave responsibilities of life. Without conscious salvation, life will miss its greatest goal. In addition to religious instruction in the class rooms, we had annual revivals of religion in which much personal work was done among the students by the professors. In some revivals we had over 200 conversions among the students.

While I was reluctant to enter educational work, I have ever felt that the most valuable part of my life was the seventeen years spent in the service of the Southwestern University, where a large number of young men and women have been prepared for valuable service to church and state. No one has done a greater service for Texas

Methodism and Christian education than Dr. Mood, in the establishment of Southwestern University. He and his faithful wife have been blessed in their children, who have honored the parental name in beautiful, useful lives. Two have given themselves to the work of the ministry. One, Dr. J. R. Mood, served successfully in the mission field of Mexico, until compelled to desist because of failing health. The other, Rev. R. G. Mood, secretary of the North Texas Conference, is one of the most prominent and useful members of the conference. The oldest son, F. A. Mood, Jr., was a tutor for a time in the University, and taught elsewhere, until called by death at an early age. The oldest daughter, Miss Kittie Mood, a charming young woman, also taught in the Young Ladies' School, and later married Professor R. F. Young and died in early womanhood. The other members of the family have done honor to the parental name.

At the commencement of 1897, I tendered my resignation as Regent, and returned to the pastorate. I shall ever cherish the many precious friendships and associations formed among young and old—many of whom have passed to their reward, and many others widely scattered, are prosecuting honorable and useful vocations and looking for a better and more enduring inheritance.

XII.

BARE MENTION OF SOME SOUTHWESTERN STUDENTS.

Of the four or five thousand students with whom I came in contact during my connection with the Southwestern University, I can mention only a few out of the great number deserving complimentary notice.

PREACHERS AND OTHERS AS TEACHERS.

Of the preachers connected with school work, H. A. Boaz, D. D., for several years was president of Polytechnic College, of Fort Worth, and later was president of Texas Woman's College, which succeeded the Polytechnic. At the late General Conference, he was elected Secretary of the Board of Church Extension, and Rev. J. D. Young succeeds Dr. Boaz in the presidency of the Woman's College. James Kilgore, D. D., fills a chair in the Theological Department of the Southern Methodist University, of Dallas.

Rev. George S. Slover is president of Clarendon College; Rev. W. K. Strother has served as president of Alexander College, Jacksonville; Rev. J. J. Morgan for a time was president of Wesley College, when located at Terrell; Rev. C. A. Lehmberg was president of Cherokee College, of Cherokee; Dr. John M. Barnes was for a short time president of the College at Jacksonville, and Rev. Sam Barcus was a professor in the Southwestern,

and later president of the Seth Ward College, of Plainview. The pastorate, however, has been the field in which the Barcuses have shown most conspicuously.

Col. J. C. Hardy is president of a state institution at Gulfport, Miss., and has with him M. D. Cody, son of Dr. Cody; Dr. C. G. Carroll, deceased, was a professor of the Arkansaw University; Dr. J. H. Reedy was professor in the Southern Methodist University until recently. Dr. C. A. Nichols serves at the Southwestern; Professor W. A. Hemphill, the prince of singers, has his study in Fort Worth and is affiliated with the Woman's College; Drs. W. S. Nelms, C. E. Wilm and Albert Sanders fill professorships in other states; S. W. Standfield has long taught at San Marcos; Miss Annie Moore has for several years filled a prominent chair in the Denton Normal.

EDITORS.

Dr. James Campbell ably edited the Texas Christian Advocate for several years; and Rev. E. Hightower is doing excellent editorial service in the Sundayschool Department. Of the secular press, S. J. Thomas, deceased, of the Comanche Chief, was a gifted writer; W. A. Bowen, a veteran of the quill, wields the pen of a ready writer; C. W. Simpson was an able member of the tripod; Mrs. Willie Sampey Ford was a valiant knight of the quill. But what shall I say of the unique, indefinable Billy Mayfield, of the Houston Chronicle, who can play any role, or fit any mold, from

clergy to clown? Billy is a bright fellow, and was full of pranks at school. One will do as a sample: We had voted whiskey out of Georgetown, and on a certain occasion when a large crowd was to be assembled in town Billy, anticipating the wants of the "thirsty," prepared a villainous concoction and labeled it with the most popular brand of whiskey, which he sold at fifty cents a bottle. He did business on the sly, but managed to get in communication with the "rummies" and had not a few customers, but obligated each one not to drink in town. One customer, however, could not keep the vow and secreting himself behind a lot of wagons, drank about a half bottle before taking a rest, and when he realized what he was into, or rather what was into him, he began to heave and sigh—anathematizing Billy between performances. This was one of Billy's escapades the faculty condoned.

MISSIONARIES.

Ed. Pilley has served long and faithfully in the China mission; Rev. Jackson B. Cox, whose wife, a Miss Barcus, was a student and the daughter of a preacher; he and Frank Onderdonk have rendered conspicuous service in the Mexican mission field; Rev. E. P. Newsom for about twenty-five years has served as chaplain in the regular U. S. army.

PASTORS.

Of the older students that have become prominent in the pastorate may be mentioned Dr. Sam

Hay, who received a very complimentary vote for the episcopacy, at the last General Conference; the scholarly Dr. W. F. Dunkle, now in Florida, is thoroughly equipped for any task the Church may assign; A. L. Scales is still adding to his store of knowledge, in pursuing post-graduate courses; Dr. C. M. Harless has perhaps the largest and best selected theological library of any preacher in the state and knows how to use it; Rev. Sam Rucker ranks with the foremost in literary equipment for the ministry; Atticus Webb, Superintendent of State Anti-Saloon League, has given his services mainly to the prohibition cause; B. R. Bolton filled prominent places, until retired by failing health; E. M. Sweet, G. C. Rector, J. E. Roach, W. F. Bryan, C. B. Garrett, Glen Flynn, Chas. L. Dennis, T. W. Lovell, E. L. Ely, S. G. Kilgore, J. T. King, C. L. Brooks, F. A. Downs, J. W. Bergin, Ed Barcus, John M. Lynn, J. W. Long, M. P. Hines, B. W. Allen, F. L. McGehee have had fruitful ministries. Dr. H. C. Risner, Frank Marrs and Hardy Le Suer, of the Baptist Church, we are proud to recognize as former students—whose God is our God. Of the older ones that died in the cause, P. L. Smith and John M. Langston come prominently before me, whose swords were warm with recent fight, when they fell at their posts.

And now comes the younger lot, not a whit behind their predecessors: O. T. Cooper, Knox Porter, George French, A. L. Moore, J. W. Mills, Charles Talley, C. L. Bounds, Robt. Goodrich, Sam Black, Tom Barcus, and others, who are making full proof of their ministry.

JUDGES.

Of the judges, W. E. Hawkins, of the Supreme Court of the state, son of Rev. S. J. Hawkins, comes first; Sam Streetman, once of the Court of Civil Appeals, at Austin, is a good second; George Graves, of the Court of Civil Appeals, at Houston, son of Rev. Geo. Graves, is third in judicial rank; George's wife, daughter of Judge W. L. Davidson, of the Court of Criminal Appeals, was also a graduate of the Southwestern; J. R. Hamilton, of Austin; W. L. Dean, who presided at the trial of Governor Ferguson, and was a lay delegate to the late General Conference; his brother S. W. Dean; M. D. Slater, C. A. Wilcox, whose wife, a daughter of Captain John Snyder, was a student; Tom McCullough, whose wife, Miss Kate, daughter of Judge B. D. Orgain, is of the Alumnae; Tom Taylor, S. B. Hawkins, deceased, son of Rev. S. J. Hawkins; Rosser Thomas, A. L. Robbins, son of a preacher; Fain Milam, A. S. Walker and E. R. Campbell. These have honored their Alma Mater, and are worthy of a place in the galaxy of the distinguished.

LAWYERS.

Frank Andrews of Houston, the son of a Baptist preacher; Bob John, the son of I. G. John, D. D., his wife, a granddaughter of General Sam Houston, was also a student of the Southwestern; Will Atwell, whose wife, a daughter of Capt. D. H. Snyder, is an ex-student; John E. Green of Houston, son of a preacher; C. K. Lee of Fort Worth;

Bob Allen, Bob Knight and Jed Adams, of Dallas; Will Boyce, of Amarillo, an honor graduate; Otis Trulove, of Amarillo, whose wife, formerly Miss Jimmie Lumpkins, is an ex-student.

B. D. Dashiell, son of a Methodist preacher; J. L. Browne, H. E. Jackson, who invaded a parsonage to find a wife and took an honor graduate in the person of Miss Tabbie, daughter of Dr. Horace Bishop; H. E. Moseley, son of a Presbyterian preacher, married one of our choice Annex girls, Miss Maggie Couts; Bob Daniel, took to wife an Annex girl, Miss Nannie Stoner, whose grandfather, Judge John W. Rose, was my mother's brother and whose name I share; Julius Germany, in law and politics; John Lee Brooks, an honor graduate, is practicing law in Dallas, his wife, my daughter Eunice, is of the Alumnae; Marvin M. McLean is a graduate in law, but fills a government position, whose wife, Miss Maggie Young, is a graduate; E. M. Browder, Staunton Allen, A. A. Cocke, B. P. and I. B. Lane, W. D. Gordon, J. S. Callicutt, J. M. Mathis, Lon Mathis, deceased; John Fain, E. P. Scott, and others. Many of the foregoing are numbered with the most prominent and influential men of the state.

DOCTORS.

Marvin L. Graves, son of Rev. G. W. Graves, and professor of the State Medical College, deserves prominent mention; as do: R. W. Baird, of Dallas, who took for a fitting companion, a graduate from the Ladies' Annex, and a preacher's

daughter—Miss Linnie Bishop; Phil. Gibbs and J. H. Foster, of Houston; W. L. Mann, of the naval service; Woodson, of Temple, O. S. Hodges, of Houston, son of a preacher; Ed Becton, of Greenville; J. W. Bourland, of Dallas, son of H. A. Bourland, D. D.; A. Y. Easterwood, C. D. Smith, I. P. Sessions, Robert Sellers, son of a Baptist preacher. These are of the older students. Of the younger ones coming to the front: A. I. Folsom, of Dallas, is conspicuous, and finds company in: J. H. Black, of Dallas; John Black, of Hearne; C. C. Cody, Jr., of the American forces in France; Henry Graves, son of Rev. G. W. Graves, is now with the army at the front; and to these may be added C. G. Green and G. H. Lee, and others.

POLITICIANS.

Bob Henry comes first, having served with distinction twenty years in Congress; Marvin Jones is now a rising member of Congress; A. B. Davidson has served as Lieutenant-Governor; Earl Mayfield, C. A. Sweeton, W. C. McKamy and D. E. Decker have been prominent in politics and official stations. Sweeton is the son of a Methodist preacher. Decker has been twice married and married Annex girls who were sisters and granddaughters of General Houston. Temple Houston, a son of the General, was our pupil. He was brilliant, but died early. We had with us also Will C. Hogg, son of the Governor, who is prominently before the state; Jeff D. Reagan, son of John H. Reagan; Asa Willie, son of Judge Willie, formerly

of the State Supreme Court. R. E. Thomason, W. D. Cope and R. P. Dorough are conspicuous members of the Legislature. Ivey Burney, D. C. Giddings, W. A. Tarver and J. J. Terrell are familiar names. J. R. Bowman, deceased, served in the state senate, and as secretary to Gov. Campbell. A. L. Camp, Hamp Abney, R. C. Porter, W. L. McDonald, H. G. King, R. C. Walker, J. R. Jackson, C. W. Batsell, Tom West and Walter Nelson are names known to law and politics.

CAPITALISTS.

Of the capitalists, Hon. J. H. Kirby and Judge R. E. Brooks come well to the front, Kirby in the lumber business, and Judge Brooks prominent in the Texas Oil Company Judge Brooks, before going into the oil business, had entered upon a most promising judicial career, and while he has profited by the change financially, I doubt not the state lost much when he doffed the judicial ermine. He is a nephew of General Ed. Burleson of early Texas fame. Judge Brooks took an Annex girl, Miss Fannie Booty, for a life-partner. Malcolm Graham and his brothers, Ed and Bob, are well to the front in finances. Their sister Bessie, later Mrs. Craig, was a charming young lady at school. Ed McCullough, mayor of Waco; J. B. Sneed, W. G. Swinson, Charley Campbell—capitalists—all drew on the Alumnae for wives. McCullough invaded a parsonage and took Miss Flora, daughter of Rev. Geo. Graves; Sneed married a daughter of Mr. Tom Snyder; Swenson married Miss McCol-

lum, sister of Professor Young; Campbell was fortunate in getting Miss Blanche Leavell. W. S. Gibbs, Howell McCullough, Reed Markham and John S. Bonner have figured in finances, and Edgar Weldon is climbing that ladder.

I must not overlook Ed Burkhead, who figures in railroad circles. Ed began at college with a miniature railroad, and no discouragement from his father could deter him, and in despair, his father turned him over to the railroad shops, at Palestine, and they put Ed to cleaning engines, and then to running engines, and now Ed rides in his private car as a railroad official. His father is still training young ideas how to shoot—except in cases like Ed, that have visions of the future.

Allen K. Ragsdale has figured in railroad service, and his sister, Miss Belle, an honor graduate, has made a state reputation in her connection with the Texas Christian Advocate.

XIII.

CHURCH AND SCHOOLS.

The church is the mother of schools, and has ever been the friend and patron of learning. It was so in the days of Moses, who "was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," which was made possible through the great schools founded by the priests, and where Plato later came to study. The school and the synagogue were inseparable in the days of Israel. Luther laid the foundation for the great universities of Germany which are today the sources of her power and weakness, her upbuilding and undoing. The elimination of Christian teaching from her schools, and the introduction of materialism and rationalism will prove her ruin. The prominent institutions of England and Scotland had their beginning and growth in close relation to the Christian church, and the noted schools of our own country owe their existence to the religious character of their founders.

Education in its fullest and best sense contemplates the simultaneous and symmetrical development of the entire man—physical, mental, spiritual—and finds a parallel in the growth of a tree. A tree does not first grow to root, then to trunk, and then to branch, but simultaneously and symmetrically it grows, root, stem and branch. So should it be in the development of man. One department of his being developed at the neglect of the others, produces a lopsided man. The in-

tellect educated at the neglect of the other departments, is likely to develop an atheist, von-Hindenburg, Kaiser Wilhelm; or as Huxley says, "apt as not turn out an astute scoundrel." The physical developed to the neglect of the mental and moral powers, and we have a low-browed Jack Johnson, principally brawn, but lacking in gray matter and morals. The spiritual cultivated to the neglect of the mental and physical, and we are liable to develop a religious crank, a fanatic. What we should contemplate in education is a well rounded manhood of balanced powers, physically, intellectually and morally, and this should be the ideal of every school from start to finish, from the primary to the university.

Man is a religious animal. The religious instinct is common to all humanity, no tribe or nation is without it, and this basal fact of our being is recognized in the structure of our government. Daniel Webster assumed in his contest of the Gerard will (which denied to ministers the right of access to Gerard College) that ours is a Christian civilization in contradistinction from Paganism or Atheism. Noah Webster said in the preface to his dictionary that, "The United States began their existence wholly unexampled in the history of nations. They began with learning, science, arts, and with the best gift of God to man—the Christian religion." This was the first nation ever made by Bible-reading men, and for one hundred and fifty years the Bible was the law book of the American Colonies. From this holy book they learned to repudiate the old despotic

order of choosing rulers by heredity, and adopted the divine rule of merit, as shown from Abel to David. Abel, the younger, was preferred to Cain; Shem, to Japheth; Isaac, to Ishmael; Jacob, to Esau; and on down to David, when Samuel was restrained from anointing Eliab the oldest as king, instead of David the youngest, being admonished that, "man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh on the heart."

Before subscribing their names to the Declaration of American Independence, the supporters of that greatest conception of statesmanship (as claimed by Gladstone) had their chaplain to read from the Bible and engage in solemn prayer to Almighty God, "appealing to the rectitude of their intentions, and firm reliance on God's protecting providence." And a few years later, in the formation of a constitution for the government of the free and independent states, that had been wrested from British domination by the revolutionary sires, after a few days of unsatisfactory progress, and feeling their great need of divine blessing in the construction of so great an instrument involving the freedom and happiness of the people, Mr. Franklin, heartily sanctioned by General Washington, moved, "that they agree to adjourn for three days, talk in a conciliatory spirit over their differences, and in coming together again that they have a chaplain to meet with them and invoke the blessing of heaven." This done, it was found an easier task to frame the constitution of the greatest government the sun has yet shown on, and as the symbol of their faith they

stamped on their standard dollar, "In God We Trust." This slogan of our national trust, I regret to say, was objectionable to Mr. Roosevelt who desired its elimination, and it was the proud privilege of our Senator Morris Sheppard to shield it from sacrilegious hands.

Our government abounds with evidences of reverence for God, for the Bible and the use of prayer. Upon this holy book the oath of office has been administered to our presidents from Washington to Wilson. Without the recognition of a supreme being one is not regarded as a competent witness, or juror. In perpetuation of the religious faith and practice of the fathers, we have our national, state and army chaplains, lifting their hearts and voices in prayer to God for the preservation and protection of our government and people.

From the foregoing statement it may be seen that religious sentiment permeated the minds and hearts of the founders and fathers of our Republic, and asserted itself as occasion required. As will be seen, the constitutional deliverance on this vital question neither prescribes nor proscribes religion, and is intended to type all subsequent legislation upon this question. "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." The framers of our government wisely refused to follow the example of the mother country, in establishing a national form of religion, and were equally wise in refusing to establish an hereditary rulership. And in so doing they laid the founda-

tion for the development of the highest types of religion and patriotism. Religiously and politically we have an open field and a fair fight for the survival of the fittest. The constitution does not commit the nation to one certain religious sect or political party to the exclusion of others, but all fare alike. If a religious sect or church cannot sustain itself in fair competition with others, but must be fed on public pap, that church has no place in a land of religious and political liberty. This fundamental principle laid down in our national constitution is adhered to in our state legislation that declares against a prescribed state religion on the one hand; and religious intolerance on the other hand that would deny to her citizens, "the natural and indefeasible right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own consciences."

However much the church may have had to do with educational interests in the past, and whatever her interest may be in the future, yet it has come to pass in later years that popular education has practically passed into the hands of the state, and as a citizen vitally interested in public education, I may be allowed a few reflections on this important interest.

In the preceding pages I have claimed for moral and religious training a prominent place in an ideal system of education, and I am happy to say that I find nothing in the legislation of our state in conflict with this claim. Our state legislators have not declared against the cardinal principles of religion being taught in the public schools, but

against sectarianism, the tenets of some particular sect, or some specific form of religion being taught in the public free schools. The legislation is well and wisely framed upon this delicate point, nicely discriminating between what is inhibited and what is reserved to the people.

Our state constitution says, "No part of the public school fund shall ever be appropriated to, or used for the support of any sectarian school." In conformity to this constitutional enactment, the statutes recite that, "No form of religion shall ever be taught in any of the public schools, and no school in which any sectarian religion is taught, either directly or indirectly, in or out of school hours, shall be entitled to any portion of the free school fund." Here the terms "form of religion" and "sectarian religion" are used interchangeably and explain each other. By "sectarian religion" we mean the religion or religious tenets of some particular sect or denomination. By "form of religion," as here used interchangeably with "sectarian religion" we would understand any distinct form or system of religion, as the "Presbyterian form of religion," "Methodist form of religion," "Baptist, Catholic, Jewish," etc., such "forms of religion" are also characterized and distinguished as religious sects, as the Jewish sect, the Methodist sect, etc. The law wisely interdicts the teaching of distinctive denominational tenets, under the general head of "sectarian religion." The teacher of the public school has nothing to do with "bapto" and "baptidzo." It is entirely out of place to indoctrinate students

on mooted points of theology, such as the "mode of water baptism," "final preseverence of the saints," "apostolic succession," "election and reprobation," and kindred sectarian issues. Such issues as these are relegated to the home, church, theological seminaries, and have no place in the common schools and are wisely forbidden.

Strange to say, however, in the earlier experiences of the public schools of our state these constitutional and statutory enactments against sectarianism and specific forms of religion were construed to mean the exclusion of the entire subject of religion and religious exercises from the public schools, and under the Roberts administration prayer and reading of the scriptures were excluded from the public schools. At that time I was engaged in teaching in the Southwestern University, and visited Governor Roberts at the Mansion in Austin, and had an interview with him on the subject. He was quite courteous and in the course of conversation consented to the admission of such scriptures as, the Lord's sermon on the mountain, and the repetition of the Lord's prayer in the public schools. This to my mind was an admission of the principle for which I was contending, but it did not go far enough. Under the succeeding administration, that of Governor Ireland, the position for which I contended was accepted. In an address before the State Teachers' Association at Waco, pending the exclusion of the Bible and prayer from the public schools, the following are some of the positions assumed by me on that occasion:

(1) In the first place the framers of our constitution and laws bearing on this question did not intend to declare against religion as such, as though it was an evil, but against a national form of religion after the example of England, in the adoption of the Episcopal form of religion, thus boosting one sect of religionists above others. No such invidious discriminations were to be made by our government, but the people as a whole were to be free in the exercise of their religious rights and preferences.

(2) Our state conformed to the policy of the government in declaring against a state religion and against sectarianism, or specific forms of religion being taught in the public schools and refused financial aid to any school where sectarianism is taught.

(3) In order to be a competent juror or witness, one must believe in a supreme being. The sanctity of the Bible and the God of the Bible are recognized in its use in the administration of the presidential oath of office, which is typical of all official and judicial oaths. Unless divine sanctity attaches to the formal oath, it becomes a farce. The following "take-off" by Dr. Talmage illustrates. He presumes that a formal oath is to be administered to Mr. Ingersoll, an avowed agnostic, or atheist as the case might be. The officer proposes to swear Mr. Ingersoll upon the Bible, but no, Mr. Ingersoll does not believe in the Bible. The officer takes another tack and says to Mr. Ingersoll: "Do you solemnly swear in the presence of Almighty God?" No, go again,

Mr. Ingersoll does not believe in God and we are at a deadlock in judicial proceedings. The officer is now supposed to find something that Mr. Ingersoll does believe in, and formulates the following oath: "Do you solemnly swear by the spots in the sun, the milky way, and the aurora borealis, that what you testify shall be the truth, so help you, aurora borealis?" The Bible and the God of the Bible are constituent parts of our civilization and are recognized in the history of our government, its formation and administration. One should be regarded as an abnormal citizen who cannot take a formal oath with its implied recognition of God and our amenability to him. The nation is formally committed to God and prayer by the inscription upon its coinage, "In God We Trust," and in its chaplaincy for congress, the army and navy, and state legislatures. In fact, the first sentence of our state constitution is a prayer: "Humbly invoking the blessing of Almighty God, the people of the State of Texas do ordain and establish this constitution." Here again God and prayer are recognized by the highest authority of our state—its constitution. The question now recurs, how can our national and state legislators exercise a right which they deny to their constituents? Through their chaplains and otherwise they exercise the right of prayer in congress, state legislatures and elsewhere, and yet the school board has ruled that to pray in a public school violates the law which forbids the teaching of "sectarian religion" in public schools. The conclusion is inevitable that, if to pray in a

public school, is to teach sectarian religion in a public school, then to pray in congress and the legislature is to teach sectarian religion in congress and in the legislature, which reduces the ruling of the board to an absurdity. *Reductio ad absurdum.*

(5) The use of the restrictive and qualifying term "sectarian" as employed by the law-makers to define what is interdicted, is evidence that all religion was not meant to be excluded—only sectarianism, the distinguishing tenets of some particular religious sect, or denomination.

(6) As the law demands that teachers of the public schools "shall be persons of good moral character," and as all morality is founded in religion, then the law includes morality among the essential qualifications of a teacher. And for the same reason that the law demands literary qualifications with the expectation that literary instruction is to be imparted to the pupil, so the demand for moral fitness on the part of the teacher, contemplates the impartation of moral instruction to the student. Huxley claimed that any system of education was sadly defective that omitted the cultivation of the moral nature, and he further said that the "Bible contains the best code of morals and should be used in the public school." Aside from its moral excellency, the Bible is to be prized for its literary merit, its poetry and history, and on this ground should have recognition in the public schools along with Shakespeare, Milton and other books of educational value.

(7) It is not mine to say what the specific

religious exercises shall be. That is for the several school communities to decide for themselves, their only legal restriction is that they do not teach "sectarianism," the tenets of some particular religious sect. Outside of this restriction, the rich mines of Bible truth that may enter into the development of men and women of a high order of intellectual and moral worth, are available to the teachers and should be used. Coming now to our own day, we should be both warned and instructed by the fatal, fearful mistake of Germany in excluding all religious sentiment and teaching from her schools, from the primary to the university and accepting instead, godless rationalism and materialism with their fearful consequences as now seen in German atrocities committed upon helpless women and children and otherwise shown in the heartless, ruthless warfare now being waged by her against the Allied Powers.

(8) It is plead in extenuation of such action as the elimination of all religious exercises from the public schools that it is a precautionary measure against the union of church and state. Are there those who really fear a union of church and state, in view of existing conditions to prevent such a possibility? Or are such needless sensations the vaporings of ward politicians out of something to say? Have such sensationalists ever realized that in our nation there is no such thing as "The Church"—the Established Church? Such a thing was made impossible in the outset of our government. "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or

prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Under this broad constitutional provision religionists have organized themselves into separate sects, or churches. And aside from the constitutional barrier to the union of church and state, these several independent churches, or religious sects, are themselves the greatest guarantee against such union. Do such alarmists fear that the state will enter into union with one of these sects, or denominations—say the Methodists, for illustration? Then what would the Baptists, Presbyterians, Catholics and others do? Would they sit quietly by and tolerate such a thing? Never! The other religious organizations would be the very last to submit to such a union. Or do such anxious souls fear that all the religious denominations, Methodists, Baptists, Disciples, Presbyterians, Jews, Catholics and the rest, will pool their religious interests and all come together upon a common religious platform and unite with the state? Can any sane mind anticipate such an absurdity? Then why create such needless agitation that can only militate against wholesome moral and religious influences being exerted in our public schools in the formation of exalted character.

Lastly, in excluding the Bible from the schools we heap contumely upon a book constituting the basis of our civilization and jurisprudence, a book sacred in the annals of history and dear to the hearts of our people. In return for compensation received at the hands of the state, the teacher should develop an ideal citizenship. And what

is the want of the state in this particular? Does intelligence alone meet the ideal of good citizenship? Are intellectual sharpers the great need of the state? Or do we need men of integrity, as well as men of intelligence? The King of Sparta when asked for the walls of Sparta, pointed proudly to his well trained soldiers, saying: "These are the walls of Sparta, and every man a brick." Washington did not recognize the safety of his country in bristling bayonets and frowning fortifications, but declared that, "The prosperity and perpetuity of a Republican form of government depend upon the virtue and intelligence of the people."

"God give us men! A time like this demands,
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands,
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog,
In public duty and in private thinking."

And such men cannot be had without a high order of moral as well as intellectual culture.

XIV.

RETURN TO THE PASTORATE.

INTRODUCTION OF METHODISM IN DALLAS COUNTY.

The fathers and founders of Methodism were specialists in a sense. John Wesley, an all-round man, preacher, writer, scholar, was unexcelled as an organizer and administrator. His brother Charles was unrivaled as a hymn-writer; Adam Clarke as a learned commentator; Richard Watson as a profound theologian; Fletcher as a polemic; and Whitfield as the greatest evangelist and field preacher of his day. Under the discriminating mind of John Wesley in the selection of cardinal tenets of belief; the adoption of a somewhat military system of administration; aided by his galaxy of consecrated specialists; we have in England near the middle of the eighteenth century, the rise of Methodism, the most aggressive protestant propaganda of the Christian religion yet known.

Under its propulsive system it was not long reaching the western hemisphere, and sporadic manifestations of Methodism appeared in several of the colonies before the Revolutionary struggle, and took organic form in 1784, with Coke and Asbury as bishops. The church has kept pace with the star of empire in its westward course and reached Texas in 1817 and had its first organization at Jonesboro, Red River County, then supposed to be a part of Miller County, Arkansaw.

William Stevenson, then a member of the Missouri Conference, organized the first society.

Not until the achievement of Texas independence in 1836, by Houston and his compatriots, was Texas open to the establishment of protestant churches, having been previously under the government of Mexico, and dominated by Catholicism. But after this great change from domination to democracy, and the influx of population from the states, churches were established as fast as savagery gave way to civilization.

Mrs. W. M. Cochran, a sister of the Rev. W. H. Hughes, was the first Methodist to locate in the territory now known as Dallas County. This was in 1843. The following year, Isaac B. Webb, a brother-in-law, located upon an adjoining section of land, and from his diary we learn the first sermon was preached in the Cochran home by Thomas Brown, a Methodist preacher, March 19, 1844.

Circuit preaching was established the following year (1845) and we have this announcement from the minutes of the East Texas Conference at its organization, Marshall, February 4, 1846, Bishop Soule presiding: "Orin Hatch was sent to Dallas."

As there has been some controversy as to the organization of the East Texas Conference, it is well to say that, the General Conference of 1844, provided for the division of the original Texas Conference. The Texas Conference, as then composed, held its last session at San Augustine, and closed January 14, 1845, Bishop Janes presiding.

The divided conference was then referred to as the Eastern and Western Conferences. The first session of the East Texas Conference was held at Marshall, beginning Feb. 4, 1846, Bishop Soule presiding, and was formally organized as a conference.

We have no further mention of Orin Hatch in connection with the Dallas work, and Isaac Webb states that Daniel Shook (the grandfather of Mrs. W. H. Allen and her sister, Miss Ruby Lawrence of Dallas), was the first circuit rider, and organized the first Methodist society in the home of Isaac Webb, May 5, 1845, composed of the following members: Isaac B. Webb, Mary Webb, Mrs. W. M. Cochran, M. F. Fortner and Mrs. Fortner. Webb's diary says there were five members at the organization. The following members were soon added to the above list: W. M. Cochran, Mary Byrd, C. and J. Harris, David Shahan, James Shelly and Caroline Shelly.

In 1846 Mr. Webb built of round logs a house sixteen feet square for church and school purposes, known as Webb Chapel. This was supplanted in 1858 by Cochran Chapel, a pretentious frame building for that day, 30 by 40 feet. The lumber was hauled on wagons a distance of 150 miles. This was the first churchhouse formally deeded and dedicated to the Methodist Church in this part of the state, Dr. McKenzie preached the dedicatory sermon. Cochran Chapel has also the distinction of being one of the first, if not the first, church in which a district conference was held, Bishop Marvin presiding. This was in 1867.

Dallas County was created from Robertson County, west of the Trinity River, and Nacogdoches County east of the river, and took its name from the Vice President, G. M. Dallas, James K. Pock being President. At this date Dallas was a very inconsequential place, and attached to the Bonham circuit, of the Clarksville district, and later to the McKinney circuit, of the Palestine district, but now comprising almost an entire district within itself, such has been the progress of Methodism in this locality since the coming of the Cochrans and Webbs, when it was the range of wild beasts and savages.

One of the first accounts of service in Dallas, then a village of 100 or 200 people, was in the summer of 1853, when, as related by Uncle Buck Hughes, the Rev. James A. Smith, a local preacher of the Cochran neighborhood, preached in a small room 14 by 14 feet, on the southwest corner of the courthouse square, to an audience not exceeding one dozen. He mentions the following names as constituting the Methodists of the town at that time: J. A. Crutchfield and family, Mrs. Sarah Cockrell, Mrs. Browder, Ed. Browder, Dr. Rice, Marlin Thompson, Andrew Moore, and their families, and adds that we had no churchhouse in Dallas until 1868, and that preaching was held in the lower room of the Masonic Hall, and in the courthouse.

The following preachers served the territory in which Dallas was embraced from 1845 to the close of the war between the states: Daniel Shook, Joab Biggs, M. F. Cole, J. G. Hardin

(father of the noted John Wesley Hardin), Andrew Cumming, W. E. Bates, W. K. Masten (for whom Masten street was named), H. W. Cumming, L. C. Crouse, Alexander Dixon, Alexander Hinkle, L. R. Dennis, A. C. McDougal, W. T. Melugin, W. Shaw and J. W. Chalk. The following were presiding elders: Daniel Payne, J. W. Fields, Aikin Ross, John B. Tullis, J. R. Bellamy and W. H. Hughes.

In 1866, W. C. Young was in charge of the Dallas circuit and began the agitation of a church building in Dallas, and found in the Rev. J. E. Scott, a local preacher, a warm supporter of the movement, who proposed to give $500 for that purpose. The following conference year, 1867-68, W. C. Young was presiding elder of the Dallas district, and W. H. Hughes was the first station preacher, but the latter did not serve out the year, having moved to Tennessee. The conference session of 1867 marked the organization of the Trinity Conference (now North Texas Conference), which was created from the northern part of the East Texas Conference, by authority of the General Conference of 1866.

As Presiding elder, Brother Young renewed his effort to build a church in Dallas, having the encouragement and assistance of Brother Scott. He learned of a former effort to build that resulted in raising $600, but the enterprise was abandoned, by intervention of the war, and the money placed in the hands of Marlin Thompson for safe keeping. Notwithstanding the war dissipated the resources and holdings of Brother Thompson, leav-

ing but an humble homestead, yet upon application for the money entrusted to his keeping, he sold his homestead to refund the amount, and with this additional amount and smaller subscriptions, the original Lamar Street Methodist Church was built, Mrs. Sarah Cockrell and daughter having donated the lot. The church was ready for dedication and occupancy at the session of the Annual Conference in Dallas, beginning October 28, 1868, Bishop Doggett presiding. The church was formally dedicated on Sunday of the conference, preceded by a masterful discourse by the Bishop.

This marked a new era in the history of Methodism in Dallas. A new church, with the return of peace and prosperity, added fresh impetus to the zeal and efforts of the membership and friends of the church, and was the prophecy of unwonted prosperity.

My space will only allow brief mention of subsequent facts and factors. About fifteen years later this parent church was burned, and replaced at the corner of Commerce and Prather streets by the present commodious brick building, under the pastorate of the Rev. L. M. Lewis, an ex-Confederate General.

About this time the old hive began to swarm, and as a result we now have within the city limits thirteen distinct pastoral charges with an approximate membership of eight thousand. In addition to the names already given of those who have served First Church in the capacity of pastor or presiding elder, I will record the following, re-

gretting that I have neither space nor data to represent in like manner the several branches of the original stalk. Without discrimination between pastors and presiding elders, I give the following: T. M. Smith, R. W. Thompson, J. M. Binkley, W. F. Easterling, A. C. Allen, M. H. Neely, J. R. Allen, H. A. Bourland, R. M. Powers, L. M. Lewis, T. R. Pierce, C. O. Jones, E. W. Alderson, E. L. Spraggins, G. C. Rankin, John H. McLean, W. E. Boggs, I. W. Clark, J. L. Pierce, J. M. Moore, J. L. Morris, J. W. Hill, J. M. Peterson, G. M. Gibson, S. R. Hay, O. F. Sensabaugh and the present incumbent, S. H. C. Burgin.

DALLAS DISTRICT.

Upon leaving Georgetown, I was assigned to the Dallas district as presiding elder, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Rev. R. M. Powers. Brother Powers was one of the most prominent members of the North Texas Conference. He was an all-round man, and was a born leader of men. He was warm-hearted, generous and true, greatly beloved by his brethren and a strong, forceful preacher.

In 1897 when I came to Dallas, the city seemed to have overdone itself in the past, and there was for several years great depression in real estate, many vacant houses, and property to be had at less than half its normal price. These low rates extended to other things, provisions for instance, bacon at ten cents per pound, beef five or six, flour two dollars per hundred, corn twenty-five cents per bushel, hay five dollars per ton. What a strik-

ing contrast with present prices. One could not have dreamed of the excessive prices that now prevail. The purchasing power of a dollar was then many times what it is now, and the true way to estimate the value of a dollar is by its purchasing power. Advance in wages, with loss in the purchasing power of the wage, is more specious than real.

After a few years the money panic passed over, and prosperous conditions obtained. Dallas for a number of years has been making great strides forward, and with her location in the richest and most populous part of the state, with her splendid citizenship, she is destined to be in many respects the ideal city of Texas, not only in a business way, but along social, moral and educational lines. An unmistakable evidence of her superiority in these respects was expressed, in her vote to put out the saloon and concomitant vices, in advance of any other prominent city of the state, and the action of Dallas was the death knell of the liquor traffic in Texas—the prophecy of statewide prohibition. It stands as a beacon light to the state. Its splendid city schools, denominational institutions of university grade, for academic, vocational and professional training, its imposing hospitals and churches, all attest the high order of its progressive citizenship. I look with amazement upon the wonderful progress made in these and other particulars since now, 1918 and 1897, when I entered upon the duties of this district as presiding elder.

Of the prominent ministers of Dallas Metho-

dism at the time of my appointment (1897) as presiding elder, may be mentioned, E. L. Spraggins, who died pending a successful pastorate at First Church. He was an elegant gentleman, eloquent preacher, and fell in the midst of increasing popularity and usefulness. He was happily mated in his cultured wife, who still survives, and has reared and educated two accomplished daughters and a manly son.

Dr. Rankin succeeded Bro. Spraggins in the pastorate of First Church, and took prominence among the pastors of the city, as a strong, aggressive preacher. In a short time he was elected to the editorship of the Texas Christian Advocate to succeed Dr. T. R. Pierce, and for sixteen years was conspicuous in the affairs of church and state, until claimed by death. He was a facile, forceful writer, dealing in the main with social questions and matters of public welfare. He was an able and avowed champion of the prohibition cause, and did much to advance its interests in the state. He was a social and religious reformer, served several terms in the general conference and in other conspicuous positions. He is buried in Greenwood Cemetery, Dallas, and is survived by his devoted wife and children, who are a credit to his memory.

T. R. Pierce, D. D., took rank with the foremost writers of the church. His editorials were often masterpieces of English classics. He sometimes dealt in satire, and woe to the luckless victim of his caustic criticism. He was an incessant reader of choice literature, a great preacher and

steadfast friend. He died rather prematurely, and is buried at Bowie. His wife survives. His children share his rare intellectual gifts.

C. M. Harless was then a rising young man, studious, attentive to duty, thorough in pulpit preparation and foreshadowed the prominence and usefulness that awaited him. The conference has not a more industrious and efficient preacher.

T. H. Morris is a man of high order of intelligence and stands for the right as he sees it. He is highly esteemed by his brethren.

Sebe Crutchfield is a unique character, outspoken, fearless, and faithful to the claims of the church. His labors have borne fruit. He is now chaplain of the legislature of Arizona.

J. J. Morgan is a young man of refined forbears, is highly educated and thoroughly devoted to the work of the church and ministry. He has done efficient service in the pastorate, as president of Wesley College, and is now representative of the American Bible Society.

C. A. Spraggins then gave evidence of a prominent future. He was a thoughtful reader of thoughtful books, of congenial manners, of a logical cast of mind and a convincing speaker. He is now among the foremost of his conference.

J. H. Reynolds is the sweet spirited Saint John of the conference, loved and honored by all. He has served long and well and is ripe for heaven. He will soon join his ascended companion.

J. R. Atchley by dint of close study and application to duty, has overcome great odds and become a popular and successful pastor, an instruc-

tive preacher and is much esteemed by his brethren.

W. R. Edwards is a typical Southerner, of fine intellect, well educated, and makes thorough preparation for the pulpit. He also wields a facile pen. After long service, he and his faithful helpmeet are awaiting the Master's call. They have just recently celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary. He wore "the gray" in war times.

W. M. P. Rippey is a fluent, forceful speaker, a good mixer and successful preacher. He has served well his generation, and leaves a successor in the ministry, Lee Rippey, a young man with many splendid qualities of head and heart. Brother and Sister Rippey are nearing the border land, and ere long will be hailed happy on the other shore.

Rev. G. W. Owens has long been a resident of Dallas, and has figured prominently in the cause of civic righteousness. He has been a benefactor of many worthy objects, and was buried a few months since. He leaves a nice family to perpetuate his name.

Dr. E. G. Patton was a valuable member of this community. He was kind, sympathetic and helpful. Epps G. Knight loves the church, stands for law and order and is much honored by his fellow citizens. W. M. Crow is a splendid man. He is ever for the right.

B. M. Burgher has for years been prominent in church work, especially in the sundayschool department. In this he but honored the memory of his ascended father and mother.

Capt. W. W. White was one of our most useful members.

W. C. Everett stands by the church, and is a useful enterprising layman and very capable. He tries to keep his church to the fore.

Judge N. W. Finley, the son of Rev. R. S. Finley, was an honored and useful layman of the church, and a jurist of great ability.

Judge J. E. Cockrell stands four-square for the church and the promotion of civic righteousness. He is a valuable member of society.

In this company of active lay workers is to be numbered W. L. Diamond, J. D. Cullum, A. V. Lane, Dr. Coble, Dr. Howell, E. W. Rose, W. H. Potts, J. W. Slaughter, the Yeargans, Baker, Dr. Thruston, and those elect ladies, Mesdames Howell, Young, Thruston, Swink, Tompkins, Dorsey, Crow, Diamond, Cockrell, and others too numerous to mention.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF LOUIS BLAYLOCK AS PRINTER AND PUBLISHER OF THE TEXAS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE AND HISTORY OF THE ADVOCATE.

On this eventful occasion the Methodist Church in Texas is to be complimented upon having had in its employ one who for fifty consecutive years has received its endorsement and approval in the publication of its official organ, and the publisher, likewise, is to be congratulated upon his long, faithful and acceptable service in this important department of church work.

Brother Blaylock has had more than a pe-

cuniary interest in the Advocate. He loves the work of the church, her ministry, membership, institutions and missions, and by reason of such devotion comes to this good hour a highly esteemed and honored layman.

The first we know of a "Texas Christian Advocate" is in 1847, owned and edited by Rev. R. B. Wells, Brenham, Texas. Within a year the paper changed hands, becoming the property of Rev. Orceneth Fisher, and was moved to Houston. A movement to establish a paper under the immedate ownership and control of the church resulted in the establishment of the Texas Wesleyan Banner at Houston, with Rev. Chauncey Richardson as editor. The first issue was about February, 1849.

Doctors Fisher and Richardson ranked with the ablest preachers and best writers of their day. In 1851 Dr. Richardson was succeeded in the editorship by Rev. Rottenstein; and in the summer of 1853 Rottenstein was followed by Rev. Simon B. Cameron, who died of yellow fever soon after, and J. A. Hancock took charge of the editorial management of the paper. At the General Conference of 1854 the name of the paper was changed from "Texas Wesleyan Banner" to "Texas Christian Advocate," its location changed from Houston to Galveston, and Rev. C. C. Gillespie elected editor. Here the writer's personal knowledge of the paper begins. In 1855 the paper had about two thousand subscribers, hitherto it had less than one thousand. At the General Conference of 1858 Rev. J. E. Carnes was made

editor, with Rev. James W. Shipman publisher. Of the worthy laymen that generously assisted with their means in the early publication of the paper honorable mention should be made of Mr. Chas. Shearn, of Houston, and Mr. David Ayres, of Galveston.

For two years the Advocate was suspended during the war between the states, but reappeared in half sheet issue in 1864, Carnes editor and Houston the location—Galveston being held by the Federals. In 1865, upon suspension of hostilities, the paper was returned to Galveston, with Rev. H. B. Philpott, an able writer and preacher, as editor and Capt. Grant as publisher. But little was done, however, until the meeting of the General Conference in 1866, when Rev. I. G. John became editor, and about this time Brother Blaylock was employed in the publishing department of the Advocate and a few years later, under the firm name of Shaw & Blaylock, became publisher, which honorable relation he sustains today, Mr. Shaw having retired in 1894.

As already stated. my personal knowledge of the Advocate and its editors began in 1854 with Dr. C. C. Gillespie as editor, a sprightly writer and attractive preacher. He was followed in 1858 by Dr. J. E. Carnes, a profound thinker, metaphysician, logician, able writer and preacher. In 1866 Dr. I. G. John was elected editor, an excellent man of pleasing manners, racy writer, good preacher, courageous in opposing sin, especially in its grosser forms. It was while he was editor this writer became a member of the Joint

Board of Publication of the Advocate and for nineteen years served in this capacity, involving the editorship of five editors.

In 1884 Dr. John was followed by Dr. Geo. W. Briggs, one of the leading preachers and writers of the church, eloquent and graceful.

In 1887 the Advocate was moved from Galveston to Dallas, a more central and better distributing point.

In 1888 Dr. James Campbell became editor, a sturdy character, thoughtful writer and preacher, who stood by his convictions and the best interests of the church.

In 1894 Dr. Thos. R. Pierce succeeded to the editorial tripod, a lover of books and dogs, unsurpassed as writer and preacher, knew no fear, and woe to the Uzziah that laid his sacrilegious hand upon the ark of Methodism. He could rival Addison in diction, or Demosthenes in phillippic when occasion required.

In 1898 came another valiant knight of the quill, the redoubtable Dr. Geo. C. Rankin, who knew men and things, a forceful writer and speaker, aggressive, assaulting the ramparts of iniquity and a fearless defender of home and state. He will not soon be forgotten.

The next is the present incumbent, Dr. W. D. Bradfield, scholarly, consecrated, gentlemanly, an able preacher and accomplished writer, embracing in a large measure the virtues of his worthy predecessors.

The last issue of the Advocate, September 17, 1918, announces the resignation of Dr. Bradfield

and the election of Dr. A. J. Weems. Brother Weems has a well-balanced mind, of fine attainments and gives promise of a successful editorial career.

All honor to the men, living and dead, editors and publishers, who have brought the Advocate from humble beginnings, its day of half-sheet and one-sheet issues, and nine hundred subscribers—to a front place in religious journalism, of sixteen pages of the best printer's art and a weekly issue that has reached above 30,000 copies. But of all those who have contributed to the growth and prosperity of the paper none are more deserving of signal mention than the senior publisher, Louis Blaylock, whose semi-centennial of continuous service we commemorate with this issue of the Advocate (September 14, 1916). We should not in conclusion overlook the junior members of the Blaylock Publishing Company, who give promise of like service, and the inevitable, indispensable Miss Belle, the cyclopedia of the Advocate office.

FORTY-FIRST APPOINTMENT.

Conference met in 1900 at Denton, Bishop Candler presiding. Bishop Candler is one of our greatest men, as a preacher, platform speaker and administrator. Few can withstand his wit and repartee. He is a typical Southerner and of a conservative cast of mind. He jealously guards the interests of his church. He has had few equals in our church.

From this conference I was sent to the McKin-

ney station, F. A. Rosser, presiding elder. He is one of our best preachers, scriptural, earnest and edifying. He is much esteemed by his conference. After years of faithful service, he is now confined to his room in Dallas, a sufferer, and will no more be able to go in and out as aforetime with his brethren, but must patiently await the Master's bidding. His faithful wife and daughter are with him, while his noble son, Captain Dick Rosser is far away in France with his company serving his country in the hour of her need.

The building of an elegant brick church at McKinney was quite an inspiration to the congregation.

We had faithful laymen in the persons of Judge Tullis Beverly, whose father J. W. Beverly had been a traveling preacher. Brother and Sister Todd were the children's friends. Brothers Ferguson, Brown, Judge Goodson, Frank Smith, George and John Brown, Charley Heard, Wilson, Rogers, Judge and Edwin Doggett, Dr. Caldwell, Dr. Throckmorton, Plemons, Al Chandler and not a few elect ladies, Mesdames Heard, Nelson and daughters, Gibson, Smith, Beverly, Stiff and the Browns. We had two pleasant and we trust profitable years here.

I was host of the conference here in 1901, Bishop Wilson presiding. He was possibly the greatest bishop the church ever had, as a preacher and administrator. I never saw him confused, or embarrassed in the chair, pulpit, general conference or elsewhere. He was the clearest headed man I ever saw. He was greatly honored by his

colleagues and throughout the connection, and by other communions. His death was greatly lamented.

The conference of 1902 met at Terrell, Bishop Hendrix presiding. He is the impersonation of a cultured, Christian gentleman, and appears well on all occasions. He is a man of high ideals, a great preacher, and honored within and without his own communion.

I was sent to Bonham district from this conference. Bonham had been the home of General Sam Roberts, a prominent layman of early days. Charles Grace and that princely layman, P. C. Thurman, and the Stegers, Ed., Bob and Gus, lived here. The Roberts, Spotts, Pritchetts, Terrys, Whites, Evans, Gipson and Owens were forward in church work. Mrs. J. A. Black and her ideal family were residents, and the Mansfields and Lemons, such splendid parsonage neighbors. Bonham was the home of Mrs. Roberts and her great missionary daughter, Miss Leila Roberts of Saltillo, Mexico.

This was a difficult district to travel, the poorly worked, narrow, black land lanes in wet weather were almost impassible. On one occasion I was in a two-horse buggy in such a lane, the horses sank to their sides in the deep black mud, floundered about for a time and could proceed no further. I disengaged them, left the buggy, saddled one of the horses and proceeded to my quarterly conference. The roads were so bad at times the mail carriers could not deliver the mail. The advent of the auto, more than anything else, has

had to do with the great improvement of our roads. We hail the automobile as a public benefactor.

Of the preachers not hitherto mentioned, I found R. L. Ely, T. W. Lovell, P. G. Huffman, J. W. Tincher, the Bloodworths, all congenial spirits and faithful servants of the church. S. C. Riddle is a cultured, Christian gentleman, and faithful servant of the church. He has a helpmeet indeed, in his wife, who does honor to her distinguished father, Rev. J. M. Binkley, J. W. Houston, Dr. S. B. Neilson, Nunn, John and George Floyd, Norwood, George and Dave Coleman, G. W. Blakeney, C. W. T. Weldon, Merrell, all stand out as useful laymen and promoters of church interests.

The conference for 1903 was held at Dallas, Bishop Duncan presiding. He was an excellent preacher, and had the wit and warm heart of a son of Erin. He was liberal with his means, and was a public benefactor.

The next conference met at Bonham, Bishop Hoss presiding. He is perhaps the ablest editor that ever presided over the columns of the Christian Advocate, fearless, forceful, and illuminating. He is also a great preacher, warm-hearted and sympathetic, a great commoner among his brethren, and ranks with the foremost of the church.

Conference for 1905 was held at Sulphur Springs, Bishop Hoss in charge. From here I was returned to Bonham district.

The conference for 1906 went to Bowie. Bishop Hoss was again president, and is a great favorite with the conference. I was sent to Greenville

district. Greenville is a delightful little city, moral, social and religious. Aside from its excellent public schools, the Baptists and Methodists have each a prosperous junior college. Burleson, named in honor of Dr. R. C. Burleson, one of the pioneer educators of the Baptist Church in Texas. He was a gentleman of the old Southern type, an able preacher, successful educator and did a great work for Texas. He was closely related to General Ed. Burleson of Texas fame. He administered baptism to General Houston, by immersion in the Brazos River, in receiving him into the Baptist Church. He was a relative also of General A. S. Burleson of the Wilson cabinet, who is a native Texan, and the first native to fill a cabinet position in the U. S. government.

Wesley College was first located at Terrell, and J. J. Morgan had most to do with its early history and did heroic service, making many sacrifices in its behalf. The site at Terrell became undesirable from railroad encroachments and the school was moved to Greenville, where it has an ideal location, and Rev. D. H. Aston was put in charge. He displayed great tact and wisdom in development of the plant at Greenville, and underwent many sacrifices for its promotion. Dr. Aston later gave place to Professor S. E. Green, and the school has progressed most satisfactorily under his presidency, with Rev. James Gober as financial agent. It is unsurpassed by any school of like grade in the state, for moral and religious impress, and thorough academic training. It is doing an excellent work for Christian education

and deserves hearty support at the hands of the church and conference.

Conference met at Sherman in 1907, Bishop Candler in the chair. Here we have the North Texas Female College, established back in the early seventies, Rev. W. P. Petty, Rev. J. C. Parks, Colonel J. R. Cole, Professor Cole, Rev. E. D. Pitts and Rev. I. M. Onins served as presidents in the days of its beginning, until that peerless woman, Mrs. Kidd, of Mississippi, later Mrs. Key, was placed in charge and under her magic touch the institution had unparalleled prosperity, in numbers, teaching force, material development and wide-spread reputation. Mrs. Key did a great work, and is deservedly honored by the church. She passed to her reward just recently. Bishop Key, her bereft husband, a nonogenarian, remains in the institution for the savor of his influence, as ointment poured forth. Mr. Kidd, son of Mrs. Key, and Rev. J. O. Leach, have the school in charge. Rev. J. M. Binkley had official connection with the school from its inception and was closely identified with its history. The school is prospering under its late administration.

Sherman was the home of Rev. James Young, the early apostle of temperance reform in Texas. I heard him when I was a boy in college and bought his book, "Lights of Temperance." I thought him one of the most entertaining and impressive lecturers on that subject I ever heard.

The conference of 1908 met in Greenville, Bishop Candler presiding. From here I was put

in charge of the Methodist Orphanage at Waco, succeeding Rev. W. H. Vaughan.

The orphanage movement was inaugurated in 1891 by the Northwest Texas Conference, Bishop Key presiding. This was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the conference and the establishment of an orphanage was enterprised in commemoration of this event. W. H. Vaughan, a man of business tact, was put in charge of the enterprise, and in a few years he had acquired suburban property in the city of Waco well suited for the purpose, consisting of a two-story brick building and adequate grounds. Under the management of Brother Vaughan, the enterprise was made state-wide, and the annual conferences of the state were made to participate alike in its administration. A director was elected from each of the patronizing conferences, constituting a board of directors for its administration, and by this board W. H. Vaughan was made business manager. The property at Waco was formally transferred to the church in the name of the board of directors. In 1893 it was opened for the reception of orphans, and eleven were received into the home that year, under the immediate care of Brother and Sister Vaughan. They put all their energies into the care and development of the institution and in 1908, when I was put in charge, they had acquired a property valued at $100,000, consisting of a farm of 169 acres a few miles from the city, a site of 33 acres in the western suburb upon which was situated two large brick buildings and a nice cottage, all unencumbered, and $1,100

in cash. There were about one hundred inmates, and nearly equally divided as to sex.

Mrs. Vaughan had so long overtaxed herself with the personal oversight of the children that her failing health made it necessary for her to retire from the task.

Upon taking charge I had the buildings all overhauled, repaired, repainted and the premises newly enclosed with red-wire-pailing fence, at a cost of about $7,000. I took special interest in the education of the children, and employed the best of teachers, principally college graduates. The farm was quite subject to overflow, and heavily set in Johnson grass, which made it difficult for boys to cultivate. This tract was sold and another bought near the suburb of the city, which was found to be much more satisfactory and convenient. I helped to secure the location of a city church just across the street from our property, in easy access of the children for church and sundayschool purposes. Also through the city authorities secured a fire station in one block of the orphanage property. The fear of fire had given us great anxiety, as we were practically without protection. The numbers reached about one hundred and fifty while I was in charge. We had a fearful visitation of typhoid fever, involving fifty-one cases, but under divine mercy, careful nursing, and a skillful, attentive physician, no life was lost.

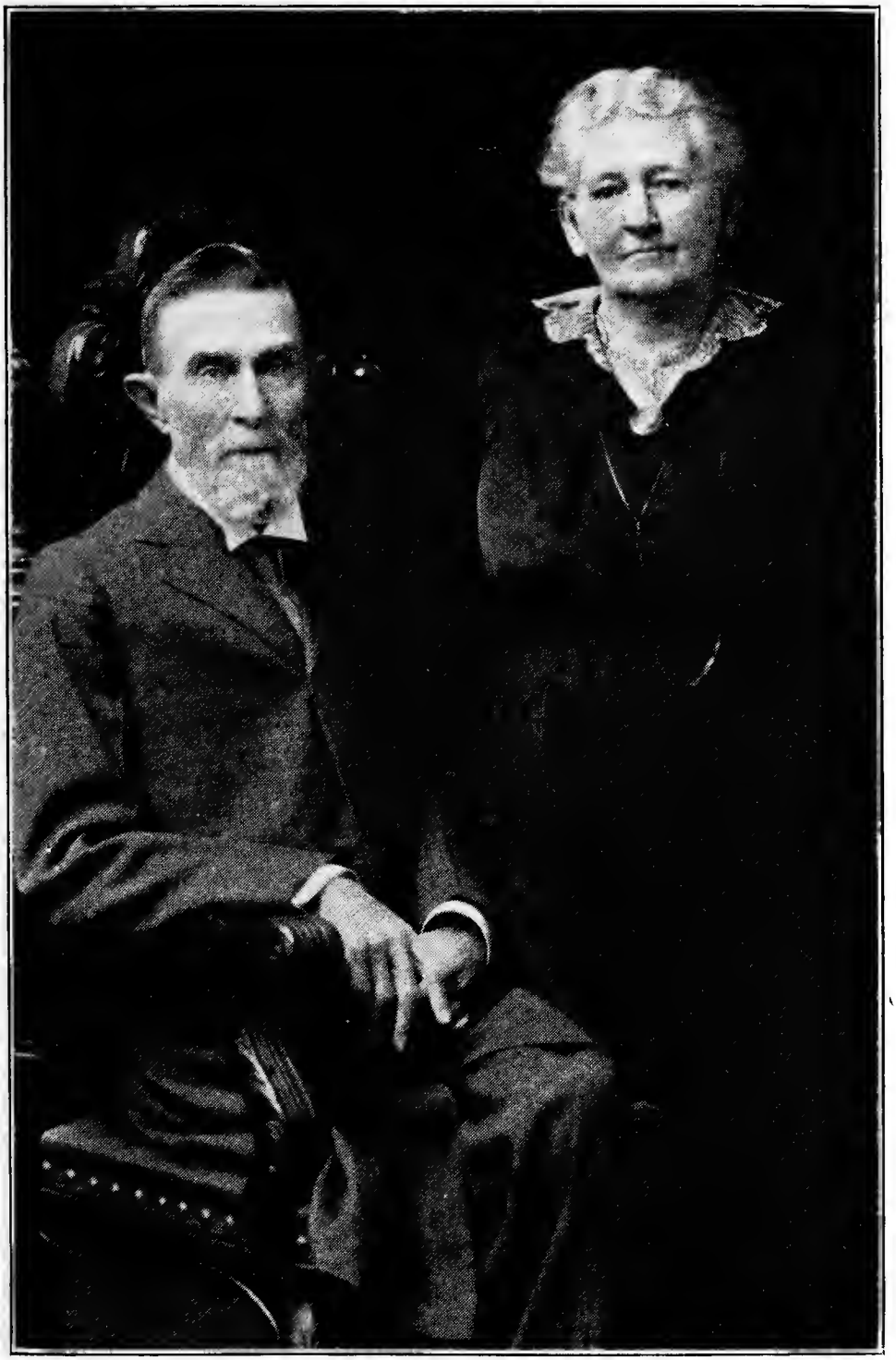
At the end of four years I returned to the pastorate, and Rev. R. A. Burroughs was elected business manager, and the institution has prospered

greatly under his administration. The hospital, built through the efforts of Rev. Abe Mulkey, is a valuable accession. Brother Mulkey has been a great benefactor to the institution. Rev. R. W. Thompson was likewise a faithful friend, and gave of his means and labors for its benefit. He was one of our most valuable preachers in his day. A truer friend could not be found. He and his faithful wife have done valuable service for the church, and leave a fine representative in Miss Josie McFarlin, a sister of Mrs. Thompson.

For the success that attended my administration I owe much to my faithful and efficient helpers, the Misses Neal, Weisinger, Tucker, McLean and Anderson among the teachers; Miss Warlick and Mrs. Beamer as matrons, and Revs. T. E. Bowman and W. K. Rucker, assistant managers. The doctors were all good to us, but Dr. Lanham and Dr. Henry Graves specially so, in our scourge of typhoid fever.

The orphanage received kindly attention at the hands of the city council and of the citizens generally. The conferences were responsive to its claims. I am happy to say many of the boys and girls that have gone out from the home are making good in life. Boys as business men, sailors, soldiers, engineers and manual laborers. The girls as home-keepers, teachers and clerks. I trust this precious charge will ever lie near the heart of the conferences and the church.

From the orphanage I went to Wolfe City, appointed from the conference of 1912, which met at Dallas, Bishop Mouzon presiding. He is one



MRS. McLEAN AND I,
Taken at Our Golden Wedding, Dallas, March 22, 1916.

of our leading bishops and preachers, masterful in thought and delivery, alert and courteous in the chair, and holds high ideals for the ministry.

I found Wolfe City to be a most delightful charge for one at my period of life. It had an orderly and appreciative membership of about four hundred, and is a railroad town of about twenty-five hundred. I am quite sure I never so much enjoyed preaching and the pastorate as in this my last charge.

We have a picture of the board of stewards kindly presented us, suspended on the wall in our new home, which we greatly prize. They are: J. E. James, H. D. Wolfe, W. M. Murphy, P. P. Allen, J. Riley Green, W. R. Taylor, W. R. Sharpe, L. A. Dowlin, E. E. O'Neal, L. M. McWhirter, J. H. Fleming, J. B. Kincaid, E. Nevill, J. W. Stone, Willie James. To these may be added Parrott, Rowe, Old, Moore, Shelton, Lon Murphy, England and lady church workers: Mesdames Hanna, Dowlen, Boutwell, Brenike, Whitley, Maloneys, Moore, Taylor, Sharpe, Kincaid, Spradling, Old, Green, England, Murphys, McWhirters, Waid, Miss Mollie Whitley, Miss Dell Ownby and others. We had a pleasant stay of three years. It was pleasant to find there my old college friend, Capt. Joe Henslee, now a nonogenarian.

In 1913 the conference met at Clarksville, Bishop Mouzon presiding. This is near the old college site, where I spent six of the most valuable years of my life in preparation for my ministerial calling. And now after fifty-five years of varied and active service in the ministry, I return to the

old college site, the buildings all gone but one, and that is used for a barn, but the work abides and will through eternity. As I wandered about the old campus, play-ground, and the adjacent forest, much of the past was recalled, its hallowed associations and memories, and again I blessed the day that brought me to McKenzie College, and vowed afresh my allegiance to God, his church and service "until the night is gone, and with the morn those angel faces smile, which I have loved long since and lost awhile." It was a sacred privilege to be there once more and visit the son of Dr. McKenzie and his good wife at the old homestead, and talk of the sacred past.

The conference for 1914 met at Denison, Bishop McCoy presiding. In Bishop McCoy we have an admirable character, a courteous, Christian gentleman—no mean qualification for the episcopacy. He is alert and well poised in the chair, a fluent, forceful preacher, a well-rounded bishop. From this conference I was returned to Wolfe City.

Fifty-one years ago the conference met at Sherman. It was then a frontier town of four or five hundred inhabitants, and Denison was unknown. Now the two cities, eight miles apart, are almost one continuous city of modern conveniences, such has been the progress of the times since then and now.

This was to be my last pastoral charge, and a delightful year it was with the dear people of Wolfe City.

The next conference, 1915, met at Bonham, Bishop McCoy presiding in his usual pleasant manner.

At this conference I retired from the active duties of the itinerancy, after an uninterrupted service of fifty-five years. I thank God for his wonderful care and mercy, and for the faithful companion that has been so helpful, and such an encouragement and inspiration in making possible any humble service I may have been able to render the church. We feel ourselves blessed and comforted in our children and grandchildren, and the countless friends it has been our great privilege to make.

Upon our retirement from the active duties of the itinerancy, the conference gave Mrs. McLean and myself an affectionate leave-taking in a hearty old-fashioned Methodist handshake, and one young preacher imprinted on Mrs. McLean a filial kiss, and another has since taken a like liberty. These are some of our sons in the gospel, and not far removed from natural sons.

The conference for 1916 was held at Greenville, Bishop McCoy in the chair, and gave great satisfaction as usual. This was perhaps the largest assemblage of our conference, and one of the most pleasant.

Upon my retirement from active service, some special friends—principally former students—inaugurated a movement to procure a home for us in our declining days. A selection was made near the site of the Southern Methodist University, which we have been occupying to our great delight. For the projection and prosecution of this movement we are under special obligations to Rev. J. J. Morgan and Dr. C. M. Harless, while numer-

ous friends and members of the family have generously assisted in making us comfortable and happy in the sunset of life.

The last conference was held at Sulphur Springs, 1917, Bishop McCoy presiding, and in his usual felicitous manner. This marked the fiftieth anniversary of the conference since its organization, which was commemorated by reading a brief sketch of the organic members of the conference by Rev. R. G. Mood, secretary of the conference, and an address by the writer. Only two of the original members of the conference are now living, Rev. W. C. Young, a local preacher of Dallas, and the writer.

XV.

ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE OF MISSIONS.

The following is a letter written by me to the Texas Christian Advocate soon after the adjournment of the conference:

"The ends of the earth were represented in the city of New York, on the 21st of April, 1900, in attendance upon the Ecumenical Conference of Missions, which continued in session ten days. This was the fourth conference of the kind ever held, and transcended all others in magnitude, scope and potentialities. Of the similar meetings, though on a much smaller scale, the first was held in Liverpool in 1866, two others in London in 1878 and 1888, respectively. Preparations for the recent meeting began in 1889, and so thoroughly was it planned, and so faithfully were the plans executed that nothing seemed to be lacking for the greatest success and largest results. It was eminently fitting that this world-wide gathering should have been welcomed by the President of the Nation, Mr. McKinley, and the Governor of the State, Mr. Roosevelt; and still more gratifying to know that theirs was no mere perfunctory service, but heartfelt Christian salutations in honor of the Master and the Missionary cause. No less was the conference honored in its permanent president, in the person of ex-President Harrison, whose heart thrilled with intensest interest throughout the great occasion.

"This greatest gathering of the kind that was

ever assembled, involving the most vital interest that ever engaged the head and heart of man, should not be allowed to pass with the doxology and benediction; but out of it should come greater comity and co-operation, wiser methods and quickened zeal on the part of all evangelical churches in the conquest of the world for Christ. It was the privilege of a lifetime to have sat at the feet of such veteran missionaries as Hudson Taylor, of inland China, and John G. Paton, of New Hebrides, and hear them recite the trials and triumphs of missionary effort under most adverse conditions, and to have had before us the fruits of such labors, in striking evidence of both the saving and elevating power of the gospel. One of the most interesting characters present was a Miss Singh, of India; a convert from Hindooism, and a graduate from the Methodist College for Women, at Lucknow. So impressed by her impassioned speech and earnest manner was ex-President Harrison that he said, "If I had given a million dollars to missions, and Miss Singh were the only result, I would not begrudge the gift."

But she was not alone. Many were the trophies of the cross, men and women redeemed from heathenish degredation and rejoicing in the sunlight of divine favor.

The one thing that rejoiced me most was that fully one-third of the twenty-two hundred delegates were foreign missionaries, and on no occasion did I hear a discordant note. The gospel as presented by them had the true ring on all points involving the fundamental conditions of salvation.

Often was I made to feel that, "these had received the Holy Ghost as well as we," and "by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body." And from these hopeful, helpful experiences, I realized as never before that, Methodism was not alone in missionary work, but was multiplied many fold by other evangelical Churches and agencies in the world's evangelization. The work of missions is practically the work of the nineteenth century, and mainly of the last fifty years.

From the discussions it was clearly brought out that there is need of greater comity and co-operation, there being too much duplicating and overlapping each other's work. To illustrate, in one city in Japan there are nine schools, sustained by different Churches, when possibly two well-equipped schools would be adequate for the patronage of that place, and the seven others could do more efficient service elsewhere. And the same may be said of an unnecessary number of hospitals and dispensaries at certain points. This no doubt will be remedied in due time by those in authority —through a commission, or otherwise.

Any form of Protestant Christianity is better than paganism. Such comity and co-operation would make it possible to preach the gospel to every tribe and nation within the twentieth century. Meantime, the churches should vie with each other in the furtherance of the great cause.

To the Moravians must be accorded supremacy in the missionary movement, not only in point of time, but in self-sacrificing devotion, in that they have one missionary for every forty-eight mem-

bers. True, to some extent, they are aided in their good work by some other churches; but no church at this time, measured up to their standard of devotion to the cause.

Possibly no one agency of missionary service appeals more to the heathen heart and home than the hospital and dispensary. The alleviation of pain and cure of disease seem to be the surest way to the heathen heart. From the great physical benefit received, they are in a good measure prepared for spiritual ministration at the same hands. And this agency in the hands of our missionary women is "as leaven hid in the three measures of meal," leavening the home and harem of the heathen.

One other line of discussion interested me much —the great necessity of not allowing missionary converts to become mendicants. Not for the "loaves and fishes" are they to be won, but as soon as possible they are to become self-sustaining, self-propagating and self-perpetuating—"the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself." The amounts saved from idolatry will soon enable them to become self-sustaining, if only properly applied. But for many years they will probably need the supervision and guidance of our trained missionaries, lest they go off at a tangent, or lapse again into idolatry.

Never before did I so fully realize the potentialities of co-operative Protestant Christianity as on this great representative assemblage of the nations of the earth, each hearing the gospel in his own tongue, a veritable pentecost.

At this writing (1918) it is gratifying to know that, the insistence upon comity and co-operation at the Ecumenical Conference of 1900, has borne fruit. The foreign fields have been so partitioned among the evangelical churches that there is now but little room for complaint at that point; and also in the matter of the native churches becoming self-sustaining. A few comparative statistics noting the progress in missionary operations, since then and now, might be heartening. It is regretable that the world-war now in progress prevents full and accurate reports from all missionary fields. The following statistics, up to 1916, will suffice: Total number of missionary societies in 1900, 412—in 1916, 537; Woman Boards, 88, against 287; Missionaries, 15,460—24,039; natives, 77,338—109,099; communicants, 1,317,684—2,408,900; contributed to Missions, $19,136,120—$38,922,822; by natives, $2,000,000—$7,077,278; Bible in different languages, 431—504, and representing the speech of more than four-fifths of the population of the world. Bibles distributed, 2,535,466—9,539,235; hospitals, 355—703; dispensaries, 753—1,234. In obtaining the data for 1916 I am under obligations to Professor Whaling, of the Southern Methodist University.

In 1901, the year following the Ecumenical Conference, representatives from all parts of our Church were called in conference at New Orleans, and the remarkable feature of that occasion was an address on Missions by Bishop Galloway of matchless power—unequalled in my hearing—and concluded with a collection for Hoochow Univer-

sity amounting to $51,000. Dr. Park, of the China Mission, was present, and had with him a young Chinaman of high social position, who was a recent convert to Christianity, and was very much impressed by the address and the collection, and with great emotion expressed his appreciation of the interest we were taking in his people, and contributed $1,000 to the collection. The conversion of the young Chinaman may be of interest. He and his brother were dissipated, and had gone to such excess that their eyes were seriously involved, abscesses having formed on the eyeballs and after exhausting the witchery and fake practices of their own people, the young men in despair applied to Dr. Park for treatment and such was their anxiety that they asked the Doctor if the Methodists did not have a chapel, and if they did not pray for their patients, and being answered in the affirmative, they then insisted on prayer in their behalf, which was complied with. And Dr. Park further stated that during prayer in their behalf, a certain mercurial remedy was suggested to his mind, that relieved the trouble, and gave the Doctor easy access to the family, which led to their conversion. At the New Orleans conference, it was a great treat to hear Bishop Galloway and Booker T. Washington from the same platform, and it was difficult to decide who carried off the palm.

It is well to say that, while penning these lines, a conference of the centenary missions movement is being held in the city of Dallas, under the auspices of the M. E. Church, South, and is at-

tended by honored missionaries from abroad, Drs. A. P. Parker, J. L. Hendry, from China; W. G. Cram from Korea, Neblett from Cuba; Onderdonk of the Mexican Mission, and others from foreign fields; and leading officials of the church, Bishops Atkins, Mouzon and Ainsworth; the Missionary Secretaries and other officials; and presiding elders and pastors from all parts of Texas and Oklahoma. Many inspiring addresses have been made, and great inspiration given to the centenary movement and its task of raising $35,000,000. The church is awaking as never before along missionary and educational lines.

XVI.

SECOND-BLESSING MOVEMENT.

This movement sprang up in the latter part of the eighties in our state, and though well meant, became divisive and schismatic. A number withdrew from the Church, and set up for themselves in numerous holiness associations in many parts of the state and in other states. In the last analysis, it did not involve a difference in doctrine, but in the theory of a doctrine, the doctrine of sanctification. The second-blessingists contending that sanctification was a distinct and separate work of grace from regeneration, and invited professors of religion to seek at their altars this distinct blessing, and had many responses and professions. Many were quite uniform and consistent in their lives, while others were erratic and unstable.

Personally, I could not accept the doctrine. It did not harmonize with my own religious experience, and comprehension of the Scriptures. I sought religion very earnestly and sincerely for two nights and a day before conversion. I made a full and free confession of my sins, renounced them all, kept nothing back, and in answer to earnest prayer, realized a consciousness of salvation from sin, and was inexpressibly happy. I was not conscious of an imperfect work of grace. I had made a full confession and surrender, and sought full salvation, and obtained it, as I believed then and as I believe now. And under such consciousness and religious ecstasy, for me

to have sought a distinct and different work of grace in order to complete my salvation—for me to have asked God to finish his unfinished work—for me to have done this (I do not speak for others), it would have been to mock God and discount the great work he had wrought in me—for I was in perfect peace with God and all mankind, and did not feel the necessity of a second distinct work of grace in order to perfect my salvation. I can only conceive of one kind of religion, and we can get more and more of the same sort, grow in grace and in the knowledge and love of God. I believe in growth, spiritual progress, going on to perfection, and I know of no perfection, save being made perfect in love. The Bible figure of the blade, the stock, and the full corn in the ear well represents development in the religious life. Christ grew in stature, in wisdom and in favor with God—and so may we.

The second-blessing movement has about run its race. Many that espoused that theory never left the church and many have returned that did leave. We now have very few organizations in the state, or elsewhere. Some good men and women will probably never return to the church, which I fear will work hurt to their children, if not to themselves. A single doctrine, or rather theory of a doctrine does not furnish sufficient basis for a distinct ecclesiasticism. Better come back, brethren, a welcome awaits you.

XVII.

HON. JOHN H. REAGAN.

Much, but not too much, has been said and written anent the life and labors of this distinguished Christian statesman and patriot. Adequate notice would fill volumes, and involve the work of the biographer. The present writer will only give a superficial view of this great and useful life, touching his moral and religious character, which constituted the hidings of his power, and secret of his eminent success. It has been well said that "the boy is father to the man." Judged by this rule, there were manifestations of coming greatness displayed in the boyhood and youth of Judge Reagan. We give two incidents in his early life, as related by a companion of his childhood and illustrative of his high sense of right accompanied with moral and physical courage. As was related to me: A company of neighbor boys, he of the number, chanced upon a patch of tempting watermelons, and when in the act of raiding the premises, young Reagan threw himself in the breach and remonstrated with his companions as to the wrong they were about to do, and prevailed upon them to seek the permission of the owner, and with Reagan as spokesman, they obtained permission of the proprietor, and commendation of their honesty. A second incident of this character in his early life occurred at a watermill where corn was ground, and under the old rule of "first come, first served." An imperious fellow arriving late,

and finding many sacks of corn in advance of his, attempted to disregard the rule, by placing his sack far to the front, and removing to the rear the sack of a defenseless youth, when young Reagan incensed at such arrogance and injustice, remonstrated with the offender, only to be insulted and assaulted, and in self-defense felled his assailant with a stick, and left him in a state of unconsciousness, and possibly in a dying condition, as he feared. Horrified at the possibility of being a manslayer, he remained in hiding in the neighborhood for awhile, until to his great joy and relief, he learned of the recovery of his antagonist. The narrator of this circumstance ventured the suggestion that this circumstance had something to do with Reagan's coming to Texas and thus giving to her one of her greatest statesmen in the hour of her greatest need. At any rate, he soon after left his native Tennessee, and came to the Republic of Texas, in 1839, making a brief sojourn in Mississippi. No one of our state has ever served as long in public life as did Mr. Reagan, and as another has well said without malfeasance or misfeasance. For more than sixty years he was in public life, as surveyor, justice of the peace, legislator, district judge, congressman, senator, railroad commissioner and member of the cabinet of President Davis. Reared a Methodist, named for a Methodist preacher, John Henninger, he held to that faith, and formally united with the church about forty years before his death, under the ministry of Rev. C. G. Young. Bishop Wilson, who was once his pastor in Washington City, said of him

that "he was the one Southern Methodist, who might always be found in his place at church on Sunday." And when in extreme old age, and very dull of hearing, such was the force of his long habit of church-going that he attended to the last, saying that "he felt it good to be there," although he could hear but little of the services. He was once elected as a delegate to the General Conference, but could not serve on account of official duties. He was a member of the State Constitutional Convention, and had much to do with the enactment of the article bearing upon local option. And when prohibition became an issue before the state in 1887, he championed the cause even to "breaking a lance" with Jefferson Davis, his most honored friend. Perhaps his most distinguished service in national legislation was his authorship of the Interstate Commerce Bill, which rightfully bears his name. This bill is meant to prevent invidious discrimination and is a protection of the rights of the weak against the strong, the individual against the monopoly, and is a true exponent of the honest heart of the Grand Old Commoner.

Two years before his death, and at the extreme age of eighty-five, he voluntarily retired from public life and was the recipient of many congratulations and compliments upon his long, eventful and distinguished service.

Among others making complimentary mention of Judge Reagan and his distinguished service, was my old pupil, S. J. Thomas, editor of the Comanche Chief—to which Judge Reagan made the following reply:

"S. J. Thomas, Esq., Editor Chief, Comanche, Texas: Dear Sir—Your very kind letter of the 14th instant is before me, with which you inclosed a copy of your editorial speaking of me, for which I very sincerely thank you.

"After spending most of the last sixty-two years of my life in the public service, the greater part of the time in highly responsible positions, now, when I am soon to retire from the public gaze, it is most gratifying to me to receive such evidences of public approval of my life's work as the editorial you kindly sent me. And I have received a number of others of like tenor.

"It has so happened that in a long life I have passed through many vicissitudes and have been, in one way or another, a participant in many historic events in the Republic of Texas, in the Confederate States and in the United States. I have lived through and witnessed the growth of Texas from the early part of 1839, with then not exceeding 100,000 white population, constantly menaced by Mexicans and Indians, to her present condition of peace and prosperity, with more than 3,000,000 population, the largest cotton-growing and livestock state in the Union, with more than 10,000 miles of railroad to accommodate her travel and growing agriculture and commerce. And while we have passed through storms and trials which tested the capacity and courage of our people, it is pleasant now to look back over this great historic field. It has been my lot, under a kind Providence, to be blessed with a long life, covering an era remarkable for wonderful advancement in the arts and sciences, and especially in mechani-

cal and economical inventions, which it is a pleasure now to contemplate in my declining years.

"Whether I am worthy of the commendation of late or not, it is most gratifying to me. And now, if it were in my power to exchange this good will and manifestation of respect and confidence for all the possessions of the wealthiest millionaire, I would not do it.

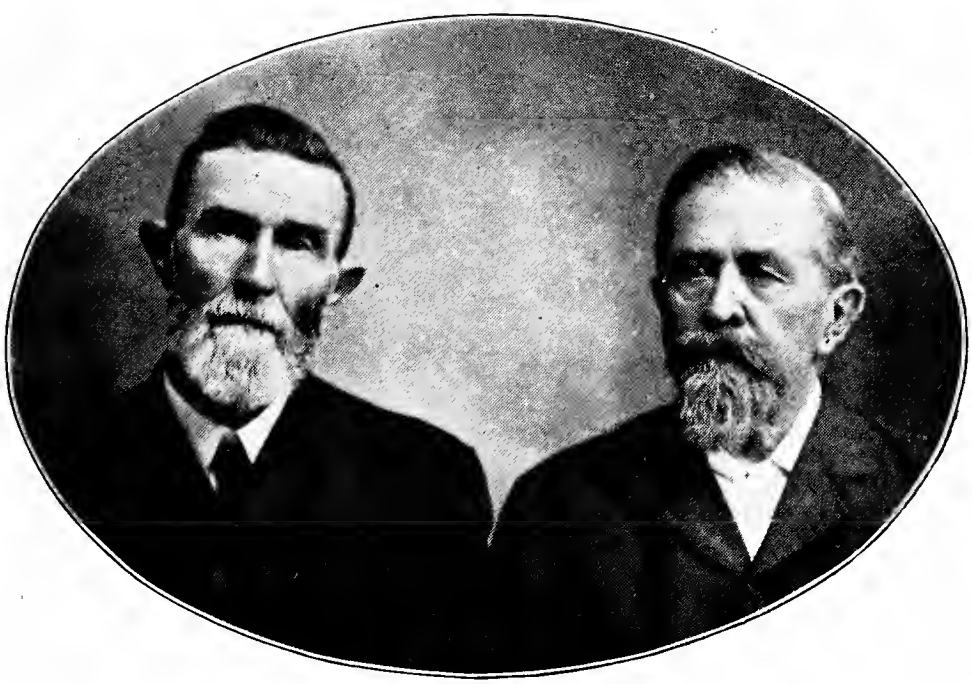
"I have much reason to thank God for my good health, and that I have a comfortable home at which, among my friends and neighbors, I can spend the short time which now remains to me in the quietude of private life and in greater preparation for the world to come than I have done in the busy struggles of public life.

"I shall retire to private life with a heart full of gratitude for the many honors conferred upon me by my countrymen. Very respectfully,

JOHN H. REAGAN."

On the 6th of March, 1861, he received his highest earthly promotion, to a place in the cabinet of President Davis, and on the same date fifty-four years later (1915), he received at the lips of his Maker, his highest spiritual commendation, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Perhaps the largest funeral concourse ever assembled within the state was gathered at Palestine from all parts of our commonwealth, to pay the last tribute of respect to this distinguished public servant. In honoring him in life and in death, his state and countrymen have but honored themselves.



JUDGE WILLIAM PINKNEY McLEAN AND MYSELF
About 1908.

XVIII.

JUDGE WILLIAM PINKNEY McLEAN.

My brother and I lost our father when he was two years old and I an infant of six weeks. We were brought up together until he was seventeen years of age and I fifteen; when he went to the University of North Carolina and I to McKenzie College.

He was graduated from the Academic Department and the Law School of the University in 1857. At the age of twenty-five he was elected a member of the House of the Legislature from the district composed of the counties of Victoria, DeWitt, Goliad, Calhoun and Jackson in 1861, and resigned in the winter of that year to enlist in the army of the Confederate States. He joined Company D, Nineteenth Texas Infantry, as a private, and was afterwards made Adjutant of the regiment. In 1864 he was appointed Adjutant General of the Third Brigade, Walker's Division, with the rank of Major, and served in that capacity until the end of the war. He participated in the battles of Pleasant Hill, Jenkins Ferry and others. In 1866 and 1867, he was county attorney of Titus County, was removed from office when the reconstruction laws of congress substituted military rule. He was elected a member of the House of Representatives of the Legislature, in 1869, and served as such to the end of the term.

In 1872 at the Democratic State Convention held at Corsicana he was named as an elector on the

Democratic ticket for president, and the same year was nominated by the Democratic Congressional Convention for the Second Congressional District held at McKinney, as a candidate for election to the Forty-third Congress. Was elected and served through one term until 1875. He was a delegate to the State Constitutional Convention in 1875, which framed the present constitution of this state.

As a member of the Constitutional Convention, he co-operated with John H. Reagan, Asa Holt and others in placing in the constitution the local option provision, and espoused the cause of state prohibition in 1887.

In 1884 he was elected district judge of the Fifth Judicial District of Texas, served one term. In 1891 he was appointed a member of the first Railroad Commission of Texas by Governor James S. Hogg. Served in that office until the fall of 1894, when he resigned, and returned to the practice of law, locating at Fort Worth.

When he was in congress, the Republicans were vastly in the majority and at times were quite insulting to the Southern members. On one occasion Ben Butler denounced the South as "cutthroats and murderers," when my brother replied, "that he knew of but one murderer upon the floor of congress, and that was General Butler himself, who in taking military control of New Orleans, during the war, murdered a man—and that man an idiot." It seems that when General Butler had the Federal flag hoisted upon the surrender

of New Orleans, a half-witted fellow tore it down, and Butler had him executed. In visiting New Orleans a few years since, I saw a monument the citizens of New Orleans had erected to the memory of the unfortunate vicitim of General Butler's domination.

Judge McLean in early life married a Miss Batte, daughter of Major W. C. Batte, of Titus County, a beautiful woman, and one that had enjoyed fine opportunities in her rearing. They had born to them nine children, only five now living. The foul murder of their brilliant son, Jeff D. McLean (by a gambler and saloon-keeper), when in the fearless discharge of his official duty, shocked the whole state, and precipitated speedy action on the part of the legislature in making gambling a felony. The largest funeral occasion I ever witnessed was in attendance upon his burial. Mrs. Towler, who died recently, was a widely-traveled, highly cultured lady. Another daughter, Mrs. Carr, of amiable qualities, died in young womanhood. Of the living members of the family, one is prominent in the legal profession, one as a physician, and one as a banker. The daughters are in the parental home, contributing to the comfort and happiness of their parents, and otherwise usefully employed in patriotic and charitable work.

My brother has been remarkably well preserved, and now in his eighty-third year walks to his law office, over a mile, and is the first of the firm to report for duty. He is a legal cyclopedia for the junior members of his firm.

He has a warm, sympathetic heart, and has ever stood for justice, integrity and fair play. We are the oldest members of our family on either side of the house. Blessing on him and the family.

XIX.

AN EXPLANATION.

I have not intended to write a history of Methodism in Texas, and what is of an historical character is but a by-product. My purpose has been to treat of men and measures as confronted in the path of life—hence the book is rather chronological.

Had I meant to be historical, I could not have left out such names as J. W. Hill, D. D., a gifted writer and preacher; and such able and efficient men as D. F. Fuller, L. P. Lively, W. L. Clifton, C. B. Fladger, J. C. Weaver, J. B. Gober, J. E Vinson, Mountcastle, Tom and Bud Sherwood, O. P. and O. S. Thomas, Ike and Sam Ashburn, Wages, Hendrix, my old friend and college-mate Marshall McKee, and such important servants of the church as Bishops Paine, Kavanaugh, Key, Hargrove, Ward, Moore, and of other conferees, as J. T. Smith, J. C. Woolam, Caleb Smith, Putman, Nelson and others.

FINAL WORD.

I cannot close without respectful mention of a few others that have entered into my life. First of these, I must end as I began, with my mother, a strong character, practical, and with a laudable ambition for the advancement of her children. I did not take to books when a child and my mother labored with me to enlist me in my studies, when at last for her sake alone, I took interest in my lessons that I might bring home "head-tickets" to please her. After her death, in looking through

the bureau drawers for relics and souvenirs, I found a carefully wrapped package that contained these "rewards of merit" that had passed out of my mind, but had been treasured by her, and I was made glad at the thought of having given her pleasure. Her care and solicitude for the development of right principles and habits in us conspired to put us on the right track and hold us there. We can never know what we owe to our mothers.

My mother's sister, Mrs. Mary Rose Scott, entered somewhat into my early life. I had great love and admiration for her. She was large and imposing in her appearance, self-poised, bright, fearless and would be noticed in any company. I call to mind an instance of unusual courage. At the close of the war in the sixties, there were several bands of outlaws throughout the country, headed by such men as Sam Bass, Cullen Baker, Guest and Bickerstaff that depredated on the people, killing, robbing and otherwise vexing communities. During such outlawry, my Aunt went alone in her carriage, a distance of fifty miles, to visit my mother on the occasion of her death. Two negroes attended her, one as the carriage-driver, and another was on horseback. When within a few miles of my mother's home, Baker and his men rushed furiously upon them—shooting the negro on horseback, and ordering the carriage to halt. My Aunt got out of her carriage, faced Baker and his men and denounced their conduct as cowardly and ungentlemanly in shooting an innocent negro and attacking an unprotected woman. The men cowered under her fearless attitude and

slunk away. She took the wounded negro to the nearest doctor and pursued her journey, in the wake of her assailants, to my mother's home. She was warm-hearted, sympathetic and generous. Her home was the center of her neighborhood, from which she and her husband, of whom I have spoken, dispensed generous hospitality and much charity.

We not infrequently hear uncomplimentary allusions to mothers-in-law, just why, I cannot divine. For twenty years my mother-in-law, Mrs. Margaret (Williams) McDugald, lived in our home, and no act, or word of hers ever disturbed the harmony of our home, but on the other hand, she was ever self-forgetting, sympathetic and helpful—a true lady after the fashion of the old South. She, Mary and little Brownie Brooks, a granddaughter, sleep quietly in the cemetery at Georgetown, awaiting the general resurrection and reunion.

Mrs. McLean was partially reared in the home of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Hicks. Mr. Hicks was a nice gentleman and successful business man. Mrs. Hicks is a cultured, Christian lady, now in age and feebleness extreme, looking for a better and more endusing inheritance. They have been honored with a family of high social position and are represented in the ministry, medical and legal professions, and merchandise. Another sister of Mrs. McLean, is Mrs. Reagan, of bright mind and warm heart, who freshly mourns the death of her only daughter, Mrs. Lucy (Ellis) Coupland, a model daughter, wife and true Christian. Her only son, Wallace

Ellis, is an editor and has served in the Legislature.

PERSONAL.

Before closing, I wish to express my great gratitude, for having been permitted to spend, without interruption, fifty-five years of my life in the Itinerant Methodist Ministry. Of these years, sixteen have been spent in the pastorate, eighteen in the presiding eldership, and twenty-one in educational work. As presiding elder, I attended every quarterly conference but one, when hindered by sickness and foul weather, with this excepton and one other, because of family sickness, I do not remember to have failed to meet any other appointment. I have slept in a cotton pen, when there was no room in the humble hut. I have been caught out in heavy rains and deep mud, and spent a cold, rainy night in my buggy. I have shared the frugal fare—corn bread and clabber—of an early itinerant preacher, whose son now fills a place on the highest judicial position in the state. Wet, cold and bespattered with mud, I have preached in overalls, when it was the right thing to do. These are but trivial experiences in the glorious privilege of being a Methodist preacher.

I am profoundly thankful for the delightful relations and associations of my brethren in the ministry and the laity of the church at large. I would be less than human, not to recognize, with warmest appreciation, the many considerations shown me by my brethren of the conference and the authorities of the church. By their grace, I have served as Curator, professor and Regent of the

Southwestern University, for nineteen years as a member of the Board of Publication of the Texas Christian Advocate, and seventeen years of that time as president of the Board; for a number of years I was a member of the General Board of Education and of the General Board of Missions; a member of the committee to revise the Hymn-book; a delegate to the Ecumunical Conference of Missions; a delegate to the Ecumenical Conference of Methodism; and nine time I have represented my conference in the General Conference, and seven times at the head of the delegation.

I am devoutly grateful for the good wife that has been by my side, for all these years, to comfort and cheer—and that she still lives. We are thankful that we have been able to celebrate our Golden Wedding, March 22, 1916, and for that committee of elect ladies and former students, Mrs. Eva (Lawrence) Allen, Mrs. Linnie (Bishop) Baird and Miss Belle Ragsdale, that provided a suitable program for the occasion and accommodations for about four hundred attendants.

And now at the close of my eightieth year and Mrs. McLean's seventy-sixth year, we are blessed with reasonable health and strength—domiciled in a pleasant home with congenial neighbors, under the shadow of the Southern Methodist University. With this book, my task is about done, and with abiding faith in God, I calmly and confidently await his summons, "to come up higher."

I am conscious that my work has been imperfectly done, as perhaps all things human are, but I

can claim to have meant well, and now at peace with God and man, I am resigned to the future.

Of this fearful world-war I will say, if only the high and holy ends for which we contend (as expressed by our great Christian President) can be achieved—it will be well worth the vast outlay of precious blood and treasure that it will cost. The rights of nations and individuals, and conditions for abiding peace—constitute a priceless heritage, not to be measured by men and money—and this I hope to see before I go hence.

APPENDIX.

I have solicited contributions from my sons, Marvin, John and McDugald, upon subjects that I thought would be of public interest, and subjects they were in position to discuss. To this request they have kindly responded, and I trust their articles will be read with interest.

The first is from Marvin, who writes of "War Times in Washington." He has spent nearly twenty-five years in the city, and I trust has touched upon items of interest to the public. It comes in the form of a letter to me, and I give it as written.

John has been connected with the construction of the Panama Canal from its incipiency, and after fourteen years' residence and service, gives us a writeup of the most interesting features with suggestions for the future and something of social and political conditions. His article is also in epistolary form.

McDugald writes of Oxford and Oxford University, England; and also of American, English and German Univérsities. His three years' study in Oxford as a Rhodes scholar with the travel and observation afforded, and other sources of information of which he has availed himself, will fit him for the task undertaken, and the article prove interesting to the readers I trust.

The selections closing the book, I hope, will be both interesting and profitable.

WAR TIMES IN WASHINGTON.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 24, 1918.

Dear Papa:

In response to your suggestion, I am writing you a long letter touching upon Washington life and activities during this war period. The development and growth of Washington and the executive departments, since this nation, about eighteen months ago entered the great world war for the preservation of free institutions and the liberty of the human race, have been truly marvelous. The ability of the government to accomplish such wonderful results in a year and a half has been an eye-opener to our own people and to the world at large.

At the beginning of the war the population of Washington was about 340,000; it is now considerably over 400,000, and traveling rapidly toward the half million mark; the amount of money collected and expended for the support of all branches of the government was about one billion dollars per annum, it is now something like two billions per month. A revenue bill is now being considered and will soon be passed by Congress raising by taxation eight billions per annum, the remainder of the necessary money being obtained principally from the sale of Liberty bonds. The number of civil employes in Washington was about 30,000; it is now more than double that number. The War Department alone has nearly 30,000 civilian employes besides several thousand military employes stationed in Washington.

There were in all branches of army service about 325,000 men; there are now approximately 3,000,000 men in the army and efforts are on foot to make it 5,000,000. About 170,000 men are engaged in hospital service alone.

I quote these figures to indicate the great bustle in Washington's social life. Practically every house in the city is occupied and all the hotels and boarding houses are overflowing and many workers are living in nearby towns and in Baltimore. Hundreds of new clerks, many of them high school girls, are coming to the city daily

and where and how they can be provided for is a difficult problem. The beautiful plaza lying between the magnificent new Union Station and the Capitol grounds is being occupied with new buildings in the nature of dormitories erected by the government to assist in caring for these new war workers. Similar houses are being built at government expense in many other portions of the city. South of Pennsylvania avenue, in what is known as the Mall and Potomac Park, immense temporary buildings covering acres and acres of ground are being erected to accommodate the ever expanding bureaus of the War Department. These buildings are largely of concrete and stucco material.

Army camps and schools are all around Washington. The old regular camp at Fort Meyer joins Arlington, the former home and splendid estate of General Robert E. Lee, which is situated on the Virginia side of the Potomac and overlooks the city. There are schools and partial army camps occupying the American University buildings and grounds (M. E. Church), the great Catholic University at Brookland, D. C., old Georgetown University, which is another Catholic college, and George Washington University. These institutions are giving courses in engineering, chemistry, electricity and other lines of work necessary for carrying on the war and are partially under the supervision of the War Department. The churches of all denominations and many social and fraternal organizations have opened wide their doors to assist the soldiers and strangers, and are doing most excellent work. It is needless to say that room rent, house rent, table board and the cost of all the necessities for living have risen to an abnormal degree.

Washington is still the city beautiful. Its streets are wide and lined with more shade trees than any other city in the world for the same number of miles. It is also said to have more miles of asphalt streets than any other city of like population. Its system of parks is being constantly developed on a magnificent scale under the supervision of army engineers. The former swamps adjoin-

ing the Potomac River have been filled and drained and now form a splendid recreation center known as Potomac Park. Thus the former breeding places for malaria, mosquitoes and fevers have been transformed into healthful and health-giving grounds for pleasure and exercise. Our public buildings are models of their kind. The stately Capitol is one of the largest and most imposing structures anywhere to be found, while the classic outlines of the treasury building have been favorably commented upon by architects and artists the world over. The new Library of Congress is an exceedingly handsome and ornate building, filled with one of the finest collections of books known to civilization. The White House is a plain building, unique and very attractive. It is celebrated more because of its occupants than for its architecture.

Among the many executive departments here, you are of course interested in the Post Office Department in which I am employed. Permit me to say that under the present Postmaster General, Albert Sidney Burleson, the first Texan ever to fill a place in the President's Cabinet, the postal establishment has made greater progress than ever before in its history. During this period it has become self-sustaining for the first time and postmasters have been required to remain in their offices eight hours per day and work. There are over 300,000 employes in the service and postmasters of the presidential class have been placed under civil service rules. Because of war conditions and in line with the recommendations of Mr. Burleson and some former Postmaster General, the telegraph and telephone systems of the country have been placed under the supervision of the Postmaster General for the duration of the war. This is a notable step and many political economists predict that these agencies for the transmission of messages will finally be made a part of the postal service and be operated at cost in the interest of all the people.

Our old friend, the Dead Letter Office, of which for the time being I am superintendent, is still flourishing. Last year it received over 14,000,000 pieces of mail mat-

ter. In these letters were valuable inclosures such as checks, drafts, money orders, etc., of the face value of over four million dollars. Actual money was found in letters amounting to over one hundred thousand dollars. Most of these valuable inclosures were restored to the owners. Everything is found in the mails from snakes and horned frogs to the cremated ashes of a departed Jap. All sorts of secrets of course come to light, but are guarded with jealous care, as all letters are considered as constructively under seal while in the custody of postal officials.

And what shall we say of our great President? At least this much, that he seems to be measuring up to the greatest task ever set for a human being in modern history, and is fast becoming the first citizen of the world. Whether Providence had something to do in selecting him for this wonderful work, I know not, but certain it is that he has grown with the task and many are predicting that he will be the commanding figure around the council table that will shape the destinies of the free peoples of the earth.

In closing, I am reminded that this is your eightieth birthday and wish to record my gratitude that you have been spared in mental vigor and reasonable health to reach this good age and permitted to see so many fruits of your labors for the upbuilding of Texas.

Affectionately, your son,

MARVIN McKENZIE McLEAN.

Explanation: John was among the first to begin work on the Panama Canal, and shortly after his arrival, he wrote the following letter for the Texas Christian Advociate which I preserved and have permission to reproduce, and at my request he has contributed the second letter.

PANAMA CANAL.

Panama, R. P., May 11, 1905.

The Texas Christian Advocate:

I received last week several copies of the Advocate for March and fancy they were the first ever sent to Panama. I remember reading the conference appointments in the Advocate when in knee pants in Georgetown and have read it regularly since about 1890. Not having the subscription fee, I borrowed first of Mr. D. P. Wilcox, of Georgetown, with whom I boarded; then of Rev. T. F. Brewer, of Muskogee, I. T., for whom I taught; then of Marvin McLean in Brookland, D. C., and finally became a subscriber upon coming to Panama. The copies last week made me feel like I always felt upon crossing the old Red River bridge north of Denison and realized I was in the good State of Texas again. This may imperfectly express my emotions, but it means a feeling of satisfaction upon being in good and familiar company again after a protracted absence.

Panama is certainly in the tropics beyond any peradventure. They say the mercury runs between 70 and 90 here, the high mark being hard for me to believe. Their mercury must be a local brand and possessed of the chronic inertia so common in Latin America. The heat sometimes feels more like 110 than 90. The vegetation is dense and thoroughly tropical. Royal palms are tall, shapely and stately. The trees are not as large as I expected to see. Pineapples, bananas, limes, mangoes, oranges, cocoanuts and other fruits are abundant but not cheap comparatively. Nothing is cheap in fact that I have heard of except Chinese silks and the like. The Panamanians seem to have such a wholesome regard for the Americans

that they raised all prices to be in keeping with their great respect. Everything is priced in Panama silver, worth 50 per cent in American money. If by mistake you pay in good money the price asked, you acquire experience but no change.

There are thousands of Chinese here engaged in every line of business. Most of the stores are run by them with quite respectable stocks of goods. I had never thought of a Chinaman outside of a laundry or occasionally a restaurant and they still look odd to me doing other lines of business.

Panama City on the Pacific side is the largest town in the Republic with about 35,000 inhabitants. It is old, crowded, and crooked. It looks very much like the towns of Old Mexico. It has narrow-gauged streets and single file sidewalks, and in meeting everyone turns to the left instead of to the right.

The United States leased in perpetuity the Canal Zone, a strip of land extending five miles on each side of the canal survey from ocean to ocean. The Zone is governed the same way as other American territories, enjoying U. S. mail service with same rates as at home and free importation from the states to the Zone.

A French company began work here on the Panama Canal in 1882. They made surveys and maps and did a great deal of splendid work until they failed in 1889. The United States paid $40,000,000 to a second French company for all their holdings here of every kind. The French are said to have spent $250,000,000 here before they failed. The American Government is now making extensive preparations in all lines for the enormous task of completing a canal from ocean to ocean. To make the place as healthy as possible has been the first aim. The pay rolls of the sanitary department being the largest rolls at present. They are installing water and sewer systems, fumigating houses, draining swamps, etc. Sanitary experts made exhaustive studies of yellow fever in Havana, Cuba, when the fever was so bad there during the Spanish war. They established that yellow fever is not contagious in any

stage, but is infectious through female mosquitoes of a certain kind. They learned many interesting things about this dangerous female, how long she lives, how long she remains inoculated with yellow fever, many of her habits and breeding places and most interesting of all how to get rid of her. They cleaned up Havana and permanently banished the yellow fever lady mosquito from that present healthy and prosperous city. They are now doing the same thing for Panama. My chief, the auditor, died here last week of yellow fever, and other American employes have died of the same disease. The balance of us are enthusiastically in favor of the war by the sanitary department on female mosquitoes. There has been but little sickness among the Americans other than the yellow fever. Homesickness, of course, does not count. "Cold feet" is a common malady, as paradoxical as it may seem. Literally, am sure my feet will never get cold here; figuratively, I feel no symptoms yet, but cannot claim to be immune.

I should like to say something about the prestige of the Catholic Church in this Republic, and about government concessions, the lottery, etc., but this is too long already. I may only add that I am well pleased with Panama.

Very truly,

JOHN H. McLEAN, Jr.

Balboa Heights, Canal Zone, June 10, 1918.

My Dear Father:

At your instance I return my letter for the Texas Advocate from Panama in 1905, which you enclosed in your recent letter asking me to supplement it with another of later observations on Panama.

I had quite forgotten the Advocate letter written shortly after my arrival in Panama in March, 1905; but, upon re-reading it, am as pleased as surprised to find that it conformed to the facts of those days. Old man D. P Wilcox really did lend me his Advocate in Georgetown. He is dead now, but left a fine family. He had the most beautiful control over his children that I ever saw. I

think of him more admiringly in this connection now that I have two of my own to labor with. I wish I could ask him a few questions about how he did it. Brother T. F. Brewer is still attending general conferences, a habit he acquired years ago, and reading his Advocate now at Eufaula, Oklahoma, then at Muskogee, I. T., and Marvin McLean is still receiving his paper at Brookland, D. C., where he will remain as long as they let him continue as chairman of the Citizens' Association and lead in the activities of that large suburb to Washington City. The royal palms, pineapples, bananas, oranges, cocoanuts and I continue in Panama.

The intervening fourteen years have been busy and historic ones in Panama and have passed quickly by. The American program here has been completely and grandly accomplished. The canal is no longer a dream, but a splendid reality, successful in every detail, in active operation and thereby doing its bit to help win the terrible war we are now engaged in to "make the world safe for democracy." Many brilliant records have been accomplished with some sad failures, and hundreds of men in the army of canal diggers acquired most excellent training for the larger services they are now rendering in the conduct of the war. Canal trained men are right to the front in the war on the Huns. Opportunity must have knocked once at least at every one's door here; and, on every call, some versatile American has furnished the right solution for the many new problems as they arose. The physical achievements have been wonderful, but the personnel, personality and morale of the achievers have been more interesting to me than the work achieved. The period has been crowded with incidents of human color, revealing the same old human nature in many, many different costumes, some in full dress and disguised, some half dressed and nude, some plain, unvarnished and undisguised—but with no case on record of any camouflage having ever deterred our great chief, Colonel Goethals. He was the terror of the slacker or wrong-doer and the haven of protection to those doing right. Many a promising American

lad has gone to the bad here while helping to dig the canal, and of these most have gone the rum route to their graves. I have often wished I had kept a card record of the rum victims of my acquaintance. It would have been a sad but ominous record. It seems I have had more than my share of calls for help from these unfortunates. I have never satisfactorily determined whether I am only an extraordinarily easy mark, or whether they can scent some milk of human kindness about me, but in recent years especially, it seems that every bum on the Isthmus sooner or later has found his way to my office, and then easily to my sympathy. The Red Cross chapter here has done splendid work in assisting unfortunates to get away from the Isthmus and back to their relatives. In self-defense, I have had to serve as treasurer of the Red Cross so as to have a voice in passing on applications for help. I may say along here that our American colony of about 5,000 persons purchased over one million dollars worth of Third Liberty Bonds, and contributed $75,000 to the War Relief Fund in the past ten months. We flatter ourselves that no other community of equal size in the entire United States has approximated this record.

COLONEL GOETHALS.

He is a Major General now, but we still prefer to call him "The Colonel" in connection with the canal matters. His record here was splendid and unblemished. He is the biggest man it has ever been my good fortune to see in action, and he acquired this great record by the hardest kind of work, assisted by superior intellect and character. I think without doubt he worked longer hours than any other man on the canal. He was in his office almost every night for ten years, and spent every Sunday forenoon hearing personal complaints of every conceivable nature from any one that called, from the colored laborer, up. He gave every question coming before him the most careful consideration, then made his decision clear, fair and final. He had the most remarkable memory I ever knew. Nothing seemed ever to escape him. He has frequently been

charged with being arbitrary. This may be true in a sense, but not in the usual sense. He was most careful not to assume authority he did not have, but having the authority, he accepted full responsibility and never hesitated to go ahead and never tried to get "from under." He never made a straddle-decision, but decided one way or the other once and for all. He would change a decision as quickly as he made it, provided only you could convince him his information was wrong, but never by questioning his judgment, the facts being admitted. He backed his own judgment. He was the fairest man I ever saw and about the smartest. There is no job too big for him and the country is fortunate indeed in having him in so important a position in the conduct of the war.

I heard a number of canal officials discussing once why the Governor's residence was located where it is instead of at one of several other sites mentioned. One official said there was an absolutely conclusive reason for its present location and that reason was, "The Colonel said put it there."

One thing I greatly admired in him was his impartiality. I have heard much of impartiality, but never saw it so fully demonstrated before. The big ones and little ones all looked alike to him, and were treated alike—a position most trying and difficult to sustain, and very, very seldom exemplified. That must have been the reason he had such remarkable control over his men. Every employe as well as every official knew he would get his dues. He deserves the highest appreciation of the American people, which he so richly enjoys, for his splendid service and record.

THE COMPLETED CANAL.

The canal with all of its adjuncts is an elaborate institution, embracing all the activities of a fairly large city with some things additional. We have splendid water, roads, residences, offices, hospitals, churches, schools, Y. M. C. A.'s, police, courts, etc., and no saloons, with typically efficient American administration.

The official estimate of a completed canal was $375,-

000,000. Two quite unusual records were accomplished for a big, government job, viz: the canal was completed within the original estimates of both time and cost. This is in fact a most unusual record. Many features have been added that were not included in the original cost estimates, such as fortifications, cooling plants, dry docks, etc., which added greatly to the final cost. There were many expensive items outside of the actual excavation, dams and locks, as follows approximately:

Excavations, wet and dry	$136,670,000
Dams	12,220,000
Spillways, Excavations, Masonry, Machinery	5,429,000
Locks, Excavations, Masonry, Machinery	74,225,000
Breakwaters in harbors	8,678,000
Power and transmission plants	4,525,000
Terminal shops, cooling plants, etc	21,284,000
Townsites	1,850,000
Buildings	6,808,000
Water, sewers, roads	3,603,000
Realty damages	1,960,000
Relocation of railway	9,800,000
Payments to Panama and French Company	50,000,000
Total charged to construction (approximate)	$337,000,000
While the appropriation was	375,000,000

Eighteen million, eight hundred thousand spent on sanitation and health was absorbed in above cost figures.

In addition to above so-called construction costs, other expenditures brought the total cost to June 30, 1916, to $395,000,000.

Other expenditures above include:

Dredging, equipment and tools	$10,700,000
Supplies on hand	5,240,000
Fortifications	13,800,000
Paving, Panama and Colon	2,419,000
Advances to Railway Company	3,200,000
Slides after canal completed	11,277,000

So much for costs!

The general plan of the canal was very simple; dredge inland at sea level about eight miles to high ground, impound the lake area by dams, lift up by locks to lake level and lift down on other side by locks to sea level. There were many engineering difficulties in carrying out so simple a general plan, bad ground furnishing most of the difficulties.

The canal is about 50 miles long with minimum water depth of 45 feet and minimum width of 300 feet through the heavy excavation of about 13 miles. The deepest excavation was about 550 feet through Gold Hill in the Culebra Cut. The lock chambers are 110 feet wide and 1,000 feet long. The largest vessel now afloat will not completely fill a lock chamber. All lock and spillway gates are operated electrically, in fact, all machinery is so operated. Towing engines operating on the lock walls take all boats through the locks, no boat being allowed to use any of its own power while in the locks, as precaution against damage to the lock gates. All machinery and devices about the locks are as near "fool proof" as possible so that theoretically no accident can occur in the locks. One safety device is an enormous fender chain in front of the gates, operated by hydraulic power, that will stop a big loaded vessel at full speed within 40 yards and before it could ram a gate if attempted.

Gatun Lake was formed by impounding the Chagres River, as large as the Brazos in Texas. No lack of water for lockages is experienced during the dry season of six months, as the Chagres River runs the entire year and the lake furnishes a great storage basin. Excess water in the rainy season is wasted through spillway gates in the dams.

Colon and Panama City are the two terminal cities of the canal. While in the Canal Zone, they were exempted in the treaty from American jurisdiction, apparently for sentimental reasons. I think it was a mistake for us not to have retained jurisdiction over Colon. When the canal was opened for shipping, all the lines established headquarters in Colon and almost abandoned Panama, the

capital and residential city. The entire Zone is held as a military reservation and no business is allowed except Government business. Colon is administered by Panama officials under Spanish law. Big business cannot go into the Zone and will not go into Colon as now administered. Colon ought to become a great distributing center. Everything required for Central and South American trade could be warehoused and sold in Colon, instead of buyers having to go to the United States and Europe to buy and have their goods sent all that way in small lots. Also exports from Central and South America could be warehoused in Colon for sale abroad, reassorted and shipped to much advantage in large quantities over numerous smaller shipments. Colon at present is sewed up. I think we will either have to take over Colon or establish another city near by in the Zone. Commerce will demand facilities now impossible in Colon under Panamanian authority.

PANAMA AND PANAMANIAN.

The Panamanian is a badly mixed and poorly governed people without distinctive racial characteristics. Negro blood prevails to a large degree among all classes, excepting only the first and better class. When you visited Panama, you will recall asking a number of times, "of what nationality this, that, and the other person was," and, being told they were Panamanians, you said "that meant nothing to you as to nationality." One was part Italian, another part French, another German, another Chinese, etc., nearly all being also part Spanish and part negro.

The better class here, pure Spanish or part Spanish and the balance white, have a difficult task to work out a government worthy of the importance of the Republic of Panama. They are in such a hopeless minority that the control of the government is not promising, also they lack the "pep" characteristic of the American. Personally, they are most friendly and likeable, high strung, artistic, proud, very courteous and hospitable, stylish, ceremonious, easily shocked and offended. They are truly aristocratic by taste and custom. They are not accustomed to work

much and do not take kindly to it. They remind me much of our old-time Southerners, a gentle race, most companionable but hard to manage and of little modern business adaptability. The party in power is of course represented in the major positions by some of the better element; but the leaders are handicapped by their party following to whom they have to cater in order to remain in power. Most of the assemblymen, minor officers, and clerks are part negro, and the consequences are to be expected. The administration of law and government is a farce according to our ideas. Out of date Spanish law, the domination of the Catholic Church and predominance of colored blood seem unsurmountable difficulties to real progress. These three prevail in Panama as in all other Latin American Republics, and the path of progress is not promising. Spanish law seems impossible of practical application. It is ceremonious **ad infinitum.** I recently had an official document, appointing one brother administrator for another brother, a very simple court order with us. This document was very long, the last three pages were compltely filled with elaborate certifications by the next higher government official under oath that the signature of the official next preceding his was genuine, and concluding with the American Minister certifying to the genuineness of the signature of the Secretary of Foreign Affairs for Panama. All this to validate a very simple court order which might then be completely nullified by a superior court upon any inconsequential error. It, of course, took months for the order to be accomplished.

Under Catholic domination and administration this country has made but little or no progress in civilization. In every day affairs, a person's actions should reasonably measure up to his professions, to keep him from being branded as a fraud. Any religion that can, and does totally disregard the personal conduct and private life of its members, and can continue in good standing communicants engaged in every nameless trade of the underworld, is no religion at all, but a mockery and blasphemy of the religion of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. The Catho-

lic Church is the greatest political organization in the world I think, and the most irreligious, barring none. They are everywhere organized, and intensely active in state politics. Unfortunately, they have a wonderful and restraining hold on Panama. Nothing can progress with their consent, and almost nothing can be done without their consent.

And the poor negro! A little political power with much rum makes demons of them. The negro never conducted a successful and progressive government since the world began that I ever heard of, and never will in my opinion.

Panama occupies a strategic point in world affairs and is capable of great development under proper conditions. Under present conditions, neither life, liberty nor property of any foreigner is guaranteed or safe under the laws of the Republic of Panama as now administered. Outside men and money do not come into Panama territory, and can never do so, until stable government is established and sane laws are honestly administered. I never expect to live to see Panama able to do this alone and without the intervention of the United States. I am sure that the forward-looking better class here would greatly welcome this regime. The grafters and colored politicians will never consent, as it means their certain finish. The rank and file of citizens is so gullible and ignorant that the self-seeking politicians control them now and seem likely to do so for a very long time. The better class is helpless, really helpless within themselves to apply the necessary remedy to set Panama on the right road to greatness and prosperity, and so far, they are a bit too proud to admit their inability and ask the United States to do the needful. We are ready to start them on the same road as Porto Rico, Hawaii, the Philippines, and Cuba are now traveling under our guidance. The better ones here are ready, at least many of them, but the great rank and file are not ready for the evolution from darkness to light.

I hope your memoirs will be well received by the pub-

lic. You have spent a long and most useful life, have lived to see the good results of your labors upon the church and state in Texas. You have found a congenial retreat under the shadow of Southern Methodist University, having the love and admiration of thousands of men and women whose lives you have touched and bettered. You have much to be thankful for and nothing of consequence to regret, that I know of, during your long and honored career. You have established a priceless and honored name for your children who will emulate your teachings as exemplified in your devout and consistent living.

With much love, your devoted son,

JOHN H. McLEAN, JR.,
Disbursing Officer, Panama Canal.

A. OXFORD.
B. AMERICAN, ENGLISH AND GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

By McDUGALD KEENER McLEAN, B. A., B. Sc., M. D.

FOREWORD.

My father has wished to include in this volume an article on Oxford University, at Oxford, Eng., which I wrote when a student there in 1913. I have added a brief comparison of American, English and German Universities, and attempted to point out some of the more interesting differences in student life and activities in these institutions.

In reference to English Universities, my remarks are based on Oxford and Cambridge. These two Universities are quite different in regard to organization, regulations, student life, etc., from the other English Universities, such as the Universities of London, Bristol, Leeds, etc.

OXFORD.

Oxford has been called the city of "Towers and Bells." Any casual visitor will be impressed by its beautiful towers. And every undergraduate will testify against the bells, especially when on some saint's day, or a prince's birthday, they all chime in one great chorus at about 8 a. m. with Old Tom leading the choir and Merton and Magdalen chimes doing the runs and St. Mary's, St. Michael's, St. Peter's in the East, St. Giles, Carfax and as many more from various directions awake him to the fact that he has missed a chapel or roller—"roll call" that morning.

Oxford has about the same damp, foggy atmosphere that London has; a little improvement possibly. But what Emerson said about the English weather applies very appropriately to Oxford: "A good day is like looking up a chimney and a bad one is like looking down the chimney."

About the year 727 A. D., Prince Didan built a church for his daughter, Frideswyde, on the spot where Christ Church Cathedral now stands. This good lady being doubt-

ful of saintship and "utterly disliking the notion that she, being a princess, should be subject to her inferiors," took the veil in her own nunnery. But she was not allowed to rest in peace, for "being accounted the flower of all these parts," she was sought in marriage by Algar, king of Leicester. The spirited young prince would take no refusal, and when his ambassadors were smitten with blindness for treacherously trying to carry off the lady, he himself set out on an expedition to capture her. She fled from Oxford and Prince Algar pursued her until he too was smitten blind. Later on she returned to Oxford, and the "citizens lived in a golden age, for no enemy durst approach Oxford for fear of being smitten blind."

So we see that Oxford was a flourishing city long before the university was founded. There are many remains of Saxon and Norman times, such as parts of the old city hall, a Saxon mound and a Norman castle: and there is a good deal of Norman work in the Cathedral. And Oxford of today is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. The old, crumbling, vine-covered walls, the beautiful college gardens, the smoothly flowing Isis and its winding tributary, the Cherwell, and the many towers, revealing all styles of architecture from the Norman on down, present a picture that can never fade from memory.

Although Oxford is a city of some fifty-odd thousand inhabitants, she still keeps her horse-car system, lest the trolley wires of an electric system should mar the beauty of her streets. At least this is the traditional reason, which quite satisfies an Englishman. Underground wires would mar her tradition, besides being entirely too modern for Oxford settings.

FOUNDING OF THE UNIVERSITY.

Tradition says that the University was founded by Alfred the Great, but there are only legends to support this. However, as early as 1120 it is recorded that Theobald, of Etampes, had under him sixty to one hundred clerks, pronounced "clarks," and was the usual name for students in those days, and that he maintained a vigorous quarrel with the monks. One can readily believe this, as

he called a monastery "a prison of the damned, who have condemned themselves to escape eternal damnation."

In this same century a Rector Scholarum was chosen. He is called the Vice-chancellor now. One hundred years before America was discovered there were as many as four thousand students here. In 1432 restrictions as to entrance were made. Every student was required to be under supervision of a principal who was at least a Master of Arts. Four thousand students is about the high water mark of attendance. It is all they can accommodate at present, and they are not disposed to break the record.

CUSTOMS AND TRADITIONS.

In those days lectures began at 6 a. m. in summer and at 7 a. m. in winter. Lunch was eaten between 10 and 11 a. m., and the students generally remained behind in the dining hall for an hour, and held disputations in Latin, not being allowed to speak English. As a matter of fact, the Scotch, Irish, Welsh and English all had different dialects and could not understand each other in their own vernacular, so had to use Latin. They attended lectures again in the afternoon and had supper soon after dark, about 5 p. m. Again they remained in the dining hall and conversed in Latin. It will be seen that they made all possible use of daylight, as they had no other light except firelight and no fire except in the dining hall.

Arithmetic was held to be quite a superfluous branch of knowledge, and men who could hold learned discussions in Latin on philosophy and religion did not know the multiplication table.

Recreation of every sort was discouraged. Even chess was included among "noxious, inordinate and unhonest amusements." And so instead of intercollegiate games that now take place every afternoon, except Sunday, the students used to get out and fight each other—the English against the Scotch, the Scotch against the Irish, etc. And on special occasions the students would unite and fight the "townees." These riots were sometimes very serious and resulted in fatalities on each side not infrequently, and nearly always after serious frays the Uni-

versity would obtain legal concessions from the government until finally townsmen were legally at the mercy of the University. The University still has this authority, but rarely ever exercises it. But the Vice-chancellor still holds his court regularly, principally for debts and misdemeanors of a minor nature. A policeman may arrest an undergraduate, but he must turn him over to the Vice-chancellor. And a tradesman cannot sue an undergraduate in the ordinary court, but must bring his suit before the Vice-chancellor's court. The University has the right to banish any objectionable character from Oxford, and exercises it as occasion may require.

Once upon a time in the early history of the University an undergraduate accidentally killed a woman and fled from the town. The townsmen assembled next day and went around to the house where this student had lodged and captured two students, who were staying there, and appealed to King John for permission to hang these two students, which he readily granted, as he was by no means kindly disposed to the clerks, and these innocent students were promptly executed. The University officials, feeling deeply outraged at such iniquity, at once abandoned Oxford, and when the townsmen began to sustain heavy losses on account of the absence of the students, they repented and after conceding additional rights to the University, persuaded the officials to return. But the mayor and the two bailiffs and sixty other townsmen had to march every year, on the anniversary of the hanging, down the High Street, barefooted and with ropes around their necks to St. Mary's Church, the University Church, and lay a penny each on the altar, and say mass for the two students. This custom was kept up for two or three hundred years, and on two or three occasions the townsmen were heavily fined by the University for not complying. But the University finally released the townsmen from this obligation.

Under the Puritan regime the discipline in the University was very strict. A future Bishop of Gloucester was deprived of his meals for a certain length of time for throwing bread at the window of his friends in Christ

Church. Another scholar, for having some rowdy men in his rooms without permission, was ordered to work in the Corpus Library every day from morning till evening prayer for a month. Inquisitions were made into every man's moral and religious opinions. Every member of the University had to attend three services on Sunday, besides two or three during the week. And on Sunday from 6 to 9 p. m. every man below the rank of Master of Arts had to attend a meeting held by his tutor and give a summary of the sermons he had heard that day.

In Lincoln College prayers in chapel were extempore, and every one from the Rector on down to the youngest freshman had to pray aloud. This must have been a very trying ordeal for freshmen, as they were liable to be summoned before the Rector for any divergence from the approved theological opinions which might have cropped out in his prayer.

THE SPIRIT OF OXFORD.

It has been said that a university is more of an atmosphere than a school. This applies with peculiar force to Oxford. For centuries it has been the training place for English gentlemen, and has been intimately connected with nearly every political movement that has led to the development and expansion of the British Empire. It defied the power of the Pope at Rome, burned Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer at the stake. Strong in Royalist sympathies and the headquarters of King Charles and his court, for whom each college sacrificed its plate, it was one of the last places to be taken by Cromwell's forces. Her sons have been the leading force in every period from Roger Bacon, the monk scientist, who dared to say, "Among the hindrances to grasping truth is the example of weak and unworthy authority," to the present Prime Minister.

One has but to think of Tyndale, Wycliffe, Woolsey, Laud, Erasmus, the Wesleys and Newman to see what she has contributed to the Christian faith; of Raleigh, William Penn, William Pitt, Lord Salisbury, Gladstone and Cecil Rhodes to see the part she has played in shaping the destinies not only of the British Empire, but of our own coun-

try as well; and of Sir Philip Sidney, Ben Johnson, Addison, Gibbons, Matthew Arnold, Shelley, Ruskin and Swinburne for her contribution to literature.

ENTRANCE INTO THE UNIVERSITY.

In order to become a member of the University each student must first enter one of the Colleges. There are twenty-two Colleges which make up the University. Each College has its own Dean and faculty and endowment, and is maintained as a separate unit. The University consists of the Vice-chancellor, two Proctors, and the examining committees, whose duties are to hold the examinations, confer the degrees, and attend to the administrative functions of the University.

Having selected the College which he wishes to enter, and received notice that he would be admitted, the freshman on arriving must sign his name with a "quill pen" in the College register. All of the freshmen in the College are then conducted over to the Vice-chancellor on an appointed day to enter the University. You must wear on this occasion a black coat, black boots. white tie, and the regulation gown. After entering into the presence of the Vice-chancellor you are seated on uncomfortable benches from which you witness a few formalities between your College Official and the Vice-chancellor. The Vice-chancellor then delivers a brief oration in Latin, after which you are called up one by one before him and presented with a copy, in Latin, of "Statuta et Decreta Universitatis Oxoniensis"; at the same time he warns you in Latin to observe the rules of the University. Then the "fresher" signs the University register and pays an initiation fee of three pounds and ten shillings. He is now a full-fledged member of the University and can attend lectures in any college or any of the University lectures. The University provides lectures and laboratories in subjects for which it would be a waste of money for each College to maintain, such as medicine, etc.

COLLEGE LIFE.

Every student has at least two rooms in college, a

"bedder" and a "sitter." Some of the more expensive suites include three rooms, having a "study" in addition to the other two. On each stair there are usually eight men and a scout and scout's boy to wait on them. The scouts are generally middle-aged men, who have been in the service of the College ten to twenty-five years, and the scout's boys range in age from about eighteen to thirty years. The scout is a very useful person, for if the "fresher" wants any information about the College, such as when he must wear a surplice instead of the usual gown, he calls up his scout, who has all the College regulations, etc., at his finger's ends.

The scout wakes you every morning just in time to do a chapel or "roller" by pouring out your cold water for the morning bath, unless you have left a note for him with other instructions. The freshman has to do four "chapels," or roll calls, a week, at 8 a. m., but after the first year only three a week.

Having done a "chapel" you come back to your own room for breakfast. Now, breakfast is the social meal in college, and about half the time you either have friends in to breakfast or take breakfast out with friends. You can order most anything you like for breakfast from the College kitchen, and these College breakfasts are usually very substantial meals. Of course, you must pay for everything and each item is booked separately. No meals are served on the American plan. This, of course, involves a very detailed and extensive system of bookkeeping for each College.

Lectures begin at 9 a. m. and last till 1 p. m. You may go or you may "cut," just as you please. Nothing will be said about it.

Shortly after one o'clock a very light lunch is had, and then everybody goes to the athletic field to take part in a sport of some kind—not to look on. In the winter terms you return to your room about four o'clock or four-thirty, as it is getting too dark then to continue the games, and have tea in your room or in the Junior Common Room, a kind of club room in each College, where you will find

all the papers and magazines. In the summer term tea is provided at the athletic fields and the games generally go on after tea. For instance, in an intercollegiate tennis match the players will stop when the match is about half over and have a pleasant chat with their opponents over a cup of tea. Then resume the play and finish the match.

Tea is quite a sociable hour and one nearly always has friends in or takes tea out with friends. The results of the intercollegiate games for that day are discussed, the latest news, "shop," etc. And then if you are studiously inclined you can put in two hours reading before dinner, which comes at seven or seven-thirty o'clock.

All must dine together in the College dining hall, each clad in his appropriate gown. The professors and tutors sit at one end of the hall on a slightly elevated platform at "high table," and the undergraduates occupy the rest of the hall. Everybody must stand until the Latin grace has been read by one of the scholars, but you may leave as soon as you are through. And then in the evening if you do not go to a club meeting, debating society, or party in a friend's room, you may study.

COSMOPOLITANISM.

By no means a small part of Oxford's attraction is her cosmopolitanism. Students from every part of the world are here: North Americans, South Americans, Irish, Scotch, Germans, Russians, Chinese, Japanese, Indians, Egyptians, Africans, Australians, Italians and Frenchmen. They all go about from college to college attending lectures and wearing the same kind of gown and soon get to look pretty much alike to the old student, provided he is "color blind."

We once had a joint meeting of the American Club, the Indian Club and the Egyptian Club and discussed the question, "Can the science of the West be reconciled to the religion of the East? If so, how and when?" The meeting began with coffee and ended quite pacifically. Another time we had a joint meetng wth the Germans and dscussed the educational systems of the two countries.

These meetings are intensely interesting, if not always convincing to the other side.

For real pleasure let me sit back in a comfortable "college lounger" with a cup of tea by my side and tempting "hotters" on the hearth before the open fire and listen to experiences from every land.

Christ Church, January 6, 1913.

SECOND ARTICLE.

AMERICAN, ENGLISH AND GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

There are many more universities in the United States than there are in England or Germany, and this is true also in proportion to the populations, (I include Class A colleges under the term university). It is a safe estimate to say that there are about one hundred and fifty universities in the United States. In England there are only twelve or fifteen, and in Germany there are twenty, or at least there were twenty in 1913. In addition to these universities in England and Germany there are a good many technical schools which might be compared with such schools in our country as the Georgia School of Technology.

ENDOWMENT.

The endowment of the English Universities comes from private sources, as is the case with our colleges, excepting the State Universities. In Germany, however, all the universities are controlled and financed by the Government. A German professor is a Government employee, and they all receive the same salary, eight thousand marks, or about two thousand dollars. This salary is supplemented by lecture fees, as each professor gets all the lecture fees from the students attending his lectures. These fees sometimes amount to as much as four or five thousand dollars in the case of the most popular lecturers in the larger universities. This system offers an effective stimulus to the professors to make their lectures as thorough, up to date, and inviting as possible. Dr. Aschoff, Professor of Pathology in the University of Freiburg and one of the leading Path-

ologists of this generation, was said to make six or eight thousand dollars a year from his fees. I attended his lectures and can say that I never attended lectures that presented any subject more thoroughly and interestingly than his. His lecture room was the most up-to-date that I have yet seen. He illustrated his lectures very freely with lantern slide pictures. All he had to do was to press a button and the dark curtains would glide noiselessly down over the windows, and his assistant would have the picture on the screen before your eyes became accustomed to the darkness. Another button would send the curtains up and he would not stop talking an instant during the whole performance.

Salaries of English professors are comparable to those of American professors, considering the fact that living expenses are lower in England (and also in Germany) than they are here.

EXPENSES.

Tuition and fees at Oxford and Cambridge amount to about one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five dollars a year. The expense of living "in college" is rather high, so that the minimum on which a student can attend these Universities is probably not under six hundred dollars a year.

There are no tuition fees in the German Universities. Each student is required, however, to pay a registration fee of about five dollars, and then lecture and laboratory fees are charged for each course that he takes. These fees, as a rule, do not amount to more than sixty to eighty dollars a year. Cheap board can be obtained in Germany, so that the minimum on which a German student can attend a university is about two hundred and fifty dollars a year.

The minimum for the American student would probably come somewhere between the German and English minima, probably close to three hundred dollars a year.

ENTRANCE REQUIREMENTS.

The entrance requirements for the English and Ger-

man Universities are somewhat higher than those for the American Universities. Or, probably it would be more accurate to say that the English and German students are better prepared for college, more thoroughly drilled in their relatively few subjects as compared to the great number and variety of subjects in our High Schools. Our best private Preparatory Schools, however, compare quite favorably with the German Gymnasium and the English Public Schools, which, by the way, are not at all public in our sense of the word, but are strictly private and expensive.

One handicap on the scholarship of our High School and Preparatory School students which the English and German students are relatively free from is the system of interscholastic athletes, and also the modern High School fraternities and clubs which have replaced the old-fashioned debating and literary societies. It seems clear to me that students at this age are not liable to estimate the relative importance of athletics and scholarshsip, and should not be allowed to have the distractions of interscholastic athletics. Contests of physical strength are more spectacular and popular than contests of ideas and thought, and hence the disappearance of the literary societies. The attitude of a Preparatory School student was recently expressed to me as follows: "Inter-scholastic games and yells are necessary in order to express one's loyalty to the school, for how else would he be able to show his loyalty?" Such loyalty, to say the least, is very vaporous and evanescent, and it has been my observation that the ones who stand lowest in scholarship are usually the ones who make the most noise at the games.

DEGREES.

The regular four years' course in the American Universities leads to the degrees B. A. or B. S.; in the English Universities to the B. A.; but in the German Universities to the Ph.D. Advanced degrees in our Universities are the M. A. and Ph.D. obtained usually in one and three years respectively. The B.Sc., B.Litt., and B.C.L. are advanced

degrees given by the English Universities and are obtained usually in one year. The D.Sc and D.Litt. are harder to obtain than our Ph.D., and there is no definite time limit for them. The Germans seem to be satisfied with their Ph.D.

The English M.A. is camouflage and represents no work at all. It is bought and paid for in three annual installments, and the last installment must be in the hands of the bursar before the degree is conferred. A prerequisite, however, is the English B.A.—the American B.A. won't do!

It is not my purpose to minimize the German Ph.D. (it represents thorough work), nor to "expose" any American degree, but I do not think that it represents any more thorough work than the English B.A. These two degrees, however, in my opinion represent more thorough work than the American B.A. does. In this connection I feel moved to say that it seems to me that our Secondary Schools and Junior Colleges should not be allowed to confer the B.A. degree—it is worse than camouflage.

CURRICULA.

The English and German systems represent a much more thorough and intensive study of "the subject" selected for the degree than does the American system of major and minor courses. The American student gets a brief introduction to a great many subjects with a modicum of specialization on his major course, while the English and German students devote the whole four years to the "major course" with only such collateral work as bears directly on the major course. For instance, if an English student takes his B.A. in the Classics he spends the whole four years studying Latin and Greek and the History and Philosophy of those periods. He attains the ability to read Latin and Greek with comparative ease, say twenty pages an hour, and also to translate English into Latin and Greek prose with facility, and some even write Latin and Greek verses. The American student, in contrast, who selects Latin and Greek for his major course attains the ability to read probably five or six pages an hour with consider-

able difficulty and a dictionary, and in addition gets a superficial introduction to more advanced Mathematics, English, History, one Modern Language, Chemistry, Physics, Biology, Philosophy and possibly a few other subjects.

It is not my purpose to decide which is the better course, but it seems to me that our Universities, in their appeal for numbers, are in danger of lowering the standard by attempting to suit the curriculum to the desires and demands of the students rather than in forcing the students to come up to the standards that have been found to offer the greatest educative and cultural benefits.

The student is not qualified to choose the best curriculum for himself. Too many will choose the easiest courses, "snap courses," that will give them a degree—laboring under the misconception that a degree is synonymous with education, and failing to gain the habit of independent thinking, and failing to increase their ability to correlate and interpret new facts and observations, and receiving no stimulus to enter unexplored fields of thought and investigation.

There is a tendency for the American College to become transformed into a Technical School for applied and domestic sciences. I would not minimize the importance of Technical education, but do not let it dissipate and supplant the Pure Sciences and Humanities. Keep the schools separate, or at least the courses separate, give different degrees, and do not add to the student's deception in believing that he has a liberal education because he has obtained his technical training in a College of Liberal Arts that grants him the B.A. degree.

INSTRUCTION.

Our system of daily recitations, quizzes, and grades is not followed in the English and German Universities. They have only lectures and examinations, both oral and written. The English have only two examinations during the four years—one near the end of the second year, and final examinations at the end of the fourth year covering the whole four years' work. The Germans, if my

memory serves me right, have examinations at the end of the year covering the year's work, and in addition the student must present a thesis at the end of the fourth year for his degree.

The tutorial system in the English Universities is a much more personal affair than anything in the American and German systems. Each tutor has under his charge eight or ten students who must report to him individually once or twice a week for a private hour. At this time the tutor questions the student informally about his lectures and laboratory work, etc., and advises him about the work he should do. The student, as a rule, has to present a written paper on some subject that his tutor has assigned to him, and this paper is read and criticised at this time.

The English and German students can "cut" their lectures, if they are so disposed, with much greater impunity than the American student can, for they have no daily grades to pull them down in the final reckoning. And this form of truancy is indulged in more freely by the English and German than by the American students.

ATHLETICS.

The English, I think, have a more wholesome attitude toward athletics than either the Americans or the Germans. The Englishman's sense of sportsmanship is keen and eminently fair. Any attempt to rattle or confuse an opponent would not be tolerated by English sentiment. They do not seem to be as anxious to win as the Americans and Germans are. They are cheerful losers, and if the game was a good one they enjoy the sport whether they win or whether they lose. I remember that I used to get rather provoked with my team-mates on the tennis team at their apathy over winning a college match.

The Germans, on the other hand, take their athletics more seriously. I can confirm the statement of an American exchange professor, by personal experience in two German tennis tournaments, that the Germans are bad-tempered losers and boastful winners. I was a member

of the Tennis Club in Freiburg, Germany, composed largely of students and a few others who had interests in the University. It was amusing to witness the wrangles they would have over such small points as to whether a ball was in or out. If there were any doubt in the matter each one would usually claim that he had won the point, and appeal to any bystanders for their support. While they would not actually get mad about it, still there would be a considerable amount of unseemly argument. The English, in contrast, whenever a point was in doubt would usually insist that the other one had won the point, and after a few moments of Alphonse-Gaston argument would play the point over.

Athletics in Germany is still in its infancy. Tennis has made considerable progress; and rowing, association football, and running are engaged in to some extent. The German figure and foot, however, are not very well adapted to this latter sport.

The great, characteristic, German sport is the Menseur, or student duel. These duels are supposed to foster courage which will later be needed in the army. There exist in the German Universities "Corps," which are organizations similar in many respects to the American fraternities. The chief purpose of the Corps, however, is the promotion of these duels. The duels are arranged between the different Corps just as inter-fraternity baseball games are over here. On the day appointed there will be six or eight duels scheduled between selected members of one Corps against members of another Corps. All the members of the two Corps, with invited friends, assemble in the duelling room to witness the bouts. The duellists have their eyes, necks, arms and chests well protected leaving only the face and head as the targets to be slashed at with the sharp sabres that are used. A doctor is always at hand to sew up the cuts, and quite serious wounds are not at all infrequent, such as a gash clear through the cheek which often dislodges several teeth. A scar on the left cheek is a badge of honor; but one on the right cheek is a sign of poor swordsmanship and some-

thing of a humiliation. Beer and sandwiches are provided in abundance and indulged in freely. I witnessed three of these duels one morning and can assure you that the performances are quit gruesome and revolting. It is is only fair to say though that these duels are waning as other forms of athletics gain ground.

STUDENT LIFE.

The English student is required to live "in college" for the first three years out of the four, and must be in college by twelve o'clock every night on pain of expulsion, unless he has a very extraordinary excuse, or special permission. There are numerous other regulations and restrictions somewhat on the order of a boarding school for girls in our country. The Germans are under no restrictions or discipline whatever. They are free to live where they choose and to come and go when they please. The Americans occupy a middle ground in this respect—nearer to the Germans though than to the English.

Social life is much more marked in the English Universities than in the American or German. The students entertain each other quite frequently at tea, breakfast, and luncheon parties, which are held in their own rooms. Their lady friends are always invited to these parties—always accompanied by a chaperon. And the students are invited out often by their tutors and professors to teas and dinners.

There are many clubs in the English Universities, social, literary, debating, and athletic, so that the student need never suffer from ennui. Much time is devoted to outdoor sports, and every student can find something suitable to his disposition and ability among the following, which flourish; rowing, cricket, football, hockey, tennis, golf, lacrosse, boxing, riding, hare and hounds club, and track work.

One feature of student life rather unique in the German Universities is the custom of having banquets at more or less regular intervals. Any student can attend these banquets by signifying his desire to the committee,

and paying his fee of thirty-five or forty cents. These banquets are held usually in a nearby country inn or mountain tavern, and smokes, beer and sandwiches are provided in abundance. As a rule, two or three professors are invited and called on for speeches, and also two or three students make brief speeches. Numerous toasts are drunk to the Kaiser, University, each professor present, and anything else that the toastmaster can think of. I was impressed by the good order which prevailed on these occasions, contrary to what one might expect.

The American and German students are more democratic in their student-life than the English—strange as this may seem now in reference to the Germans. This democratic student-life may eventually be a potent factor in overthrowing the Potsdam gang, for which we sincerely hope.

During my association with German students there seemed to be a superficial welcome on their part with a feeling of superiority and contempt lurking in the background. The English are more reserved and slower in welcoming you into their circle, but are charming and loyal friends when you have once penetrated the circle.

SELECTIONS

ADMONITORY.

Bishop Marvin to his son Fielding at School: "The brightest success, if God be dishonored, is but a guilded pathway to destruction."

"For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

When the great painter Zurxis was censured by the dashing artists of his day, because he consumed so much time on his pictures, he replied: "Why should I be sparing of time when I paint for eternity?"

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints, that perhaps another
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main,
A forlorn and ship-wrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again."

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who things most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
Life's but a means unto an end; that end—
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God."

"What thae on hamely fare we dine,
We are shodden grey an a' that;
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that."

Never "Crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
That thrift may follow fawning."

"A pebble in the streamlet scant,
Has turned the course of many a river,
A dew-drop on the baby plant,
Has warped the giant oak forever."

I walked through the woodland meadows,
Where sweet the thrushes sing,
And found on a bed of mosses
A bird with a broken wing.
I healed its wound, and each morning
It sang its old sweet strain,
But the bird with the broken pinion
Never soared as high again.

I found a young life broken
By sin's seductive art,
And touched with a Christ-like pity,
I took him to my heart.
He lived with a noble purpose,
And struggled not in vain,
But the life that sin had stricken
Never soared as high again.

But the bird with the broken pinion
Kept another from the snare,
And the life that sin had stricken
Raised another from despair.

There is a time we know not when,
A place we know not where,
That seals (marks) the destiny of men
For glory or despair.

On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood leads on to fortune,
Omitted, all the voyage of their life,
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

One ship drives east and another drives west
With the self-same winds that blow.
Tis the set of the sails
And not the gales,
That tells the way we go.

Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate;
As we voyage along through life,
'Tis the set of the soul
That decides its goal,
And not the calm, or the strife.

"You are writing a gospel—a chapter a day,
By works that you do, and words that you say;
Men read what you write, whether faithless or true—
Say, what is the Gospel, according to you?"

In manners as in customs
The same rule will hold.
Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

BYRON'S LAMENT.

The Thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted—they have torn me—and I bleed!
I should have known what fruits would spring
from such a tree.

My days are in the yellow leaf
The flowers and fruits of life are gone;
The worm, the anguish, and the grief
Are mine alone.

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile!"

A SALOON IS A BAR.

A bar to heaven, a door to hell—
Whoever named it named it well.

A bar to manliness and wealth,
A door to want and broken health.

A bar to honor, pride and fame,
A door to sin and grief and shame.

A bar to hope, a bar to prayer,
A door to darkness and despair.

A bar to honored, useful life,
A door to every brawling senseless strife.

A bar to all that's true and brave,
A door to every drunkard's grave.

A bar to joy that home imparts,
A door to tears and aching hearts.

A bar to heaven, a door to hell;
Whoever named it named it well.

—A MOTHER.

I. W W. (I WON'T WORK.)

We're hungry Ike,
And Weary Bill;
We never worked—
We never will.
The hedge our roof,
The sod our cot;

An oyster can
Our coffee pot,
Man was not born
To toil and sweat;
We bow to fate
Without regret.
We're Hungry Ike,
And Weary Bill;
We never worked,
And never will.

WOMAN.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command,
And yet, a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light."

"What is a table rightly spread
Without a woman at its head?"

"They talk about a woman's sphere
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blassing or a woe,
There's not a whisper, yes or no,
There's not a life or birth
That has a feather's weight of worth
Without a woman in it."

"Not she with traitorous kiss the Savior stung,
Not she denied Him with unholy tongue.
She, when apostles shrank, could danger brave—
Last at his cross, and first at his grave."

PATRIOTIC.

The following prayer was taken from the Times-Herald of Greenville, in connection with a great political gathering addressed by Hon. Cone Johnson:

The proceedings were begun by Hon. John T. Craddock, who rapped for order and requested the venerable Dr. John H. McLean to lead in prayer. Dr. McLean is the Methodist presiding elder in this district, and one of the best known church men in the Southwest. In complying he lifted his hands and raised his face in supplication, and in tones quavering with emotion said:

"We thank thee, O Lord, that thou hast cast our lot in a land of civil and religious liberty, and under the highest form of Christian civilization the world has ever known.

"We are thankful for the glorious achievements of the Revolutionary fathers in throwing off the yoke of Kingly rule and bequeathing unto us a government of the people, a government for the people, and a government by the people.

"And under this form of Government, public office becomes a public trust, and the incumbent is responsible to the sovereign people for his stewardship in office.

"We are thankful, Almighty God, for the timely admonition contained in the words of Washington—the father of our country, who said, 'that the perpetuity and prosperity of a republican form of government depended upon the virtue and intelligence of the people.'

"But a greater than Washington has said: 'Righteousness exalteth a Nation, and sin is a reproach to any people.' When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice. When the wicked rule, the people mourn. O, God of our fathers, be with us yet, lest we forget, lest we forget!

"Under the temptations of this time of commercial greed, we are made to realize our great need of men—men of sound minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands; men whom the lust of office does not kill; men whom the spoils of office will not buy; men who possess opinions and a will; men who have honor; men who will not lie; sun-crowned, who live above the fog in public duty and in private thinking. God give us such men.

"And now, Father, let thy blessings be upon our great Commonwealth in the midst of this political strife. Save us from fratricidal strife, save us from crimination and re-

crimination, and unite us as one man in a lofty, patriotic desire for purity in politics and fidelity in office. May thy blessing be upon the distinguished speaker on this great occasion. With fairness and forcefulness may he present the issue of the hour and may his valuable life be spared for many years to bless Church and State."

Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay,
Princes and lords may rise or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

God of our fathers, known of old.
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget."

Tennyson immortalizes the "Charge of the Light Brigade":

"Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die."

FATHER RYAN ON CONFEDERATE DEAD.

Give me a land that is blest by the dust
And bright with the deeds of the down-trodden just;
Give me a land that hath legend and lays,
Enshrining the memories of long-vanished days;
Yes, give me the land that hath story and song,
To tell of the strife of the right with the wrong.
Yes, give me the land with a grave in each spot,
And names in the graves that cannot be forgot.
Yes, give me the land with the wreck and the tomb
There's a grandeur in graves, there's a glory in gloom.

For out of the gloom, future brightness is born,
As after the night looms the sunrise of morn;
And the graves of the dead, with the grass overgrown
May yet form the footstool of Liberty's throne,
And each single wreck in the warpath of might
Shall yet be a rock in the temple of right.

WHITTIER'S PRAYER.

When closer strand shall lean to strand
Till meet beneath saluting flags—
The eagle of our mountain crags—
The lion of our motherland.

"When the war drums throb no longer and
the battle flags are furled,
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation
of the World."

CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY.

Many are we now, and one;
We who Jesus have put on,
There is neither bond nor free,
Male nor female, Lord, in thee.

Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void;
Names and sects and parties fall,
Thou, O Christ, art all in all!

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
In faith and hope the world may disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity."

There are songs in the heart, so wondrous sweet,
That no human ears they are made to meet;
Their cadence by loving deeds is known,
As the song of the rose, by its fragrance alone!

NEARING THE END.

The heart that suffers most, may sing;
All beauty seems of sorrow born;
The gems of thought most highly prized
Are tears of sorrow crystallized.

Should all the forms which men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies
And bind this gospel to my heart.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see
The distance scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.
So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Lord Tennyson felt the need of such a pilot and chanted his own requiem:

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark,
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.